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ABBEYS, CASTLES,
AND
A N C I E N T H A L L S
OF
ENGLAND AND WALES.



YORK MINSTER FROM SW.

ABBEYS, CASTLES,
AND
ANCIENT HALLS
OF
ENGLAND AND WALES;

THEIR LEGENDARY LORE AND POPULAR HISTORY.

BY
JOHN TIMBS.

RE-EDITED, REVISED, AND ENLARGED BY
ALEXANDER GUNN.

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS.

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NORTH.  
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All those articles marked with an asterisk () are new—those with an obelisk (†) have been altered or extended.*

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ABBEYS, CASTLES, AND ANCIENT HALLS

OF

England and Wales.

LINCOLNSHIRE.

Holy Sepulchres.

IN some of our ancient churches, as at Stanton St. John's, Oxon, may yet be seen on the north side of the chancel, near the altar, a low arched recess, resembling in design the canopy of a tomb; but though this recess has the aspect and bears the title of sepulchre, it was never constructed to cover the remains of mortal man, but was intended to represent the *sepulchrum domini*, wherein, on the evening of Good Friday, were placed the crucifix and pyx.

It was an ancient belief that the second advent of our Lord would take place on Easter Eve; hence arose the practice of watching the sepulchre until the dawn of Easter Sunday, when the crucifix and pyx were removed with devout ceremony to the altar, and the sacred roof re-echoed the joyous declaration—*Christus resurgens*.

The purport of these Holy Sepulchres was in some instances rendered permanently apparent by a few images being carved on the front of the base representing the Roman guard who watched the shrine at Jerusalem. The curious sepulchre in Patrington church, Yorkshire, has three arches at its base, within each of which is seated a sleeping soldier, with pointed basinet and blazoned shield. This curious example is of the Decorated style of architecture, and has, about halfway up its height, a sort of shelf, on which the Saviour

appears just awakened from death; an angel with censer being placed at the head and feet. There are remains of the Holy Sepulchre in the churches of Gosberton, Heckington, Lincoln, &c., stately and sumptuous. That of Heckington has the front over the opening divided into six compartments in two stories. Under the centre pediment is the figure of Christ rising from the tomb, and at his feet, on the sides of the pediment below him, two angels looking up and worshipping him. Under a pediment on his right hand is a woman, perhaps Mary Magdalen, bringing the precious spices to embalm his body; and under the left-hand pediment another woman. With her is an angel; and two more angels, crouching, support the pediment over which Our Lord rises. The cornice above is charged with grotesque figures, blowing single and double flutes. Upon four pediments below are four soldiers, the guards or keepers of the Sepulchre, in the posture alluded to by Scripture: "For fear of him the keepers did shake and became as dead men." The Sepulchre in the chapel on Wakefield Bridge, Yorkshire, has a figure of the Saviour rising from the tomb, with an angel kneeling on each side, their hands clasped in fervent adoration, whilst three soldiers beneath are gazing upwards in fearful astonishment. The beautiful sepulchre in Northwold church, Norfolk, in the Perpendicular style, has lost its image of the Redeemer; but on its base are four soldiers, each divided from the other by a tree. The three seated soldiers are all that now remain of the Easter Sepulchre in Lincoln Cathedral. And a portion of the guard is all that is left of the Sepulchre, which is noted to have come from Glastonbury Abbey, and described in our account of that celebrated foundation.

Among the Sepulchres in churches is that at Hurstmonceaux, where Thomas Fienes, Lord Dacre, by will, dated Sept. 1, 1531, bequeathed his body to be buried on the north side of the high altar, appointing that a tomb should be made for placing there the Sepulchre of Our Lord. Sir Henry Colet wills to be buried at Stepney, at the Holy Sepulchre before St. Dunstan; but there are no traces of it. At Holcombe Burnell, Devonshire, near the altar, is a curious piece of imagery, in alto relievo, representing the resurrection of Our Saviour, and the terror of the Roman soldiers who guarded the Sepulchre. Weever says, the Knights Templars had a representation of Christ's Sepulchre in their chapel in Holborn, with verses brought from Jerusalem. This, of course, must have been a portable shrine; probably like those still found in collections, formed of wood set with pearl shell, and of which two examples are in the British Museum. In 1846, Mr. Crofton Croker exhibited to the British Archaeological Association the

bust of a knight from a Holy Sepulchre, stated to have been found in the Temple Church. It was a counterpart to the heads of the guard in the chapel on Wakefield Bridge.

Among the corrupti^ons in the office of the holy communion, and the many ridiculous pieces of pageantry used in it, Bishop Burnet reckons "the laying the host in the sepulchre they made for Christ on Good Friday." Curious accounts exist of the expenses of making and painting the sepulchre, for watching it, bread and ale for those who watched it, great wax-tapers for burning before the Sepulchre, &c. Fuller says, charitably, "I could suspect some ceremony on Easter Eve, in imitation of the soldiers watching Christ's grave, but am loth to charge that age with more superstition than it was clearly guilty of."

Mr. Syer Cuming observes, that "in reviewing the subject of Easter sepulchres, we cannot help remarking on the paucity of early representations of the tomb and resurrection of Our Lord, and the quaint way in which they were set forth by ancient artists. Among the sculptures in Agincourt's *History of Art by its Monuments* is a Latin carving on ivory of the Greek school of the tenth century, on which the Holy Sepulchre appears as a round building of two stories, with conical roof, and having a door with a window above it; while four soldiers in classic habiliments, armed with spears and shields, are seated two on each side. The Saviour is not shown on the panel, the upper part being occupied by the hanging of Judas. This curious ivory is preserved in the treasury of St. Ambrose, at Milan.

In an Anglo-Saxon MS. in the Harleian collection, is an illumination where the sleeping guard at the tomb is armed with a long spear and huge convex buckler, bossed and bound with metal, and really representing a soldier of the tenth century. A remarkable relic of gilt-brass, believed to be the panel of a pyx, or receptacle for the consecrated host, was discovered several years since during the repairs of the Temple Church, and which bears in high relief three soldiers standing beneath round-topped arches. The pyx, no doubt, was intended to represent the Holy Sepulchre, and these soldiers a portion of the Roman guard, though the costume is that of the early part of the twelfth century, each wearing a conic helmet with nasal, hauberk of flat ringlets reaching below the knees, under tunics, and shoes with curved points. They have long, decorated, kite-shaped shields, with prominent bosses, a sword on the left side, and one holds a spear. It was not until the introduction of the Decorated style of architecture that representations of the Holy Sepulchre appear to have become a common feature in our churches, and evidence exists that they continued to be built, repaired,

and furnished down to the middle of the sixteenth century. The subject of the Resurrection of Our Lord then seems to have become far more popular, if we may dare to employ such an expression, than it had ever been before, and both painter and sculptor imparted to it a grandeur and variety in conception unseen in designs of an earlier era. The seventeenth century witnessed a melancholy decadence in religious treatment of the sacred history. The image of the resuscitated Redeemer was indeed still placed erect upon the canvas, but the poetry and spiritualism of art lay dead.

Thornton Abbey.

The peninsula in Yorkshire denominated Holderness, was given by William the Conqueror to Drugo de Buerer, a Fleming, on whom he bestowed his niece in marriage; but this inhuman lord poisoned his consort, fled from his possessions, and was succeeded in his estates by Stephen FitzOdo, lord of Albemarle, in Normandy. On the death of Stephen, his son William, surnamed le Gros, obtained possession of his estates and titles, established or enriched several religious houses, and among the rest founded Thornton monastery, in Lincolnshire, in the year 1139, as a priory of black canons, and dedicated it to the Blessed Virgin. He died in 1180, and is supposed to have been buried here. The site of the monastery adjoins the parish of Thornton Curtis, about five miles from Barton-on-Humber, and is a noble object seen from the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway.

The establishment was at first governed by one Richard, a prior, who, together with the monks, were introduced from the monastery at Kirkham. As a priory it continued but for a short period, for having been endowed with many liberal grants, it was made an Abbey. In 1541, Henry VIII., on his return from a journey into the North, with his queen and retinue, crossed the Humber, from Hull to Barrow, and honoured the Abbey of Thornton with a ceremonious visit; when the whole monastery came out in solemn procession to meet the royal guests, and sumptuously entertained them for several days. This might probably be a skilful manœuvre of the Abbot to evade that impending storm which threatened destruction to his own, as well as every other monastic institution in the kingdom. Nor did it entirely lose its effect: Henry remembered the hospitality and other flattering attentions here paid him; for though at the Dissolution Thornton was

suppressed with the rest, the greater part of its revenues were preserved for the endowment of a College, which was established here. In the next reign it was suppressed, but some of its members were allowed pensions.

From the present remains, Thornton Abbey must have been a magnificent structure. It originally consisted of an extensive quadrangle, surrounded by a deep ditch, and an exceedingly high rampart; thus being defended against piratical attacks, to which its contiguity to the Humber and the German Ocean perhaps often exposed it. It has been affirmed that formidable pirates entered the Humber, and committed depredations in the fifteenth century. The architecture presented a curious mixture of the ecclesiastical and castellated styles. The fine gatehouse, which is late Perpendicular, forming the western and only entrance, is probably entire; it is truly majestic, and admirably calculated for defensive operations. It still exhibits a barbican, battlement, loopholes, embattled parapets, terminating with two strong round towers, between which was originally a drawbridge. The grand entrance-arch has over it a parapet, whence a small doorway leads to a cell, probably the watchman's lodge; in the entrance are the grooves of the decayed portcullis, and fragments of two ponderous doors. The western face of this entrance has six embattled turrets rising to the summit. Between the two middle turrets stand three statues; the centre one has a royal crown above his head, another partly in armour, and the third mitred, with a pastoral staff, each figure under an enriched canopy. Above these are two or three small figures, in the attitude of prayer; and other niches in this front once also contained statues. The cells, chambers, and passages of the interior are very numerous: on the first floor is the grand banqueting-room, its bay window having its stonework still entire. There, we may suppose, in 1541, the obsequious monks entertained King Henry, with his gentle Queen, Jane Seymour. What suit and service were paid in this very room by the bare-headed fathers to their royal guest, all unconscious that the destroyer was so near—he who, surrounded by stores of wealth, was even then planning its appropriation.

The chapter-house and abbot's lodgings remain, the former a complete but beautiful ruin. Eastward of the entrance have been excavated the remains of the magnificent church. Among the tombs unearthed is one inscribed "Roberti et Julia," date 1443; who were they who in the days of the meek King Henry VI. here found repose from the feverish dream of life?

In taking down a wall in the ruins of the Abbey, a human skeleton

was found, with a table, a book, and a candlestick. It is supposed to have been the remains of the fourteenth Abbot, who, it is stated, was for some crime sentenced to be *immured* (that is, buried alive within the wall), a mode of capital punishment not uncommon in monasteries.

Thornton was part of the estate of Henry Percy, fourth Lord Alnwick, and first Earl of Northumberland, who was slain on Bramham Moor, February 29, 1407-8, after a sharp fight with the forces of Henry IV. His head, white with age, was cut off and sent to London, with that of Lord Bardolf; it was there set upon London Bridge, upon a pole; his body being divided into four parts, one of which was placed upon a gate at London, another at Lincoln, the third at Berwick-upon-Tweed, and the fourth at Newcastle-upon-Tyne; but in May following they were all taken down and interred. Thornton was afterwards possessed by Henry the second Earl, son of Hotspur, who, in the civil wars of York and Lancaster, distinguished himself in the latter interest. The old place has not been uniformly venerated by its possessors: one proprietor has cut down an avenue of trees, which extended from the gateway nearly to the remains of the church. But another owner evinced greater respect for Thornton by reserving among its ruins a private room for occasional retreat; he also took great interest in the remains of the venerable pile.

Somerton Castle and King John of France.

Somerton Castle, about eight miles from Lincoln, is reputed to have been built about 1305, by Anthony Bec, Bishop of Durham, and was most likely seized by Edward I. Here Sir Saer de Rochford, a brave soldier in the French invasions of Edward III., engaged to keep safely John, King of France, then captive in England, at the same time with David Bruce, the Scottish King. The remuneration for this service it was stipulated should be two shillings a day. The castle is in ruins, which are partly occupied as a farm-house. The extent of the remains warrants the supposition that the edifice was one of feudal character—noble and extensive. An outer and an inner moat inclosed a rectangular area; the ramparts have long since disappeared, but there are the remains of the circular towers at the four angles. Two chimneys upon the only remaining tower are believed to be coeval with the castle, and are considered to be very curious. A tower, supposed to have been erected near one of the drawbridges of the outer moat, was discovered about 1857, and was partly destroyed for the purpose of repairing

the adjacent roads! Two miles distant is Boothby Graffoe, the curate of which was once daily remunerated by John, the captive French King.

It has, however, been questioned whether this King was confined at Somerton, though the published Journal of his Expenses refers to the last year of his captivity; and a paper upon it has been contributed to the Philobiblon Society, by the Duke of Aumale, founded upon documents discovered by his Royal Highness among the archives of the House of Condé, and translated in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for October, 1856. Therein the original passage, referring to one of the localities of the King's captivity, is thus translated:—"In December, 1358, steps were taken to remove the King of France to the Castle of Somerton, in Lincolnshire." That John was confined in Lincolnshire is further proved by two circumstances. In the book of expenses above referred to there is an entry for the hiring of a house at *Lincoln* for the autumnal quarter, including expenses for work done, 16s.; and moreover, when the King's furniture, &c., was sold, on his leaving "Somerton," one William Spain, of *Lincoln*, got "the King's bench" for nothing. Such is the statement of Dr. Doran, in *Notes and Queries*, 2nd S., wherein another Correspondent, adds: "There is no contending the authority of Rymer's *Fœdera* (p. 131), which gives the very deed between Edward III. and William, Baron D'Eyncourt, by which John was committed to the custody of that noble, to be conveyed to the Castle of Somerton, in the county of Lincoln; and the whole account which Dr. Doran has given of the French monarch's journey and residence at Somerton, from the Duke of Aumale's work, is perfectly confirmatory of the above deeds. Still it has been stated in various publications that King John was confined at Somerton, in Somersetshire.

During the first year of his captivity John resided at the palace of the Savoy, in London, whence he was transferred to Somerton; previous to which, however, in accordance with an edict of Edward III., John had been forced to dismiss forty-two of his attendants, but he still retained about the same number around his person. Among these were two chaplains, a secretary, a clerk of the chapel, a physician, a *maitree d'hôtel*, three pages, four valets, three wardrobe-men, three furriers, six grooms, two cooks, a fruiterer, a spice-man, a barber, and a washer; besides some higher officers, and a person who appears to have been a maker of musical instruments and clocks, as well as a minstrel; and last, though not least, "Maître Jean le fol." The Somerton Castle furniture being insufficient for the above innates, the captive King added

a number of tables, chairs, forms, and trestles, besides fittings for the stables, and stores of firewood and turf. He also fitted up his own chamber, and two others, besides the chapel, with hangings, curtains, cushions, ornamented coffers, sconces, &c., the furniture of each of these filling a separate waggon when the King left Somerton.

Large consignments of good Bordeaux wines were transmitted from France to the port of Boston for the captive King's use; as much as a hundred and forty tuns being sent at one time as a present, intended partly for his own use, and partly as a means of raising money, to keep up his royal state. One of the most costly items in the King's expenditure was sugar, together with spices, bought in London, Lincoln, and Boston, great quantities of which, we may infer, were used in confectionery; for in the household books we meet constantly with such items as eggs to clarify sugar, roses to flavour it with, and cochineal to colour it. These *bon-bons* appear to have cost about three shillings the pound; and especial mention is made of a large silver-gilt box, for the King to keep these sweets in.

In the article of dress John was most prodigal; and so large were the requirements of the captive King in this particular, that a regular tailoring establishment was set up in Lincoln by his order, over which one M. Tapin presided.

The King passed much of his time in novel-reading, music, chess, and backgammon. He paid for writing materials in Lincolnshire three shillings for one dozen of parchments, sixpence to ninepence for a quire of paper, one shilling for an envelope, with its silk binder, and fourpence for a bottle of ink. He had dogs—probably greyhounds—for coursing on the heaths adjoining Somerton; besides falcons and gamecocks—a charge appearing in the royal household accounts for the purchase of one of the latter birds, termed in language characteristic of the period, “*un coc à faire jouter.*”

On March 21, 1360, King John was removed from Somerton, and lodged in the Tower of London, the journey occupying seven days. Two months after, he was released on signing an agreement to pay to England 3,000,000 of gold crowns (or 1,500,000*l.*) for his ransom, to be paid at certain periods; and that the King's son, the Duke of Anjou, and other noble personages of France, should be sent over as hostages for the same; but they broke their parole. John felt himself bound in honour to return to the English coast, and accordingly, four days afterwards he crossed the sea once more, and placed himself at the disposal of Edward. The palace of the Savoy was appointed as his residence, where he died after a short illness in the spring of 1364.

In the locality of Somerton are several other places of historic interest. Near Lincoln is the Malandry, or House for Lepers, founded by Remigius, the first Norman Bishop, who accompanied the Conqueror; and next is the site of the Priory of St. Katherine, whence all the Bishops had to walk barefoot on the morning of installation. The Kings, in their visits to Lincoln, used to stop at St. Katherine's. James I. was the last who lodged there. Near the toll-gate stood one of the Crosses of Queen Eleanor, who died at Harby, in a house still moated round. Navenby Early English Church has an exquisitely sculptured "Easter Sepulchre," the founder's tomb. The privileges of holding fairs and markets, granted to Navenby by Edward the Confessor, were in 1291 transferred to the Dean and Chapter (now owners of the manor) for the leave given to Edward I. to deposit the head of Queen Eleanor under the altar of the Cathedral. Edward also granted from this manor ten marks annually, for a chantry priest at Harby, where the Queen died. The market-cross, erected there to her memory, has been foolishly taken down. The Templars had several preceptories in Lincolnshire, the chief being Temple Bruer, founded about 1185. The church was circular, in imitation of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, at Jerusalem; and at some distance a tower remains. The buildings were of vast extent. At Temple Bruer were all the state officers of a baronial castle, and a large band of retainers. The place was always fortified and guarded; embattled towers were erected at the entrance gate, which was also provided with a portcullis. Torksey is another place of interest. When Paulinus first preached the word to the people of Lindisse, and converted Blecca, the Governor of Lincoln, it is conjectured that Blecca and his family were baptized in the Trent, at Torksey. The place suffered from the ravages of the Danes, and under Norman feudalism, which was antagonistic to commerce, out of which Torksey had risen. The old town, according to Leland, stood south of the present one. On the Trent bank is the ruin of Torksey Hall, the west front and four turrets, and a south-end fragment; it was never fortified. It was the residence of the Jermyn family, who accompanied the Queen of Charles I. in her retreat to France. The Hall was destroyed by the Parliamentary troops in the Civil War.

Swineshead Abbey, and King John.

Seven miles from the seaport of Boston, in Lincolnshire, lies the rural town of Swineshead, once itself a port, the sea having flowed up to

the market-place, where was a harbour. It has a large church, containing some beautiful examples of Decorated and Perpendicular Gothic architecture. The chancel was rebuilt about twenty years since, at an expense of upwards of 1500*l.* The church has a lofty stone tower, with buttresses and enriched pinnacles at the angles, and a stone spire rising from the centre.

At Swineshead, in 1134, Robert de Greslei founded an Abbey of Cistercian monks, dedicated to the Blessed Virgin Mary. Gilbert de Holland, Abbot of Swineshead, was contemporary with, and the particular friend of, St. Bernard, whose life he wrote. He died in 1280.

The name of Swineshead is familiar to every reader of English history, from its having been the resting-place of King John in the autumn of 1216, when, in his contest with the Dauphin of France, it might have been doubtful what the issue of the struggle would have been if the life of John had been prolonged. But on the 14th of October, as he was attempting to ford the Wash, at low water, from Cross-keys to the Foss dyke, and had already got across himself, with the greater part of his army, the return of the tide suddenly swept away the carriages and horses that conveyed all his baggage and treasures: the precise spot is still called "King's Corner." The King, in an agony of vexation, proceeded to the Cistercian convent of Swineshead, and was that same night seized with a violent fever, the consequence, probably, of irritation and fatigue, but which one account attributes to an imprudent indulgence at supper of fruit and new cider. John halted at the Abbey, close to the town of Swineshead, which place he left on horseback. Although very ill, he was conveyed next day in a litter to the Castle of Sleaford, then in his possession; and thence on the 16th to the Castle of Newark, where he expired on the 18th, in the forty-ninth year of his age, and the seventeenth of his reign. The King's death is, by Matthew Paris, attributed to a fever; but an author who lived about a century after the event, reports that John was poisoned by a monk of Swineshead.

After the Dissolution, the site of the Abbey was granted, in 1551, to Edward, Lord Clinton. There are no remains now left of this once elegant and magnificent building. It was demolished by Sir John Stockton, who died in 1610, and was buried beneath an enriched monument in the chancel of Swineshead church. The Abbey was situated about half a mile eastward of the town; the moated areas cover a large space of ground, which, with a considerable quantity of land adjoining, forms the Abbey farm. Near the site, with the materials, was erected a mansion of stone, known as Swineshead Abbey, in the garden attached to which is preserved a large slab of stone, sculptured with the whole-

length figure of a monk. The estate was the property of the late Mr. Herbert Ingram, the popular Member of Parliament for Boston, where a marble statue has been erected to his memory by public subscription.

Swineshead has other antiquarian and historical associations. Near the town is a circular Danish encampment, sixty yards in diameter, surrounded by a double fosse; all remarkably perfect to the present day. This was, doubtless, a post of importance when the Danes, or Northmen, carried their ravages through England, in the time of Ethelred; and the whole country passed permanently into the Danish hands, about A.D. 877. The inner fosse, almost encircled with willows, and the whole work, except in the eye of the antiquary, is scarcely associated with the strategies of war and siege.

King John was very partial to Lincoln. Matthew Paris alludes to an old prophecy which forbade a king's wearing his crown in Lincoln, or, as some think, even entering the city. Although he makes John the first to break through the superstition, yet the same is attributed to his predecessor, Stephen, who is described by Henry of Huntingdon as entering the city fearlessly. This was soon after the great disasters of Stephen's reign; but as the succession eventually departed from this line, Lord Lytton observes that the citizens might, nevertheless, be strengthened in their credulity; and Henry II. certainly honoured it so far as to wear his crown only in the suburb of Wigford.



Stamford Castle, and Bull-running.

Stamford is a town of Lincolnshire, of great historic interest. It was a borough before the Conquest. In the commencement of the Civil War of John, A.D. 1215, the Barons assembled here to oppose the King, and John was himself at Stamford a little before his death. Several Parliaments and Councils were held at Stamford in the Middle Ages. The town was at this time fortified with walls and towers; there was also a Castle, which was demolished in the reign of Richard III.

Here was the barbarous sport of Bull-running performed six weeks before Christmas. "The butchers of the town," says an authority of the period, "at their own charge, against the time, provide the wildest bull they can get; this bull overnight is had into some stable, or barn, belonging to the alderman; the next morning proclamation is made by the common bellman of the town, round about the same, that each one shut up their shop doors and gates, and that none, upon pain of imprisonment, offer to do any violence to strangers, for the preventing whereof

(the town being a great thoroughfare, and then being in term time) a guard is appointed for the passing of travellers through the same without hurt. That none have any iron upon their bull-clubs, or other staff, which they pursue the bull with. Which proclamation made, and the gates all shut up, the bull is turned out of the alderman's house, and then hivie, skivy, tag and rag, men, women, and children, of all sorts and sizes, with all the dogs in the town, promiscuously running after him, with their bull-clubs spattering dirt in each other's faces, that one would think them to be so many furies started out of hell for the punishment of Cerberus, as when Theseus and Pirithous conquered the place, as Ovid describes it.

"A ragged troop of boys and girls
Do pellow him with stones:
With clubs, with whips, and many nips,
They part his skin from bones."

"And (which is the greater shame) I have seen both *senatores majorem gentium et matronæ de eodem gradu*, following this bulling business.

"I can say no more of it but only to set forth the antiquity thereof (as the tradition goes): William Earl Warren, the first lord of this town, in the time of King John, standing upon his castle-walls in Stamford, viewing the fair prospect of the river and meadow, under the same, saw two bulls a-fighting for one cow; a butcher of the town, the owner of one of these bulls, with a great mastiff dog, accidentally coming by, set his dog upon his own bull, who forced the same bull up into the town, which no sooner was come within the same, but all the butchers' dogs, both great and small, followed in pursuit of the bull, which, by this time made stark mad with the noise of the people and the fierceness of the dogs, ran over man, woman, and child, that stood in his way; this caused all the butchers and others in the town to rise up, as it were, in a tumult, making such a hideous noise that the sound thereof came into the Castle unto the ears of Earl Warren, who presently thereupon mounted on horseback, rid into the town to see the business, which then appearing (to his humour) very delightful, he gave all those meadows in which the two bulls were first found fighting (which we now call the Castle Meadows) perpetually as a common to the butchers of the town (after the first grass is eaten) to keep their cattle in till the time of slaughter: upon this condition, that, as upon that day on which the sport first began, which was (as I said before) that day six weeks before Christmas, the butchers of the town should from time to time, yearly for ever, find a mad bull for the continuance of that sport."

Another opinion is somewhat opposed to that of our foregoing author.

“Under so many lords which the Castle at Stamford had for its masters, there is no record nor tradition of a single thing, good, bad, or indifferent, being performed in it, saving this meadow view of William Earl Warren; but this makes ample amends for historic silence, since it produced our plebeian carnival, which is of so singular a nature, that if we should except that at Tutbury, in Staffordshire (to be described hereafter), there is nothing similar to it in His Majesty’s dominions, nor, I believe, in the dominions of any other potentate on the globe—no, it stands without a rival.

“But this, like other good old customs, has lost something of its original spirit; nearly half a century ago, I remember that the greatest part of the bullards had uncouth and antic dresses, which they prepared with secret pride against the grand day; I remember that for a week before this day, their imps, as soon as it grew dark, began to extend their jaws and bawl out *boy bull boy*, with great fury, seeing him, as Shakspeare says, in their ‘mind’s eye.’

“I remember, it appears, from another account, that the bull was put up either in the barn or in the stable of the chief magistrate, whereas now the chief magistrate will not suffer him to set a foot neither in his barn, nor his stable, nor in anything that is his.

“If the doctrine of transmigration be true, nothing can be more certain than that the soul of the above Earl animated the body of Mr. Robert Ridlington, once a tanner, alderman, and mayor, of this corporation, who, to perpetuate this gallant diversion as much as in him lay, left half a crown to be paid annually to each of the five parishes, for the trouble of stopping the gates and avenues of the town, which is received on St. Thomas’s-day.”

The piece of meadow which the butchers hold by this tenure, contains about six acres of ground; but from January 13 to July 5, they cannot enter on it, for as four parts out of five belong to King’s Mill, it is during that time inclosed by the tenant of that mill, and even in the other seven months every freeman has an equal right with them to turn any cattle on it, sheep alone excepted.

“At a regular bull-baiting, as in case of bull-running, the animal having been purchased for the purpose, is brought (generally accompanied by a female) from the sequestered fields, where he has long reigned the unmolested monarch. He is secured in a stable or other building overnight, and on the following morning he is fixed to the stake by means of a leathern collar, to which is annexed a combined rope and chain of about fifteen yards in length. The points of his horns are previously muffled with an adhesive composition of tow, tallow, and pitch,

If he appear tame and dull, he is goaded to madness by sharp-pointed sticks, twisting of the tail, &c. This being accomplished, the first dog is then let loose; and to a professed bull-baiter this is the most ecstatic moment of the scene. If the bull continues too formidable for his foe, a second and a third are added, till, with pitiful roarings and bellowings, he is pinned by the nose to the ground. Though this is not the fashion of the present day at Stamford, yet it rarely happens that a 13th of November passes over without one or more dogs being let loose upon the devoted animal. This is usually done, however, when he is at large in the meadows or fields (he being now generally liberated from the town in the course of the afternoon), and without the horns being made pointless and inoffensive."

But the bull-runnings of Stamford lost much of their spirit by the "uncouth and antic dresses" being dispensed with, and the patronage of the magistrates being withheld. The expense of gates to be placed at the entrance of every principal street leading into the town, became unnecessary, as the bull in later times was confined to one street with wagons, carts, and tubs.

Lincoln Castle.

Lincoln, on the north bank of the Witham, was a place of considerable importance under the Romans, before which time it was a British town. It has to this day a gate, one of the most remarkable Roman remains in the kingdom, adjacent to which is a mass of the Roman wall. In the time of the Saxons it was also a flourishing place; but it suffered in the struggles of the Saxons and the Danes. William the Conqueror ordered the erection of a strong Castle here, A.D. 1086; when were demolished for the site 240 houses, one quarter of the entire number. In the reign of King Stephen, the Empress Maud was besieged here by the King, who took the city, but the Empress escaped. The Castle was shortly after surprised by some of her partisans, and being besieged by the King, who had the townsmen in his interest, was relieved by the approach of Robert, Earl of Gloucester, natural brother to the Empress. Stephen, upon the approach of the relieving force, gave battle to it; but through the desertion of Alan, Earl of Richmond, he was defeated and taken, after fighting with the greatest intrepidity.

In the Civil Wars of the reign of John, the town was taken by Gilbert de Gaunt, one of the Barons in the interest of Louis, Dauphin of France, who had created him Earl of Lincoln. The Castle, however,

held out for the King, and was besieged by Gilbert, who, hearing that John was approaching from Norfolk, retreated from the place. John, however, having lost his baggage in the Wash, and died of grief, Gilbert retook the town, and reinvested the Castle. The Earl of Pembroke, regent during the minority of Henry III., advanced to relieve it, and Fulke de Brent, a chieftain of the King's party, threw himself with a reinforcement into the Castle. The besiegers, who were supported by a body of French, were attacked on both sides; and the town, in which they attempted to defend themselves, was stormed by the Earl of Pembroke. The Count of Perche, commander of the French, was slain; many of the insurgent barons and other prisoners of rank were taken, and the party of the Dauphin was crushed. This battle was fought June 4, 1218. At a subsequent period the Castle was in the hands of John of Gaunt, son of Edward III., who greatly improved it.

In the Civil War of Charles I., the inhabitants promised to support the King, but in the struggle which followed, the Royalists retreated to the Cathedral and the Castle, which were stormed in spite of a gallant resistance, on the night of May 5th, 1643, two days after the arrival of the Parliamentary army, under the Earl of Manchester.

The remains of the Castle stand on the hill, west of the Cathedral. They consist of little more than the outer wall of an extensive range of fine Norman buildings, with Perpendicular windows. The gateway, with the billet in the dripstone over the archway, and two good windows, with shafts in the jambs, are of the time of the Norman fortifications. In one of the towers of the postern is the remains of a staircase, by which access is gained to the top of the ruins. Under the place of the hall is a crypt, of Norman work, with a row of central pillars supporting the vault. At the south-west angle is part of a tower, with some rooms perfect, with Norman barrel vaults, a window, and some closets in the thickness of the wall. The Castle is very well situated on the banks of the river Trent; and the windows in that front being mostly Perpendicular period, give it the appearance of a building of that date. The greater part of the site of the Castle is now occupied by the county gaol and court-house. In one corner of the area is a small building, "Cob's Hall," supposed to have been a chapel; and in one part of the outer wall, on the north side, are the remains of a turret in the line of the Roman wall of Lindum, in which is a gateway, apparently Roman, and supposed to have been one of the gates of that station, or to have belonged to a building more ancient than the Castle.

Lincoln abounds in monastic and other remains of ancient architecture. "The Jews House" is a late Norman residence. This house

was once possessed by a Jewess, who was hanged for clipping coin in the reign of Edward I. The building called "John of Gaunt's Stables" (really the Hall of St. Mary's Guild), is Norman, mixed with Early English details. Lord Hussey, who was engaged with several noblemen and others attached to the old form of worship in a conspiracy against Henry VIII. and the Reformation, was executed from a window of this Hall. The remains of "John of Gaunt's Palace" are now occupied as two dwelling-houses. The original house was nearly demolished in 1783; but there remains an oriel window, of Early Perpendicular character, resting on a richly sculptured corbel, with ogee heads to the lights, and a good cornice, with the Tudor flowers. The pinnacles are destroyed. Abeda House, founded by William Browne, merchant of the Staple in 1493, is still standing, and is a very curious edifice; in the windows of the chapel is some ancient painted glass.

At Gainsborough are the remains of a remarkably picturesque old Hall, built in the time of Edward III., where is some decoration, which was prepared for the reception of Henry VIII. and Queen Catherine Howard, whose imprudence here was one of the principal causes of her sentence.

* The Stone Bow, the Temple Bar of Lincoln, is a good gatehouse of the time of Henry VIII., in a tolerably perfect state. It consists of a large pointed arch in the centre, guarded on each side by a round tower. On the outside of each tower is a lesser gateway, or postern. On the south front, in a niche on the east, is a statue of the angel Gabriel, holding a scroll; in the western one, another of the Virgin Mary, treading on a serpent; some arms, much defaced, &c.

The cathedral, on the summit of the hill, may be seen for many miles across the flat country, its three towers having a very fine effect.

Bolingbroke Castle.

2 In the town of Bolingbroke, in Lincolnshire, was an ancient Castle, built by William de Romara, Earl of Lincoln, which afterwards came into the hands of the Lacy family, and subsequently into the possession of John of Gaunt. Henry IV., son of John, was born in this Castle, and took from it the surname of Henry of Bolingbroke. 4 There are a few remains, consisting chiefly of the tower at the south-western angle of the Castle, which was quadrangular. In the Harleian MS. 6829, is the following curious account of "a Spirit," which haunted this Castle:—"One thing is not to be passed by, affirmed as

certain truth by many of y^e Inhabitants of y^e Towne upon their owne Knowledge, which is, that y^e Castle is Haunted by a certain spirit in the Likeness of a Hare, which, at y^e meeting of y^e Auditors doeth usually runne between their legs, and sometymes overthrowes them, and so passes away. They have pursued it downe into y^e Castle yard, and seene it take in at a grate into a low Cellar, and have followed it thither with a light, where notwithstanding that they did most narrowly observe it (and that there was noe other passage out, but by y^e doore, or windowe, y^e room being all above framed of stones within, not having y^e least Chinke or Crevice), yet they could never find it. And at other tymes it hath beene seene run in at the Iron-Grates below into other of y^e Grottos (as thir be many of them), and they have watched the place and sent for Houndes and put in after it, but after awhile they have come crying out."

Croyland Abbey.

Crowland, or Croyland, on the borders of Northamptonshire, sixteen miles from Stamford, and thirteen from Peterborough, on the river Welland, was once a town of great celebrity, and the seat of one of the most rich and splendid monasteries in England; and though the present ruins can boast no greater antiquity than some part of the twelfth century—that is, from the reign of Stephen to that of John—they present one of our finest specimens of the semi- or mixed Norman architecture. Its origin and history are as follows:—Ethelbald, King of Mercia, about the beginning of the eighth century, founded a monastery at Repton, in Derbyshire; thither the son of one of his nobles, weary, at the age of twenty-four, of the turmoils of war, and the troubles of life, retired, renounced the world, became a monk, and from his piety had afterwards conferred upon him the name of St. Guthlac. Wishing to give an example of abstinence and devotion to divine things, he determined to withdraw himself from all society; and, leaving his monastery, he rambled he knew not whither, till finally committing himself in a small boat to the guidance of Providence, he resolved that wherever the boat took land he would fix his abode. He was wafted to Crowland Isle, which, like the Isle of Ely, is now no more. Here he built a hut, and here, exposed to all the temptations and troubles of a disordered imagination, he remained till his death, which happened about the year 817.

Ethelbald, anxious to honour as much as possible a saint brought up, as it were, under his own eye, and considering his landing at

Crowland as an almost miraculous circumstance, determined to found on that very spot a monastery to his memory. This he immediately commenced, and endowed it with the island of Crowland, and the adjoining marshes, and the fishery of the rivers Nene and Welland. He also gave three hundred pounds in silver towards the fitting up the establishment, and one hundred pounds a year, for ten years to come, with authority to the monks to build a town for their own use, and to have a right of common for themselves and for all that belonged to them.

The establishment thus begun by Ethelbald was encouraged by succeeding Kings, and all its privileges confirmed, particularly in the reign of King Egbert, in the years 827 and 833. In the former year, at Nettleton, Egbert, King of Wessex, defeated with considerable loss Wiglaf, King of Mercia, who fled to Croyland, where he was concealed three months, when, by the mediation of its Abbot, Siward, he was restored to his kingdom, on paying homage, and becoming tributary to his conqueror. When Wiglaf was King of Mercia, the infant colony and town began to flourish, and the state of Croyland became a prominent topic in the deliberations of the great council of the nation, which assembled to devise means for resisting the invasions of the Danes. In 870, at Humberstone, the Danes destroyed Bardney Abbey, slew about 300 monks, and devastated the country round. At Laundon (from the event of the battle since called Threckingham), in the above year, the Danes were defeated, and three of their kings were slain by the men of Lincolnshire; but next day, the Danes being reinforced, were victorious, and marching to Croyland, burnt the Abbey, and murdered the monks.

This once flourishing monastery, and its dependent town, was thus, about one hundred and fifty years after its foundation, destroyed by the Danes. It remained in ruins till the year 908, when it was re-founded by King Ethred, but was again destroyed by fire in 1091. In 1112 it was a second time rebuilt in a manner which gives a good idea of the prevailing practice of erecting religious houses. Thus, the report of Blesensis, Vice-Chancellor to King Henry II., among other things, relates concerning the first building of the monastery, in the year 1112, to the end that, by one single precedent, we may learn by what means and supplies so many rich and stately religious houses were built in all parts of the kingdom.

"Jeffrida, the abbot," says Camden, "obtained of the archbishops and bishops of England an indulgence to every one that helped forward so religious a work, for the third part of the penance enjoined for the

sins he had committed. With this he sent out monks everywhere to pick up money; and having enough, he appointed St. Perpetua's and Felicity's day to be that on which he would lay the foundation, to the end that the work, from some fortunate name, might be auspiciously begun. At which time the nobles and prelates, with the common people, met in great numbers, prayers being said and anthems sung. The abbot himself laid the first corner-stone on the east side; after him every nobleman, according to his degree, laid his stone; some laid money; others writings, by which they offered their lands, advowsons of churches, tenths of sheep, and other church tithes, certain measures of wheat, a certain number of workmen, or masons. On the other side, the common people, as officious with emulation and great devotion, offered some money, some one day's work every month till it should be finished; some to build whole pillars, others pedestals, and others certain parts of the walls. The abbot afterwards made a speech, commending their great bounty in contributing to so pious a work; and by way of requital, made every one of them a member of that monastery, and gave them a right to partake with them in all the spiritual blessings of that church. At last, having entertained them with a plentiful feast, he dismissed them in great joy."

After the above refounding of Crowland, however, this ill-fated Abbey was again doomed to destruction, by fire, and that in the short space of about thirty years. It was finally rebuilt about 1170, with funds raised by the sale of indulgences, and 5000 persons were present at the laying of the first stone. It has been subjected to no other vicissitudes than being dissolved by King Henry VIII., when its revenues were valued at 1083*l.*; and in the time of the Civil Wars of Charles I. it became a garrison for one or other of the contending parties; the Abbey was taken by Oliver Cromwell in 1643.

The estate was granted in 1550 to Edward, Lord Clinton. The only remains of the buildings connected with the monastery, is part of the Abbey church, which is highly interesting to the architect and antiquary. The choir, central tower, transept, and the whole of the east end are down; but there are fine remains of the nave, west front, and the north aisle, which is used as the parish church, is said to have been built by Abbot Bardney in 1247. The great western entrance has a pointed archway, and over it are the remains of the large western window. On the southern side of this front, part of the elevation shows the original part of the Abbey, wherein the Pointed forms are mixed with the Anglo-Norman character, by the intersection of the semicircular arches, and in the upper story the Pointed arch is independent of

the semicircular. The nave and aisles are said by some authors to have been erected by William de Crowland, master of the works, in the time of Abbot Upton, between 1417 and 1427.

The history of this edifice furnishes a striking instance of the uncertainty of all human labours. At one time the seat of devotion and learning, the abode of luxury and ease, possessing riches in abundance, and vessels for its use of the most costly description ;—as “ one cup of gold, and two phials of gilt-silver, modeled in the form of two angels, with enchased work upon them, and two basins of silver, wonderful in their workmanship and size, very finely enchased with soldiers in armour ; all which vessels Henry, Emperor of Germany, had formerly presented to him, and, up to the time of presenting to this Abbey, had always retained in his chapel,” with all other things perfectly corresponding thereto ;—now, except in the portion fitted up as a church, scarcely affording shelter to a rook or a daw, and the last remains of its once almost unparalleled magnificence mouldering silently, and mingling with the soil on which they stand :

“ Whilst in the progress of the long decay,
Thrones sink to dust, and nations pass away.”

Such is the history of this famous Abbey, as long believed to have been related by Ingulfus, in his History, which is in some degree a history of the kingdom as well as the monastery of Croyland. Scarcely any of our early histories contain so many curious incidents and notices as are found in this work, and until our time its authenticity does not appear to have been decided. In the year 1826, however, a very formidable attack was made by Sir Francis Palgrave, in the *Quarterly Review*, No. 67, upon its claims to be regarded as anything better than “ an historical novel,” a mere monkish invention or forgery at a later age.

‘ Ingulf of Croyland’s ’ Chronicle is now known to have been framed with a dishonest object, and to be from first to last a monkish forgery ; its charters composed in the scriptorium, its general history a patchwork of piracies, and its special anecdotes mere inventions.

The History of Ingulfus is a clever but undoubted fiction of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, an impudent fabrication, to all appearance, by the monks of Croyland, for patching up a defective title : the genuineness and authenticity were first questioned more than a century ago ; and in the last ten or twelve years the subject has received increased attention. In the *Archæological Journal* for March, 1862, both the history and charters of Ingulfus have been disputed at con-

siderable length ; and though in some parts it is an interesting compilation, the book, as an historical authority, is almost worthless. (*Athenæum*, No. 2121.) Camden, it will be seen by the previous quotation, evidently had faith in Ingulf's Chronicle.

The curious old triangular Bridge at Croyland remains to be described. Of the four streams which formerly inclosed the island, the drainage has removed all trace of three, changing the site to quiet pastures and rich farming land ; and the Welland itself now runs wide of the village, in a new channel. The Bridge stands high and dry in the centre of the village square, lorn of three of its streams. It is more ancient than any bridge in Europe, not of Roman work. It is supposed to have been built about the year 860 : it consists of three semi-Pointed arches, meeting together in the centre, the abutments standing on the angles of an equilateral triangle. It is placed at the junction of three roads, which thus terminate at the crown of the bridge. From its steep ascent it is not used by carriages, which circumstance arises from the situation in which it is placed : and in times of flood, had it not been considerably raised on the abutments, it would have been swept away by the torrent. The steep ascents are made into steps, paved with small stones, set edgewise : at the foot of one segment sits a robed figure in stone of some Saxon monarch, supposed to be Ethelbert, with a great stone in its hand, said to be, amongst other things, a loaf. The bridge claims the qualities of boldness of design and singularity of construction as much as any bridge in Europe ; and its curious *triume* formation has led many persons to imagine that the architect intended thereby to suggest an idea of the Holy Trinity. As the lover of our national antiquities stands upon the platform, he may reflect that within the hallowed convent walls dwelt some of the earliest promoters of monastic education ; and as the eye ranges from these picturesque ruins over the neighbouring fens, it may rest upon some nobly-built churches, yet it would not willingly exchange the view of the Abbey pile for many an uninjured abiding home of the Reformed faith.

Scrivelsby Court.—The Champion's Challenge.

" Two pursuivants whom tabards deck,
 With silver scutcheon round their neck,
 Stood on the steps of stone,
 By which you reach the donjon gate,
 And there, with herald pomp and state,
 They hailed Lord Marmion.
 They hailed him Lord of Fontenaye,
 Of Lutterward and Scivelbaye,
 Of Tamworth tower and town."

Marmion.

Scrivelsby Court, a famous and ancient baronial mansion, two miles and a half south of Horncastle, and about twenty miles east of Lincoln, is of singular interest as having been held from the time of the Conqueror to our own day, by the performance of the noble service of King's champion—the most striking relic of feudalism that has come down to us from the ages of chivalry. The lands were held by "barony and grand serjeantry," the terms of the tenure requiring that, at the coronation, the lord of the manor, "or some person in his name, if he be not able, shall come well-armed for war upon a good war-horse, into the presence of our lord the king, and shall then and there cause it to be proclaimed, that if any one shall say that our lord the king has no right to his crown and kingdom, he will be ready and prepared to defend with his body the right of the king and kingdom against him, and all others whatsoever."

The championship, an office of great antiquity, was in ancient times vested in the family of Marmion, lords of Fontenoy, in Normandy, who were, it is said, hereditary champions to the dukes of Normandy, previously to the invasion of England. Robert Marmion is said to have received from the Conqueror the gift of the castle of Tamworth, in the county of Warwick, with the territory adjacent. "Thence he expelled those nuns he found there, unto a place called Oldbury, after which within the compass of a twelvemonth, as it is said, making a costly entertainment at Tamworth Castle, for some of his friends, among whom was Sir Walter de Somerville, his sworn brother; it happened that as he lay in his bed, St. Edith appeared to him in the habit of a veiled nun, with a crosier in her hand, and advertised him that if he did not restore the abbey of Polesworth (which lay within the territory belonging to his castle of Tamworth) unto her successors, he should have an

evil death and go to hell ; and, that he might be the more sensible of this her admonition, she smote him on the side with the point of her crosier, and so vanished away. Moreover, that by this stroke being much wounded, he cried out so loud, that his friends in the house arose, and finding himself extremely tormented with the pain of his wound, advised him to confess himself to a priest, and vow to restore the nuns to their former possession. Furthermore, that having so done, his pain ceased ; and that (in accomplishment of his vow, accompanied by Sir Walter de Somerville and the rest) he forthwith rode to Oldbury, and craving pardon of the nuns for the injury done, brought them back to Polesworth, desiring that himself and his friend Sir Walter de Somerville might be reputed their patrons, and have burial for themselves and their heirs in the abbey—viz., the Marmions in the chapter-house and the Somervilles in the cloyster."

After having been transplanted from Normandy to England this family continued to be represented through successive generations by bold barons, who besides holding the estate of Scrivelsby on the tenure of acting as king's champions, owned considerable property in other parts of the country, and took an active share in the great national affairs of their own day. This line of nobles terminated, through failure of heirs male, in Philip Marmion, lord of Tamworth Castle and baron of Scrivelsby, and Hereditary King's Champion by tenure of that barony. To his king, Henry III., he showed unflinching loyalty when the great body of the barons of the kingdom had united in insurrection against the royal prerogative. For his adherence and devotion to the king at the taking of Northampton, and later, at the fatal battle of Lewes, he was subsequently—after the cause of the king was again in the ascendant—rewarded with grants of land and with the office of governor of Kenilworth Castle. He had four daughters, one of whom, Joane, married Sir Thomas de Ludlowe, Knt., and carried with her the estate of Scrivelsby, with the hereditary function of king's champion, into the Ludlow family. Thomas de Ludlowe, the son and successor by this marriage, had one daughter, Margaret, who espoused Sir John Dymoke, Knt., and thus conferred upon this baron the ancient estate originally belonging to the Marmions, and the honourable and chivalric official duty they had so long and gallantly performed.

Before leaving the Marmions, it may be mentioned that, though the lords of Scrivelsby and Tamworth of this family, had ceased in

their chief male branch, the line of a younger stock remained, which had enlarged its own patrimony by marriage with the heiress of a great and potent northern family, and thereby were become baron-marchers of considerable importance. Of these, Dugdale has noted only "two Johns, as having been in the Scottish wars during the reigns of the first three Edwards—the last Lord Marmion was an idiot." But William, Lord Marmion, who married Lora, the daughter of Roesse de Dover, was a person of singular activity in his day, and employed his whole life in feats of arms, jousts, and tournaments, in which he acquitted himself with great honour and renown. He was lord of Witringham and of other manors in Lincolnshire, and also of Tanfield in the county of York.

It is related that it was one of the Marmion family who, in the reign of Edward II., performed that chivalrous feat before the castle of Norham which Bishop Percy has recorded in his beautiful ballad "The Hermit of Warkworth." The following is Leland's version of the story :—

"The Scotts came ynto the marches of England, and destroyed the castles of Werk and Herbotel, and overran much of Northumberland marches.

"At this tyme Thomas Gray and his friends defended Norham from the Scottes.

"It were a wonderful process to declare, what mischiefs came by hungre and asseges by the space of xi. years in Northumberland ; for the Scottes became so proud after they had got Berwick, that they nothing esteemed the Englishmen.

"About this tyme there was a great feste made in Lincolnshire, to which came many gentilmen and ladies ; and among them one lady brought a nealme for a man of were, with a very rich creste of gold to William Marmion, knight, with a letter of commendment of her lady, that he should go into the daungerest place in England, and there to let the healme be seene and known as famous. So he went to Norham ; whither within days of cumming cam Philip Mowbray, guardian of Berwicke, having yn his bande forty men of armes, the very flower of men of the Scottish marches.

"Thomas Gray, capitayne of Norham, seynge this, brought his garrison afore the barriers of the castel, behind whom came William, richly arrayed, as all glittering in gold, and wearing his healme, his lady's present.

"Then said Thomas Gray to Marmion, 'Sir knight, ye be cum hither to fame your helmet : mount up on your horse, and ride like

a valiant man to your foes even here at hand, and I forsake God if I rescue not thy body, deade or alyve, or I myself wyl dye for it.'

"Whereupon he took his coursere and rode among the throng of enemies; the which laid sore stripes upon him, and pulled him at the last out of his sadel to the grounde.

"Then Thomas Gray, with all the whole garrison, lette prick yn among the Scottes, and so wonded them and their horses, that they were overthrowan; and Marmion, sore beaten, was horsed agayn, and, with Gray persewed the Scottes yn chase. There were taken fifty horses of price; and the women of Norham brought them to the foote men to follow the chase."

Who this Marmion was remains uncertain—we know that he is historical, but we know nothing further. Of Scott's Marmion it is enough to say, in the words of the poet in one of his notes, "the principal character of the present romance, is entirely a fictitious personage."

The Dymokes, in whom the office of the championship of the King of England is now vested, are an ancient race. It was the grandson of Henry Dymoke (who lived in the time of Edward III.) that married Margaret de Ludlowe, sole heiress of the manor of Scrivelsby. This knight, together with William Marmion, represented the county of Lincoln in Parliament, in the forty-sixth and forty-seventh year of Edward III., and at the coronation of Richard II., Dymoke executed the office of king's champion, and was the first person so officially employed at the coronation of an English prince. He was succeeded by Sir Thomas Dymoke, his son and heir, who performed the office of king's champion on the occasions of the coronation of the Kings Henry IV. and Henry V. From him descended Robert Dymoke, Esq., of Scrivelsby, son and heir of Sir Edward Dymoke, champion at the coronation of Edward VI., and of the Queens Mary and Elizabeth. Charles Dymoke, the great-grandson of the preceding, was a zealous supporter of Charles I. Dying unmarried he was succeeded by his cousin, Sir Edward Dymoke, champion at the coronation of Charles II. Charles Dymoke, son and successor of the preceding, acted as champion at the coronation of James II., and his son Charles performed the same office at the coronation of William and Mary and of Queen Anne. Lewis Dymoke, who represented Lincolnshire, 1702-5 and 1710-13, was champion at the coronation of the first two monarchs of the house of Brunswick. John Dymoke, Esq., of Scrivelsby Court, was

champion at the coronation of George III., and Sir Henry Dymoke acted as champion for his father at the coronation of George IV. He died in 1865, when the baronetcy became extinct, but the estate devolved upon his brother, the Rev. John Dymoke, of Scrivelsby Court, the Honourable the Queen's Champion, in whose possession it at present remains.

The last occasion of the champion's performance of the duties of his office was at the coronation of George IV. The champion was required to appear at the door of Westminster Hall, mounted on a white horse and clad in complete armour, "shortly before the serving of the second course of the coronation banquet." As at the coronation of King William IV., and Queen Victoria, the banquet in Westminster Hall was dispensed with, the royal champion's presence was not considered necessary.

At coronations the ceremonial followed was generally unvarying, and in describing the pageantry, as far as the championship is concerned, which was observed on a special occasion, facilities are afforded to form an estimate of what these displays generally consisted in. On the occasion of the coronation of Queen Anne, the ceremonial, observed and closely followed at the coronation of George IV., was as follows. The mounted champion advanced from the door of the (Westminster) Hall, his herald proclaiming at three different stages in his progress, the challenge: "If any person, of what degree soever, high or low, shall deny or gainsay our Sovereign Lady Queen Anne of England, Scotland, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c., to be right heir to the Imperial crown of Great Britain, or that she ought not to enjoy the same, here is her champion, who saith that he lieth and is a foul traitor, being ready in person to combat with him, and in this quarrel will adventure his life." At the conclusion of each challenge, the champion threw down his gauntlet and paused a while. Having at length reached the throne, a gold cup full of wine was brought to the sovereign, who, pledging the champion, sent him the cup. The champion drank from the cup, and finally departed with it and its cover as his fee.

In an essay in which the supposed clandestine visits of the Pretender to London, during the reign of George III., are made the principal subject of inquiry, the *Gentleman's Magazine* (1868) deals with the question of whether the champion's challenge has been in any instance accepted. "It has long been a popular tradition," says this periodical, "that on certain occasions the challenge of the

champion has been accepted, or that some interruption has taken place in Westminster Hall during the performance of this portion of the coronation ceremony. It has been thought likely, from the popular point of view, that claimants to the crown, either in person or by their adherents, would not fail to take this opportunity of asserting what they held to be their rights, lest judgment should go against them, as it were, by default. A legend to the effect that the champion's gauntlet has been taken up, or another glove flung down beside it, is of old date, though there is much discrepancy in the versions of the story, and it is made applicable to more than one occasion. Miss Strickland, in her 'Life of Queen Mary II.,' refers to a 'gossip's tale' of this nature, and describes it as pertaining to every coronation of the last century which took place while an heir of James II. existed. If any incident of the kind took place she imagines it must have been at the coronation of William and Mary. 'That there was a pause at this part of the ceremony of about two hours, and that when the champion appeared, the gauntlet was heard to be thrown, but nothing that was done could be seen on account of the darkness of the evening, all this rests upon the authority of Lamberty, the historian and diplomatist.' Evelyn, who was present in Westminster Hall, says that 'when the king and queen had dined, the ceremony of the champion and other services by tenure were performed,' but he makes no mention of any interruption of the proceedings; nor does he record the darkness of the evening. Lord Macaulay, in his history, says simply, 'on the whole the ceremony went off well.'

"The authors of the 'History of Signboards' refer to a curious anecdote of the coronation of William and Mary, and of the episode of the champion's challenge, which appeared in the 'Gazetteer,' for August 20th, 1784, certainly a good many years after the event. At the coronation of King William and Queen Mary, the champion of England, dressed in armour of complete and glittering steel, his horse richly caparisoned, and himself and courser finely capped with plumes of feathers, entered Westminster Hall while the king and queen were at dinner. And at giving out the usual challenge to any one that disputed their Majesties' right to the crown of England (when he has the honour to drink the sovereign's health out of a golden cup, always his fee), after he had flung down his gauntlet on the pavement, an old woman, who entered the hall on crutches (which she left behind her) took it up and made off with great celerity, leaving her own glove with a challenge in it to meet

her the next day at an appointed hour, in Hyde Park. A person in the same dress appeared the next day at the place appointed, though it was generally supposed to be a good swordsman in that disguise. However, the Champion of England politely declined any contest of that nature with the fair sex, and never made his appearance."

It will be remembered that the acceptance of the champion's challenge by a female forms one of the most stirring incidents in Scott's novel of "Redgauntlet." The author of that work informs us in a note that he has here drawn upon a tradition, which is nothing else than the legend we have given above, under a different form. With respect to the foundation and trustworthiness of the tradition, Scott remarks, with his usual sagacity in these matters, that "the story is probably one of the numerous fictions which were circulated to keep up the spirit of a sinking faction."

Of the different mansions that have risen and decayed under the name of Scrivelsby Court we have no account. During the last century the edifice here was a magnificent one, but it was nearly destroyed by fire in 1765. In the part consumed was a very large hall, on the panels of the wainscoting of which were depicted the various arms and alliances of the family through all its numerous, and far-traced descents. The loss has been in some degree compensated by the additions which have been recently made to those parts which escaped the ravages of the fire. The house, as it at present exists, is an irregularly built Gothic mansion, and stands in a park well-wooded and stocked with deer.



Denton House.—Henry Welby, the Recluse.

Denton House, for many centuries the seat of the ancient family of Welby, and still held by its representative, is pleasantly situated on a free and bold elevation, near the borders of Leicestershire, and about six miles south-west of Grantham. It is a large, handsome building in the modern style—its most distinctive features being due to the considerable alterations and improvements made upon it by recent proprietors. Its interior is well arranged, and it contains a good collection of family portraits. The park is much admired for its beautiful undulations and the variety of scenery it presents. It is adorned by fine natural woods and luxuriant plantations, and is

further diversified by a pleasing ornamental sheet of water. On the estate is a medicinal spring, much frequented, and said to have qualities similar to those of the Malvern Springs. It is named St. Christopher's Well. In Denton fields a mosaic pavement, extending thirty feet, was discovered in 1727. It lay at a depth of only about sixteen inches beneath the surface, consisted of white, red, and blue tessellæ, arranged in squares and lozenges, the former ornamented with chequer-work, the latter with gordian knots. The pavement is said to have been part of the floor of a room supposed to have formed part of a Roman villa.

The family of Welby, which derived its name from the manor of Welby, near Grantham, is of great antiquity in this county. John, lord of Castleton, ancestor of the Welbys, assisted Robert de Toden, baron of Belvoir, in the defence of his castle in the time of William the Conqueror. In the ninth year of the reign of Henry V. Richard Welby represented Lincolnshire in Parliament, and in the twelfth year of Henry VI., when commissioners were appointed by the Crown, in different counties of England, to summon all persons of quality before them, and tender to them an oath for the better keeping of the peace, William Welby was the ninth person among the gentry of Lincolnshire who took the oath. He was descended from John, lord of Cayston or Welby, and acquired the manor of Denton from Sir William Thorold. He was succeeded in his extensive possessions by his youngest son, Richard Welby. William Earle Welby, grandson of the latter, M.P. for Grantham, was created a baronet in 1801. His first wife was Penelope, daughter of Sir John Glynn, of Hawarden Castle, in the county of Flint. The present possessor of Denton is Sir Glynn-Earle-Welby-Gregory, Bart.

But the family has been rendered remarkable more for the eccentric conduct of one of its branches than for any achievement of its main representatives. A branch of the family became seated at Gedney, in the same county, by the purchase of the estate of that name, early in the reign of Elizabeth, by Adlard Welby, who died in 1571, leaving by his first wife, Henry and Adlard. The elder son, Henry, succeeded to his father's property, became seated at Gauxhill, also in Lincolnshire, and married Alice, daughter of Thomas White, of Woodhead, in Rutland, by Anne, his wife, sister of the Lord Treasurer Burleigh.

That this gentleman, who was naturally of a generous, even a philanthropic disposition, should voluntarily withdraw himself from

all society whatever, should resign his rank, estate, and the unlimited comforts at his command, and retire into a seclusion stricter than that which is imposed upon the most rigid of all holy brotherhoods of the world, seems to be wholly unaccountable. It happens, however, to be true.

Mr. Welby was from his many talents and acquirements a man of considerable influence in his neighbourhood. His character for philanthropy, benevolence, and humanity had won him the esteem of the best families in the district, while with the poor he was deservedly popular. Yet he chose in the prime of life to relinquish all the amenities of his position, all the ambitions and schemes of doing good, in which as a philanthropist he might have indulged, and lived wholly alone for nearly half a century in a London street, which, although around surged the turmoil of the living tide of our populous quarters, yet afforded to this man a seclusion more absolute than the most savage caverns, or even of those wind-swept islands among which St. Columba laboured—

“The Hebrid Isles,
Placed far amid the melancholy main.”

Before he had reached his fortieth year, Mr. Welby had lost his wife, by whom he had an only child, a daughter, Elizabeth. Shortly after this bereavement, the unfortunate circumstance occurred which induced him to form that resolution to retire from the world, which he kept to inflexibly to his latest day. This unhappy occurrence was an attempt made upon his life by a dissolute relative of his own. Prompted either by the desire of gain or by some murderous intention, this person burst in upon Mr. Welby, and at once levelled a pistol, which was afterwards found to be heavily charged with slugs, at his head. In an instant Welby struck up the hand of the intending assassin, and grappling with him, wrested the weapon from his grasp.

But the attack to which he had been subjected by one of his own kith and kin so deeply affected the over-sensitive disposition of this peculiar man that he resolved to prevent the recurrence of the outrage once for all, by retiring at once from all intercourse with his fellow-creatures. The chronicle of his proceedings in acting up to and abiding by his resolution is thus abridged.

Having chosen the city of London for the place of his seclusion, he obtained a house in Grub Street, wherein he reserved for himself three apartments—one within another—the first for his meals,

the second as his bedroom, and the third as his study. While his simple meals were being set on his table in his parlour or sitting-room, Welby would retire into his bedroom, and while his bedroom was being attended to, he would take refuge in the inner sanctum of his study. Following this plan, he kept in such perfect retirement and seclusion, that for over forty years he was never beheld by human eyes except, and that very rarely indeed, and only on occasions of great necessity, by the old woman who prepared his food and kept his bedroom in order. During the whole of more than two score years, neither daughter, son-in-law, grandchild, kinsman, stranger, servant or tenant ever had a word or a single glance of him. The old female attendant ministered to all his wants, made his fire, prepared his food and dressed his chamber.

And in his food he showed almost an equal degree of abstinence as with respect to society. He never touched flesh or fish, and never drank either wine or anything more exhilarating than "four shilling beer." His chief sustenance was oatmeal boiled with water, and in summer time, a salad of choice herbs.

"For dainties, and when he would feast himself, he would eat the yolk of an egg, but no part of the white; and what bread he did eat he cut out of the middle of the loaf, but of the crust he never touched; his general drink was 'four shilling beer,' and no other; and now when his stomach served him, he ate some kind of suckets, and now and then drank redde cowe's milke, which his maid Elizabeth fetched for him out of the fields, hot from the cow; and yet he kept a bountiful table for his servants, with entertainment sufficient for any stranger or tenant that had any occasion or business to his house."

His time was regularly divided between reading, meditation, and prayer. He purchased every new book that was published, most of which upon examination he rejected. His plain garb, his long and silver beard, his mortified and venerable aspect, bespoke him an ancient inhabitant of the desert, rather than a gentleman of fortune in a populous city. He expended a great portion of his income in acts of benevolence, and was continually inquiring after deserving objects. In the Christmas holidays, at Easter, and upon other festivals, he had great cheer provided, with all sorts of seasonable dishes, served into his own chamber, with store of wine which his maid brought in; when he himself (after thanks given to God for his good benefits) would pin a clean napkin before him, and

putting on a pair of white holland sleeves, which reached to his elbow, called for his knife, and cutting dish after dish up in order, send one to one poor neighbour, one to another, whether it was brawn, bacon, capon, goose, &c., till he had left the table quite empty ; then would he give thanks again, lay by his linen, put up his knife, and cause his cloth to be taken away ; and this would he do, dinner and supper, upon these days without tasting one morsel whatsoever, and this custom he kept to his dying day.

Mr. Welby died on the 29th October, 1636. He was buried in St. Giles' Church, Cripplegate. The old maid-servant had died about six days before her master. His daughter and sole heiress, Elizabeth, married Sir Christopher Hildyard, *knt.*, Yorkshire, and left three sons.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

Nottingham Castle.

The modern building, erected scarcely two centuries ago, upon the summit of an almost perpendicular rock, 133 feet high, at the south-western extremity of the town of Nottingham, has few claims upon our attention; but the former Castle, although little more than a bastion and the main gateway remain, is of considerable historic interest. When the Danes came to Nottingham, in the year 852, they possessed themselves of a tower on this rock, where they resisted the efforts of Ethelred, King of the West Saxons, and Alfred his brother, to dislodge them; and it was only by a blockade that they could be compelled to make terms, and retire. The present mansion occupies little more than one-third of the site of the old castle, which extended northward to the verge of the moat, yet to be traced. In 1068 Nottingham was visited by William I., who ordered the Castle to be built: of it William of Newborough says: "This castle, when in its glory, was made so strong by nature and art, that it was esteemed impregnable except by famine." It was never taken by storm, and but once by surprise. It was not, however, erected all at one period. "The most beautiful and gallant part for lodging," observes Leland, "is on the north side, where Edward IV. began a right sumptuous piece of stonework, which was finished by Richard III." After the Conquest, the greater part of the country, together with the Castle, was bestowed by William I. on his natural son, William Peverell. In 1153, Nottingham was taken by Henry, son of the Empress Maud, but the garrison retired from the town to the Castle, and set fire to the place. In 1194, Nottingham Castle, after a siege of several days, was taken by Richard I. from the adherents of his rebellious brother, John Earl of Mortaigne (afterwards King of England), when Richard assembled a parliament here, and deprived John of his earldom; but on his submission, he was restored to his rank. In 1212, to Nottingham John retired, and shut himself up in the Castle, guarded only by the inhabitants and some foreign archers, having disbanded his army from distrust of the fidelity of his officers.

The old Castle must have frowned with unusual gloominess when Isabella, Queen of Edward II., and her unprincipled paramour, Mor-

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timer, took up their abode in it. The Queen had rebelled against and deposed her husband. Mortimer had accomplished his death. The frail princess had recently elevated Mortimer to the Earldom of March. His encroaching arrogance was awakening in the minds of the barons a determination to curb his insolence and overgrown power. The spirit of revenge was still further excited by the execution of the King's uncle, the Earl of Kent, who appears to have been slain merely to show that there were none too high to be smitten down if he dared to make himself obnoxious to the profligate rulers. The young King, now in his eighteenth year, was growing impatient of the yoke which Mortimer, as regent, had imposed on his authority. At length he was brought to see his own danger—to look upon Mortimer as the murderer of his father and uncle, and the man who was bringing dishonour to himself and the nation by an illicit connexion with his royal mother. A parliament was summoned to meet at Nottingham about Midsummer, 1330. The Castle was occupied by the Dowager Queen and the Earl of March, attended by a guard of one hundred and eight knights, with their followers; while the King, with his Queen, Philippa, and a small retinue, took up their abode in the town. The number of their attendants, and the jealous care with which the Castle was guarded, implied suspicion in the minds of the guilty pair. Every night, the gates of the fortress were locked and the keys delivered to the Queen, who slept with them under her pillow. But with all their precautions, justice was more than a match for their villany. Sir William Montacute, under the sanction of his sovereign, summoned to his aid several nobles, on whose loyalty and good faith he could depend, and obtained the King's warrant for the apprehension of the Earl of March and others. The plot was now ripe for execution. For a time, however, the inaccessible nature of the Castle rock, and the vigilance with which the passes were guarded, appeared to be insuperable. Could Sir William Eland, the Governor of the Castle, be won over, and induced to betray the fortress into their hands? Sir William joyfully fell in with the experiment.

Everything being arranged, on the night of Friday, October 19th, 1380, Edward and his loyal associates were conducted by Sir William Eland through a secret passage in the rock to the interior of the Castle. Proceeding at once to a Chamber adjoining the Queen's apartment, they found the object of their search in close consultation with the Bishop of Lincoln and others of his party. The Earl of March was seized; Sir Hugh Turpinton and Sir John Monmouth, two of his state guards, were slain in attempting to rescue him from the King's

associates; and the Queen, hearing the tumult, and suspecting the cause, rushed into the room in an agony of terror, exclaiming, "Fair son, fair son, have pity on the gentle Mortimer!" Notwithstanding the cries and entreaties of the weeping Isabella, her beloved Earl was torn from her presence, and hurried down the secret passage by which his captors entered, and which has ever since been designated *Mortimer's Hole*. It still exists on the south-east side of the sandstone rock; it ascends from a place called Brewhouse Yard, and comes out above in the yard of the Castle. The lower part is now blocked up, but visitors may descend from the top.

With so much secrecy and despatch was this stratagem executed that the guards on the ramparts of the castle were not disturbed, and the people of Nottingham knew nothing of the enterprise till the following day, when the arrest of Mortimer and several of his adherents by the Royalists indicated that the luxurious and profligate usurpation of the Earl of March was at an end.

Mortimer was conveyed by a strong guard to the Tower of London. Edward repaired to Leicester, where he issued writs for the assembling of a new Parliament at Westminster, at which Mortimer was impeached, and convicted of high treason and other crimes. No proof in evidence of his guilt was heard, and he was condemned to die as a traitor, by being drawn and hanged on the common gallows—a sentence which was executed at "the Elms," in Smithfield, on November 29, 1330. By some he is stated to have been executed at Tyburn; but Howes describes it as "a place anciently called the Elmes, of elmes that grew there, where Mortimer was executed, and let hang two days and nights, to be seene of the people." His body was buried in the castle of Ludlow, in a chapel which he had erected, and dedicated to St. Peter ad Vincula, to commemorate his own escape from the Tower in the time of Edward II. A Parliament was subsequently held at Nottingham, which deprived the Queen of her dowry, and granted her 1000*l.* a year for life.

The Castle of Nottingham was given by James I. to Francis, Earl of Rutland, who pulled down many of the buildings, and sold the materials. But at the commencement of the Parliamentary war it was still considered a place of strength. Here Charles I. set up his standard with great ceremony. Shortly after this, Nottingham came into the hands of the Parliament, and continued to the end of the war; and when Colonel Hutchinson, its last governor, became jealous of Cromwell's intention to make himself King, he employed Captain Paulton to demolish it; for which, it is said, Cromwell never forgave the Colonel.

We have already mentioned the existing remains. About forty years ago a stone staircase below the present wall, on the north side, was discovered, to which the name of "King Richard's Steps" has been given.

Nottingham Castle has in all ages been the strongest place in the Midland Counties, and it was the bulwark of the Crown in every case of emergency. Here, in 1386, Richard II. assembled the sheriffs and judges, and ordered the former to raise troops against the Duke of Gloucester and the associated Barons, and to permit no members to be chosen for the ensuing Parliament but such as were contained in the list which he would deliver to them. But the Sheriffs declared their inability to raise men against the Barons, who were very popular; and that the people would not submit to dictation in the choice of their Representatives. The Judges, however, were less patriotic, and pronounced that the King was above the Law. In 1460, at Nottingham, Edward IV. proclaimed himself King, and had a rendezvous of his troops. In 1485, from Nottingham, where he had assembled his forces, Richard III. marched to the fatal battle of Bosworth Field.

The present "Castle" has nothing castellated in its architecture; it is a large building, classically embellished. An equestrian statue of the founder, the Duke of Newcastle, in 1680-88, cut out of one block of stone, and brought from Castle Donington, in Leicestershire, is placed in front of the mansion. In 1808 it was completely repaired; but it was nearly destroyed by fire in the Reform Bill riots of 1831.

Clare Palace, the Holles Family, and the House of Clare.

Sir William Holles, the ancestor of the Earls of Clare, was Lord Mayor of London in the 31st year of the reign of Henry VIII., two years after which he died. He married Elizabeth, daughter of John Scopeham. By her he had three sons and a daughter. Thomas, the eldest, was a son of misfortune, and by his lavishness and improvidence the ruin of both himself and his posterity. His father left him a very fair estate, yet he lived to spend it all, and die in prison. His taking a wife from Court was part of his undoing (slips transplanted from that soil for the most part make but ill proof in the country.) Gervase Holles, in his entertaining Anecdotes of his Family, says: "I have heard it by tradition, that he was present at the coronation of

Edward VI., with a retinue of threescore and ten followers. This specious port he kept so long as he was able, and like a well-spread oak, carried a great shade even when spent to the heart." His son, William, left a grandson, Francis, who losing both father and mother when a boy, was exposed to the most wretched condition till the Earl of Clare took notice of him. "We shall hardly find in any family a greater example of fortune's mutability. For the great-grandfather of this poor boy had a revenue from his father at this day worth at the least 10,000*l.* per annum, and had been sometimes followed by a train of threescore and ten servants of his own.

"However, Sir William Holles (the Lord Mayor), like a wise merchant, did not adventure all his stock in one bottom, nor entrusted the prosperity of his posterity to the management of an eldest son only. He left to his son William the manor of Haughton, with other large estates in the counties of Nottingham, Lincoln, and Middlesex. Thus Sir William was born in London early in the reign of Henry VIII. He married Anne, eldest daughter and coheir of John Densell, of Densell, in Cornwall.

"After his father's decease he seated himself at Haughton, choosing that, amongst all those other manors of that opulent inheritance his father left him, to plant his habitation in. A seat both pleasant and commodious, lying between the Forest and the Clay, and partaking both of the sweet and wholesome air of the one, and of the fertility of the other, having the river Idle running through it by several cuts in several places.

"He affected to be honoured and loved amongst his neighbours, which he attained to beyond other his concurrents, by his honesty, humanity, and hospitality. It was even to a wonder, and he was usually styled the good Sir William Holles. He was the wonder of the country for a settled house and constant hospitality. The proportion he allowed during the twelve days of Christmas was a fat ox every day, with sheep and other provision answerable. Besides it was certain with him never to sit down to dinner till after one of the clock; and being asked why he always dined *so late*, he answered, 'For aught he knew, there might be a friend come twenty miles to dine with him, and he would be loth he should lose his labour.'" He died at Houghton, in 1590, in his 85th year.

"He was of low stature, but of a strong and healthful constitution, so that even to his last he little felt the infirmities of old age, but usually every day, even to his last sickness, walked on foot for his exercise round about his Park at Houghton, which was between two and three miles,

His countenance was grave and comely, and his complexion ruddy and pure.

“His retinue was always answerable to his hospitality, very great, and according to the magnificence of those days, far more than was necessary. At the coronation of Edward VI., he appeared with fifty followers in their blue coats and badges; and I have heard divers affirm that knew him, how he would not come to Retford Sessions, but four miles from his home, without thirty proper fellows at his heels.” Of his two sons, Sir Gervase, the younger, was grandfather of the writer to whom we are indebted for these entertaining anecdotes of his family. His eldest son, John Holles, was created Baron Houghton, of Houghton, in the 14th year of James I., and, in the 22nd year, Earl of Clare. “For his peerage he paid the favourite Duke of Buckingham 10,000*l.* sterling. For at the entrance of King James, the sale of honours was become a trade at court; and whilst the Duke lived, scarce any man acquired any honour but such as were either his kindred, or had the fortune (or misfortune) to marry his kindred or mistresses, or paid a round sum of money for it.

“He was not a favourite at court, and the reason being asked, somebody said it was plain—‘for two sorts of men King James had never kindness, those whose hawks and dogs run as well as his own, and those who were able to speak as much reason as himself.’

“Henry, Prince of Wales, however, expressed a great love for him, and once took a progress to his house at Houghton, where the Prince continued with him many days, and found an entertainment answerable to his greatness. He was afterwards under a cloud at court, and for a long time estranged himself from it, and lived for the most part at Houghton, and at his home at Nottingham, cherishing more quiet and contented thoughts in a retired life.” He died at Clare Palace, Nottingham, in 1637, aged 73.

Newark Castle.

The town of Newark-upon-Trent is conjectured by some antiquaries to have been Roman, by others Saxon; but the first undoubted mention of it is in the time of Edward the Confessor. It had a noble Castle, which overlooked the river, and was built in the reign of King Stephen by Alexander, Bishop of Lincoln, from whom it was taken by the King. In the time of King John it was besieged by the Barons in the interest of Louis the Dauphin. John, coming to its relief, died at Newark, A.D. 1216; though Shakspeare makes the scene of his

death in "the Orchard of Swinstead Abbey." On the conclusion of the treaty between Henry III. (son and successor of John) and the Dauphin, some of the English adherents of the latter, fearing punishment, seized the Castle of Newark, where they were besieged by the King's guardian, the Earl of Pembroke, and obliged to surrender. The Castle was subsequently restored to the See of Lincoln, and with the exception of a short interval in the reign of Edward III., appears to have continued in its possession until the reign of Edward VI. It was at East Stoke, on the right bank of the Trent, near Newark, that in the rebellion of Lambert Simnel, A.D. 1487, the forces of that pretender, consisting of 2000 German veterans, under Martin Swart, an experienced officer, and about 6000 half-armed Irishmen, were encountered by the Royal army under Henry VII. in person. The rebels were defeated; half of them were slain, including their leader, the Earl of Lincoln, and Swart. Simnel was taken prisoner; and Lord Lovell, another leader, escaped from the fray, but was either drowned in his flight across the Trent, or was compelled to conceal himself for the rest of his days.

Cardinal Wolsey lodged at the Castle with a great retinue on his way to Southwell, in 1530. James I. arrived here on his way to London, in 1602; and on his midland progress always stayed a night or two at the Castle. Newark, in the reign of Charles I., was one of the most considerable garrisons the King had, and sustained three sieges; the garrison was from 4000 to 5000 foot, and above 500 horse, and there were plenty of cannon on the walls. In 1642, the Newark troops, 600 in number, under the command of Sir Richard Byron, effected an entrance into Nottingham (Parliamentarians), and during five days lived upon free quarters, and were then obliged to retreat. Next year, the Newarkeers endeavoured to gain possession of Nottingham Castle, but being overwhelmed by numbers, were obliged to evacuate the town. After Charles's defeat at Naseby, he marched from Newark to Oxford, but was again at Newark in the same year; and it was there that he was deserted by his nephews, Rupert and Maurice, and by several of his officers. The King then being pressed by the approach of the Scots and Parliamentarians, again withdrew to Oxford. Newark was forthwith besieged by the Scots; and in May, 1646, the King surrendered himself at Southwell to the Scotch Commissioners, by whom he was conducted to the besiegers' quarters. The day after his arrival, Newark was delivered up by his orders; and the fortifications were next demolished by the Parliament. There are but few vestiges of the lines and forts now observable, although they were two miles and a quarter long.

The ancient Castle of Newark stood near the bank of the river; though now an irreparable ruin, it still presents a noble appearance. Within the exterior walls nothing remains, but the vestiges of the great hall show that it was built in later times than that assigned to the foundation of the fortress. Under the hall is a crypt, with loop-holes towards the river; and there is a flight of winding steps from the crypt upwards. The south-western angle of the fortress, the western wall, washed by the river, a considerable part of the tower at the north-western angle, and parts of the north side of the building, remain. The western wall exhibits three distinct stories, or tiers of apartments. The architecture varies with the period of erection of the various parts: some of it is Norman, but other portions were probably erected just before the Civil Wars of Charles I. Part of the inner area of the Castle is used as a bowling-green, and the remaining portion has been converted into a large and commodious cattle-market.

Newark Church is one of the largest and most elegant in the kingdom; it was in great part rebuilt, it is said, by Adam Flemyng, in the time of Henry VI. and Henry VII.; but there are in it some remains of a previous edifice of Norman character. The height to the summit of the steeple is 240 feet. There are likewise in Newark some walls of an ancient Augustine Priory, and a Chapel of an ancient Hospital of the Knights Templars. In the town of Newark, also, is "Beaumont's Cross," so called from tradition assigning to it the tribute of a Duchess of Norfolk to the memory of Lord Beaumont, who died northward of Newark, in the reign of Edward IV., and was carried for interment to the burial-place of his family in Suffolk. The Cross is in the latest Gothic style. It was repaired, says the inscription, in 1778, and again in 1801.

Newstead Abbey, and Lord Byron.

Of the monastic ruins of Nottinghamshire, the most beautiful is Newstead, or New Place, formerly a Priory of Black or Austin Canons, founded about A.D. 1170, by Henry II., who endowed it with the church and town of Pappelwick, together with large wastes about the monastery, within the forest [of Sherwood], a park of ten acres, &c., lying at a short distance from the town of Mansfield.* At the Disso-

* Mansfield was the frequent residence of our early Norman kings, who enjoyed the chase in the surrounding forest of Sherwood. The celebrated ballad of the King and the Miller of Mansfield is the subject of at least two

lution Newstead came into the possession of the noble family of the Byrons, who deduce from the Conquest; and at the time of the Survey held divers manors in Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire, the chief seat of the early Byrons being Horistan Castle, in the latter county. In 1540, Sir John Byron, Knt., had a grant of "the Priory of Newstade, with the manor of Papelwick, a rectory of the same, with all the closes about the Priory, &c." A portion of the monastic buildings was fitted up as a residence by Sir John Byron, but the church was allowed to go to decay. Its front is an exceedingly beautiful specimen of Early English, scarcely equalled by any other specimen in elegance of composition and delicacy of execution. The south aisle of the church was incorporated with the mansion which Sir John built, while the western front was suffered to remain a picturesque ruin. The Abbey is said to have been preserved till our time, and several conveniences which belonged to its pious owners, continued in their original situation, and were yet in use. The illustrious poet, Lord Byron, who from his mother claimed descent from the royal House of Stuart, succeeded to Newstead at the age of six years. Here he passed the happiest hours of his life. When he was quite a child he was an adept at swimming and rowing.

In some lines, "On leaving Newstead Abbey," written in 1803, the leading events in the lives of the Poet's ancestors are glanced at:—

- " Through thy battlements, Newstead, the hollow winds whistle;
Thou, the hall of my fathers, art gone to decay;
In thy once smiling garden, the hemlock and thistle
Have choked up the rose which late bloom'd in the way.
- " Of the mail-cover'd Barons, who proudly to battle
Led their vassals from Europe to Palestine's plain,
The escutcheon and shield, which with every blast rattle,
Are the only sad vestiges now that remain.
- " No more doth old Robert, with harp-stringing numbers,
Raise a flame in the breast for the war-laurell'd wreath;
Near Askalon's towers, John of Horistan slumbers,
Unnerved is the hand of his minstrel by death.
- " Paul and Hubert, too, sleep in the valley of Cressy;
For the safety of Edward and England they fell:
My fathers! the tears of your country redress ye;
How you fought, how you died, still her annals **can tell.**

dramatic entertainments. It is said to refer to the time of Henry II., and that Sir John Cockle was the miller. The mill is five or six miles from Mansfield, of which place Dodsley, the bookseller, who emerged from the servants' hall, was a native.

- “ On Marston, with Rupert, 'gainst traitors contending,
Four brothers enriched with their blood the bleak field ;
For the rights of a monarch their country defending,
Till death their attachment to royalty seal'd.”

In “ An Elegy on Newstead Abbey,” written in 1806 :

- “ Newstead ! fast falling, once resplendent dome !
Religion's shrine ! repentant Henry's pride !
Of warriors, monks, and dames the cloister'd tomb,
Whose pensive shades around thy ruins glide.
- “ Hail to thy pile, more honour'd in thy fall
Than modern mansions in their pillar'd state ;
Proudly majestic frowns thy vaulted hall,
Scowling defiance on the blasts of fate.
- “ No mail-clad serfs, obedient to their lord,
In grim array the crimson cross demand ;
Or gay assemble round the festive board
Their chief's retainers, an immortal band.
- “ Else might inspiring Fancy's magic eye
Retrace their progress through the lapse of time,
Marking each ardent youth, ordained to die,
A votive pilgrim to Judea's clime.
- “ But not from thee, dark pile ! departs the chief ;
His feudal realm in other regions lay ;
In thee the wounded conscience courts relief,
Retiring from the garish blaze of day.
- “ Yes, in thy gloomy cells and shades profound
The monk abjur'd a world he ne'er could view ;
Or blood-stain'd guilt repenting solace found,
Or innocence from stern oppression flew.
- “ A monarch bade thee from that wild arise
Where Sherwood's outlaws once were wont to prowl ;
And superstition's crimes of various dyes,
Sought shelter in the priest's protecting cowl.
- * * * * *
- “ Years roll on years ; to ages, ages yield ;
Abbots to abbots, in a line, succeed ;
Religion's charter their protecting shield,
Till royal sacrilege their doom decreed.
- “ One holy Henry rear'd the Gothic walls,
And bade the pious inmates rest in peace ;
Another Henry the kind gift recalls,
And bids devotion's hallow'd echoes cease.”

The interest of the old place culminates in the possession of Lord Byron, and Colonel Wildman to whom his Lordship sold the estate. The embellishments which the Abbey had received from the poet-lord had more of the brilliant conception of the poet in them than of the

sober calculations of common life. In many rooms which he had superbly furnished, he had permitted so wretched a roof to remain, that in half a dozen years the rain had visited his proudest chambers, the paper had rotted on the walls, and fell upon glowing carpets and canopies, upon bedsteads of crimson and gold, clogging the wings of glittering eagles, and dimming gorgeous coronets. A tourist who visited the Abbey soon after Lord Byron had sold it, thus describes the interior:—

“The long and gloomy gallery, which, whoever views, will be strongly reminded of Lara, as, indeed, a survey of this place will awaken more than one scene in that poem, had not yet relinquished the sombre pictures ‘of its ancient race.’—In the study, which is a small chamber overlooking the garden, the books were packed up, but there remained a sofa, over which hung a sword in a gilt sheath; and at the end of the room, opposite the window, stood a pair of light fancy stands, each supporting a couple of the most perfect and finely polished skulls I ever saw, most probably selected along with the far-famed one converted into a drinking-cup, and inscribed with some well-known lines, from among a vast number taken from the burial-ground of the Abbey, and piled up in the form of a mausoleum, but re-committed to the ground. Between them hung a gilt crucifix.

“In one corner of the servants’ hall lay a stone coffin, on which were some fencing-gloves and foils: and on the wall of the ample but cheerless kitchen, was painted in large letters, ‘Waste not, want not.’

* * * * *

The gardens were exactly as their late owner described them in his earliest days. With the exception of the dog’s tomb—a conspicuous and elegant object, placed on an ascent of several steps, crowned with a lambent flame, and panelled with white marble tablets, of which that containing the celebrated epitaph is the most remarkable—I do not recollect the slightest trace of culture or improvement. The late Lord, a stern and desperate character, who is never mentioned by the neighbouring peasants without a significant shake of the head, might have returned and recognised everything about him, except perhaps an additional crop of weeds. There still gloomily slept that old pond, into which he is said to have hurled his lady in one of his fits of fury, whence she was rescued by the gardener, a courageous blade, who was the Lord’s master, and chastised him for his barbarity. Here still, at the end of the garden, in a grove of oak, two towering satyrs, he with his goat and club, and Mrs. Satyr with her chubby cloven-footed brat,

placed on pedestals at the intersections of the narrow and gloomy pathways, struck for a moment, with their grim visages and shaggy forms the fear into your bosom which is felt by the neighbouring peasantry at 'th'oud laird's devils.'

"In the lake before the Abbey, the artificial rock which he constructed at a vast expense, still reared its lofty head; but the frigate which fulfilled old Mother Shipton's prophecy, by sailing over dry land from a distant part to this place, had long vanished, and the only relics of his naval whim were the rock, his ship buoys, and the venerable old Murray, who accompanied me round the premises. The dark, haughty, impetuous spirit and mad deeds of this Nobleman, the poet's uncle, I feel little doubt, by making a vivid and indelible impression on his youthful fancy, furnished some of the principal materials for the formation of his Lordship's favourite, and perpetually recurring practical hero. His manners and acts are the theme of many a winter evening in the neighbourhood. In a quarrel which arose out of a dispute between their gamekeepers, he killed his neighbour, Mr. Chaworth, the lord of the adjoining manor. With that unhappy deed, however, died all family feud; and if we are to believe our noble bard, the dearest purpose of his heart would have been compassed could he have united the two races by an union with 'the sole remnant of that ancient house,' the present most amiable Mrs. Musters—the Mary of his poetry. To those who have any knowledge of the two families, nothing is more perspicuous in his lays than the deep interest with which he has again and again turned to his boyish, his first and most endearing attachment. 'The Dream' is literally their mutual history, and the scenery of Newstead can be traced in the poem. The antique oratoric, where stood—

'his steed caparisoned, and the hill
Crowned with a peculiar diadem
Of trees in circular array, so fixed,
Not by the sport of nature, but of man,'

are pictures too well known to those who have seen them to be mistaken for a moment."

A still more familiar account of Newstead appeared in the autumn of 1828, when it was visited by Sir Richard Phillips, in his *Personal Tour*. "Newstead," says the author, "like most ancient erections, is situated in a valley, and was screened during my route, by some fine plantations. As I approached it, I passed the fine lake of thirty-six acres, on which Byron was wont to sail; and I saw on it three pretty pinnaces at anchor, in which the present proprietor indulges in aquatic excursions. On each side stand two mock forts, castellated, and decorated with painted guns, the fancy

of the former lord, the great-uncle of the poet. I had seen many accurate views of Newstead, but my approach to the actual building brought before me, as a still living object, Byron and his eventful history. . . .

“The house, as it now exists, proved to be everything that could delight a lover of Byron, an admirer of taste and elegance, and a devotee of antiquity, in close association with our national history and ancient religion. It was an Abbey, founded by Henry II., as one of many peace-offerings to the enraged church, for adding a martyr to its calendar, by the sacrifice of the imperious and wily Becket. It was magnificently built in the spirit of the age, and was intended in its structure and endowments to prove the repentance of the politic king. What it was, thanks to Colonel Wildman, it still is; and in Newstead we behold a veritable Abbey of the twelfth century, nearly as it was 600 years ago.

“Colonel Wildman was a schoolfellow on the same form as Lord Byron, at Harrow school. In adolescence they were separated at college, and in manhood by their pursuits; but they lived in friendship. If Lord Byron was constrained by circumstances to allow Newstead to be sold, the fittest person living to become its proprietor was his friend, Colonel Wildman. He was not a cold and formal purchaser of Newstead, but, animated even with the feelings of Byron, he took possession of it as a place consecrated by many circumstances of times and persons, and above all, by the attachment of his friend, Byron. The high-spirited poet, however, ill brooked the necessity of selling an estate entailed in his family since the Reformation (but lost to him and the family by the improvidence of a predecessor), and retiring into Tuscany, there indulged in those splenetic feelings which mark his later writings. His marriage had been engaged in as a prudent settlement for life; but the hauteur of his own principles, and the scrupulosity of those of his lady, led to difference and to separation. This domestic discord being grossly discussed by public writers, added gloomy feelings to his natural impetuosity, and conspired to render his own country disagreeable.

“The domain of Newstead is nearly 4000 acres, in the middle of which stands the house, commanding a partial view of the whole. It is a large but irregular structure, and the cloisters, which are quite perfect, stand nearly in the middle. No part is destroyed except the Abbey-church; but its western front is standing, and ranges with the front of the house. Over the cloisters is a range of corridors or galleries, which connect all the rooms of the house, and give it an ancient air. The principal front is southward, and the upper floor consists of a drawing-room 24 yards long, with a Gothic roof, and plaster compartments, finished in 1633, by early Italian artists. The floor beneath is a mag-

nificent dining-hall, furnished in the olden style; the pictures are chiefly portraits. There are some full suits of armour in the corridors, and some trophies from Waterloo in the drawing-room. In one of the cloisters is a chapel, the windows of stained glass from other parts of the building; and beneath Colonel Wildman has prepared a vault for himself and his lady.

“The arrangements of the gardens are complete. There are pleasure-grounds of five or six acres, formally arranged in terraces and straight walks, by Le Nôtre, in the style of Hampton Court and Versailles. There are, also, of kitchen gardens three acres; and a wilderness, lawn, and shrubbery of ten or twelve acres more. The whole has been accurately pictured by Byron himself, in the thirteenth canto of *Don Juan*:

- “ To Norman Abbey whirl'd the noble pair,
 An old, old monastery once, and now
 Still older mansion,—of a rich and rare
 Mix'd Gothic, such as artists all allow
 Few specimens yet left us can compare
 Withal; it lies perhaps a little low,
 Because the monks prefer'd a hill behind,
 To shelter their devotion from the wind.
- “ It stood embosom'd in a happy valley,
 Crown'd by high woodlands, where the Druid oak
 Stood like Caractacus in act to rally
 His host, with broad arms 'gainst the thunder-stroke;
 And from beneath his boughs were seen to sally
 The dappled foresters; as day awoke,
 The branching stag swept down with all his herd,
 To quaff a brook which murmur'd like a bird.
- “ Before the mansion lay a lucid lake,
 Broad as transparent, deep, and freshly fed
 By a river, which its soften'd way did take
 In currents through the calmer water spread
 Around; the wildfowl nestled in the brake
 And sedges, brooding in their liquid bed;
 The woods sloped downwards to its brink, and stood
 With their green faces fix'd upon the flood.
- “ Its outlet dash'd into a deep cascade,
 Sparkling with foam, until again subsiding
 Its shriller echoes—like an infant made
 Quiet—sank into softer ripples, gliding
 Into a rivulet; and thus allay'd,
 Pursued its course, now gleaming, and now hiding
 Its windings through the woods; now clear, now blue,
 According as the skies their shadows threw.
- “ A glorious remnant of the Gothic pile
 (While yet the church was Rome's) stood half apart
 In a grand arch, which once screen'd many an aisle;
 These last had disappear'd—a loss to art;

The first yet frown'd superbly o'er the soil,
And kindled feelings in the roughest heart,
Which mourn'd the power of time's or tempest's march,
In gazing on that venerable arch.

“ Within a niche, nigh to its pinnacle,
Twelve saints had once stood sanctified in stone ;
But these had fallen, not when the friars fell,
But in the war which struck Charles from his throne,
When each house was a fortalice—as tell
The annals of full many a line undone—
The gallant cavaliers who fought in vain
For those who knew not to resign or reign.

“ But in a higher niche, alone, but crown'd,
The Virgin-Mother of the God-born child,
With her son in her blessed arms, look'd round ;
Spared by some chance when all beside was spoil'd ;
She made the earth below seem holy ground,
This may be superstition, weak or wild,
But even the faintest relics of a shrine
Of any worship wake some thoughts divine.

“ A mighty window, hollow in the centre,
Shorn of its glass of thousand colourings,
Through which the deepen'd glories once could enter,
Streaming from off the sun like seraph's wings,
Now yawns all desolate : now loud, now fainter,
The gale sweeps through its fretwork, and oft sings
The owl his anthem, where the silenced quire
Lie with their hallelujah quench'd like fire.

* * * * *

“ Amidst the court, a Gothic fountain play'd,
Symmetrical, but deck'd with carvings quaint—
Strange faces like to men in masquerade,
And here perhaps a monster, there a saint ;
The spring rush'd through grim mouths of granite made,
And sparkled into basins, where it spent
Its little torrent in a thousand bubbles,
Like man's vain glory, and his vainer troubles.

“ The mansion's self was vast and venerable,
With more of the monastic than has been
Elsewhere preserved : the cloisters still were stable,
The cells too, and refectory, I ween :
An exquisite small chapel had been able,
Still unimpair'd to decorate the scene ;
The rest had been reform'd, replaced, or sunk,
And spoke more of the baron than the monk.

“ Huge halls, long galleries, spacious chambers, join'd
By no quite lawful marriage of the arts,
Might shock a connoisseur ; but when combined,
Form'd a whole, which, irregular in parts,
Yet left a grand impression on the mind,
At least of those whose eyes are in their hearts :
We gaze upon a giant for his stature,
Nor judge at first if all be true to nature.”

"Than this description," writes Sir Richard Phillips, "nothing in plain prose can be more precisely detailed. I walked through and around the building, *with the poem in my hand*, and the dullest architect or antiquary could not be more correct, whilst the spirit of the lines raised a sort of halo around every object. Thanks to Colonel Wildman, he is determined that, at least in his time, the description of the poet shall continue to accord with the reality."

"Night overtaking me at Newstead, the splendid hospitality of Colonel Wildman was kindly exerted, and he indulged a sentimental traveller by allowing me to sleep in Byron's bed and Byron's room. . . . The bed is elegantly surmounted with baronial coronets, but it was Byron's, and I cared nothing for the coronets. . . . This apartment is remote from the dormitories of the family, and the ascent to it is by a newel stone staircase. A stranger to personal fear and superstition, I enjoyed my berth, neither heard nor saw anything, nor ever slept more soundly. At the same time I did not forget the following lines of Byron, but I ascribed his phantasy to the alliance of superstition with the enthusiasm which directs the thoughts and faith of poets:—

* But in the noontide of the moon, and when
 The wind is winged from one point of heaven
 There moans a strange unearthly sound, which then
 Is musical—a dying accent driven
 Through the huge arch, which soars and sinks again;
 Some deem it but the distant echo given
 Back to the night-wind by the waterfall,
 And harmonized by the old choral wall.

"Others, that some original shape or form,
 Shaped by decay perchance, hath given the power
 (Though less than that of Memnon's statue, warm
 In Egypt's rays, to harp at a fix'd hour)
 To this grey ruin with a voice to charm.
 Sad but serene, it sweeps o'er tree or tower :
 The cause I know not, nor can solve; but such
 The fact : I've heard it—once perhaps too much !"

These Nottinghamshire woodlands are truly charming. But the Abbey itself possesses the greatest interest for the visitor. Every piece of furniture in what was Byron's bedroom remains to this day just as the poet left it. There is the bedstead, with gilded coronets; the poet's well-loved pictures of his college at the University, the portraits of Murray, his valet, and the noted pugilist "Gentleman Jackson;" near an oriel window are his writing-table, inkstand, and other relics, all enchaining the beholder of to-day as he gazes on these inanimate memorials of the past. The place has witnessed stirring events: it is full of old memories. You can imagine the cowed monks pacing the shady

walks in the noonday sun ; and Byron himself must have strolled about the park hardly less full of thought than his monkish predecessors.

Lord Byron died at Missolonghi, April 19th, 1824, at the age of thirty-seven ; and his body was brought to England and buried in the same vault as his daughter, Lady Lovelace, in Hucknall village church. A slab of white marble on the south wall records his death, and there is also the torn and faded silken escutcheon which bore the Byron arms.

Among the traditional memories that flit about Newstead, it used to be related by an old man, long resident in Hucknall, that the Hon. William Byron, of Badwell Hall, had a daughter, who clandestinely married one of her father's dog-keepers ; that they had offspring two sons, and a daughter named Sophia. The family being obliged to quit the neighbourhood of Badwell, was not heard of for many years, and the singular devotion of "the White Lady" to the memory of Lord Byron pretty clearly serves to solve the long mystery. She left an impression in the romantic neighbourhood she resided in ; and her singularity will not soon be forgotten. The day before she quitted Hucknall she copied the inscription from Lord Byron's tablet ; took off her bonnet, and wiped a string of it on the floor of the vault ; then cut a piece away carefully, wrapped it in paper, and put it into her pocket : the last rhymes she wrote strangely foreboded, in their closing verse, the melancholy fate which was shortly to befall her :—

" But 'tis past, and now for ever
Fancy's vision's bliss is o'er ;
But to forget thee, Newstead—never,
Though I shall haunt thy shades no more."

This person, Sophia Hyatt, was, through her extreme deafness, run over by a cart, at the entrance to the Maypole Inn-yard, Nottingham, on the 28th of September, 1825, and unfortunately killed. She had come that morning in a chaise from Newstead, Papplewick, or somewhere in that neighbourhood. She had, for the previous three or four years, lodged in one of the farm-houses belonging to Colonel Wildman at Newstead Abbey. No one knew exactly when she came, or what were her connexions. Many of her days were passed in rambling about the gardens and grounds of the Abbey, to which, by the kindness of Colonel Wildman, she had free access ; her dress was invariably the same ; and she was known by the servants at Newstead as "the White Lady." She had ingratiated herself by regularly feeding the Newfoundland dog, which was brought from Greece with the body of Lord Byron. On the evening before the accident which terminated her ex-

istence, she was seen to cut off a lock of the dog's hair, which she carefully placed in a handkerchief. On that same evening also, she delivered to Mrs. Wildman a sealed packet, with a request that it might not be opened till the following morning. The contents of the packet were rhymes in manuscript, written during her solitary walks, and all of them referring to the poet lord of Newstead. A letter to Mrs. Wildman was enclosed, written with some elegance and native feeling: it described her friendless situation, alluded to her pecuniary difficulties, thanked the family for their kindness to her, and stated the necessity she was under of removing for a short period from Newstead. It appeared from her statement that she had connexions in America, where her brother had died, leaving a widow and family; and she requested Colonel Wildman to arrange matters in which she was concerned. She concluded with declaring that her only happiness in the world consisted in the privilege of being allowed to wander through the domain of Newstead, and to identify the various sites commemorated in Lord Byron's poetry. A most kind and compassionate note was conveyed to her immediately, urging her either to give up her journey, or to return to Newstead as quickly as possible. We have stated the melancholy sequel. Colonel Wildman took upon himself the care of her interment, in the churchyard of Hucknall, as near as possible to the vault which contains the body of Lord Byron.

The neglect and decay of the Newstead Abbey estate has been visited with severe remarks on the conduct of one of its proprietors, the great-uncle and predecessor of our Poet. Family differences, particularly during the time of the fifth Lord Byron (the great-uncle), of eccentric and unsocial manners, suffered and even aided the dilapidations of time. The castellated stables and offices were, however, spared. Mr. Ashpitel relates that "The state of Newstead at the time the Poet succeeded to the estate is not generally known; the wicked Lord had felled all the noble oaks, destroyed the finest herds of deer, and, in short, had denuded the estate of everything he could. The hirelings of the attorney did the rest; they stripped away all the furniture, and everything the law would permit them to remove. The buildings on the east side were unroofed; the old Xenodochium, and the grand refectory, were full of hay; and the entrance-hall and monks' parlour were stables for cattle. In the only habitable part of the building, a place then used as a sort of scullery, under the only roof that kept out the wet, of all this vast pile, the fifth Lord Byron breathed his last; and to this inheritance the Poet succeeded." A Correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, No. 132, however, relates some circumstances tending to pal-

liate the above apparently reckless proceedings of the eccentric fifth lord. This Correspondent, who, in 1796 and 1797, had a seat in the chambers of an eminent conveyancer of Lincoln's Inn, relates that thither the eccentric Lord came to consult the conveyancer regarding his property, under a most painful and pitiable load of distress; but his case was past remedy; and, after some daily attendance, pouring forth his lamentations, he appears to have returned home to subside into the reckless operations reported of him. His case was this:—"Upon the marriage of his son, he, as any other father would do, granted a settlement of his property, including the Newstead Abbey estate; but by some unaccountable inadvertence or negligence of the lawyers employed, the ultimate reversion of the fee-simple of the property, instead of being left, as it should have been, in the father, as the owner of the estates, was limited to the heirs of the son. And upon his death, and failure of the issue of the marriage, the unfortunate father, *this eccentric Lord*, found himself robbed of the fee simple of his own inheritance, and left merely the naked tenant for life, without any legal power of raising money upon it, or even of cutting down a tree. It would seem, that if the lawyers were aware of the effect of the final limitation, neither father nor son appear to have been informed of it, or the result might have been corrected, and his Lordship would, probably, have kept up the estate in its proper order. As the law now stands, the estate would revert back to the father as heir of his son. Now, although this relation may not tully justify the reckless waste that appears to have been committed, it certainly is a palliative."



The Story of Robin Hood.

Robin Hood is so distinguished by traditionary memorials in every part of Nottinghamshire, that it would be unpardonable not to mention that celebrated outlaw. The following account, by Ritson, seems to comprise the principal features in his romantic career:—

"Robin Hood was born at Locksley, in the county of Nottingham, in the reign of King Henry II. and about the year of Christ, 1160. His extraction was noble, and his true name Robert Fitzooth, which vulgar pronunciation easily corrupted into Robin Hood: he is frequently styled, and commonly reputed to have been, Earl of Huntingdon; a title to which, in the latter part of his life, at least, he actually appears to have had some sort of pretension. In his youth he is reported to have been of a wild and extravagant disposition, insomuch that,—his

inheritance being consumed or forfeited by his excesses, and his person outlawed for debt,—either from necessity or choice he sought an asylum in the woods and forests, with which immense tracts, especially in the northern parts of the kingdom, were at that time covered. Of these he chiefly affected Sherwood, in Nottinghamshire; Barnsdale, in Yorkshire; and, according to some, Plumpton Park, in Cumberland. Here he either found, or was afterwards joined by, a number of persons in similar circumstances;

“ ‘Such as the fury of ungoverned youth
Thrust from the company of lawful men;’

who appeared to have considered and obeyed him as their chief or leader, and of whom his principal favourites, or those in whose courage and fidelity he most confided, were Little John, whose surname is said to have been Nailor; William Scadlock, Scathelock, or Scarlet; George a Green, pinder, or pound-keeper, of Wakefield; Much, a miller's son; and a certain monk or friar named Tuck. He is likewise said to have been accompanied in his retreat by a female, of whom he was enamoured, and whose real or adopted name was Marian.

“ His company, in process of time, consisted of a hundred archers; men, says Major, most skilful in battle, whom four times that number of the boldest fellows durst not attack. His manner of recruiting was somewhat singular; for, in the words of an old writer, ‘wheresoever he heard of any that were of unusual strength and hardiness, he would desgyse himself, and, rather than fayle, go lyke a begger to become acquaynted with them; and, after he had tryed them with fygthing, never give them over tyl he had used means to drawe them to lyve after his fashion.’ Of this practice numerous instances are recorded in the more common and popular songs, where, indeed, he seldom fails to receive a sound beating. In shooting with the long bow, which they chiefly practised, ‘they excelled all the men of the land; though, as occasion required, they had also other weapons.’

“ In these forests, and with this company, he for many years reigned like an independent sovereign; at perpetual war, indeed, with the King of England, and all his subjects, with an exception, however, of the poor and needy, and such as were ‘desolate and oppressed,’ or stood in need of his protection. When molested by a superior force in one place, he retired to another, still defying the power of what was called law and government, and making his enemies pay dearly, as well for their open attacks, as for their clandestine treachery. It is not, at the same time, to be concluded, that he must, in this opposi-

tion, have been guilty of manifest treason or rebellion ; as he most certainly can be justly charged with neither. An outlaw, in those times, being deprived of protection, owed no allegiance : ' his hand was against every man, and every man's hand against him.' These forests, in short, were his territories ; those who accompanied and adhered to him his subjects :

“ ‘The world was not his friend, nor the world's law :’

and what better title King Richard could pretend to the territory and people of England than Robin Hood had to the dominion of Sherwood or Barnsdale, is a question humbly submitted to the consideration of the political philosopher.

“The deer with which the royal forests then abounded (every Norman king being, like Nimrod, ‘a mighty hunter before the Lord’), would afford our hero and his companions an ample supply of food throughout the year ; and of fuel for dressing their venison, or for the other purposes of life, they could evidently be in no want. The rest of their necessaries could be easily procured, partly by taking what they had occasion for from the wealthy passenger, who traversed or approached their territories, and partly by commerce with the neighbouring villages or great towns.

“It may be readily imagined that such a life, during great part of the year at least, and while it continued free from the alarms or apprehensions to which our foresters, one would suppose, must have been too frequently subject, might be sufficiently pleasant and desirable, and even deserve the compliment which is paid to it by Shakspeare in his comedy of *As you Like it*, act i. scene 1, where, on Oliver's asking, ‘Where will the old duke live?’ Charles answers, ‘They say he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him ; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England ;—and fleet the time carelessly as they did in the golden world.’

“Their mode of life, in short, and domestic economy, of which no authentic particulars have been even traditionally preserved, are more easily to be guessed at than described. They have, nevertheless, been elegantly sketched by the animating pencil of an excellent though neglected poet:—

“ ‘The merry pranks he play'd, would ask an age to tell,
And the adventures strange that Robin Hood befell,
When Mansfield many a time for Robin hath been laid,
How he hath cousen'd them, that him would have betray'd ;
How often he hath come to Nottingham disguis'd,
And cunningly escaped, being set to be surpriz'd.

The Story of Robin Hood.

In this our spacious isle, I think there is not one,
 But he hath heard some talk of him and Little John ;
 And to the end of time the tales shall ne'er be done,
 Of Scarlok, George a Green, and Much, the miller's son,
 Of Tuck, the merry friar, which many a sermon made
 In praise of Robin Hood, his out-laws, and their trade.'

Drayton's Polyolbion, Song xxvi.

"That our hero and his companions, while they lived in the woods, had recourse to robbery for their better support is neither to be concealed nor to be denied. Testimonies to this purpose, indeed, would be equally endless and unnecessary. Fordun, in the fourteenth century, calls him, '*ille famosissimus sicarius*,' that most celebrated robber ; and Major terms him and Little John, '*famosissimi latrones* : ' but it is to be remembered, according to the confession of the last historian, that in these exertions of power, he took away the goods of rich men only ; never killing any person unless he was attacked or resisted : that he would not suffer a woman to be maltreated ; nor ever took anything from the poor, but charitably fed them with the wealth he drew from the abbots. I disapprove, says he, of the rapine of the man ; but he was the most humane, and the prince of all robbers. In allusion, no doubt, to this irregular and predatory course of life, he has had the honour to be compared to the illustrious Wallace, the champion and deliverer of his country ; and that, it is not a little remarkable, in the latter's own time.

"Robin Hood, indeed, seems to have held bishops, abbots, priests, and monks,—in a word, all the clergy, regular or secular, in decided aversion.

" ' These byshoppes and thyse archebyshoppes,
 Ye shall them bcte and bynde,'

was an injunction carefully impressed upon his followers : and in this part of his conduct, perhaps, the pride, avarice, uncharitableness, and hypocrisy of the clergy of that age, will afford him ample justification. The Abbot of St. Mary's, in York, from some unknown cause, appears to have been distinguished by particular animosity ; and the Sheriff of Nottinghamshire, who may have been too active and officious in his endeavours to apprehend him, was the unremitted object of his vengeance.

"Notwithstanding, however, the aversion in which he appears to have held the clergy of every denomination, he was a man of exemplary piety, according to the notions of that age, and retained a domestic chaplain (Friar Tuck, no doubt) for the diurnal celebration of the divine mysteries. This we learn from an anecdote preserved by Fordun,

as an instance of those actions which the historian allows to deserve commendation. One day, as he heard mass, which he was most devoutly accustomed to do (nor would he, in whatever necessity, suffer the office to be interrupted), he was espied by a certain sheriff and officers belonging to the King, who had frequently before molested him, in that most secret recess of the wood where he was at mass. Some of his people, who perceived what was going forward, advised him to fly with all speed, which, out of reverence to the sacrament, which he was then most devoutly worshipping, he absolutely refused to do. But the rest of his men having fled for fear of death, Robin, confiding solely in Him whom he reverently worshipped, with a very few who by chance were present, set upon his enemies, whom he easily vanquished; and being enriched with their spoils and ransom, he always held the ministers of the church and masses in greater veneration ever after, mindful of what is vulgarly said:

“ ‘Him God does surely hear,
Who oft to th’ mass gives ear.’

They who deride the miracles of Moses or Mahomet are at full liberty, no doubt, to reject those wrought in favour of Robin Hood. But, as a certain admirable author expresses himself, ‘an honest man and a good judgment believeth still what is told him, and that which he finds written.’

“ Having for a long series of years maintained a sort of independent sovereignty, and set kings, judges, and magistrates at defiance, a proclamation was published, offering a considerable reward for bringing him in either dead or alive; which, however, seems to have been productive of no greater success than former attempts for that purpose. At length, the infirmities of old age increasing upon him, and desirous to be relieved in a fit of sickness by being let blood, he applied for that purpose to the Prioress of Kirklees Nunnery in Yorkshire, his relation (women, and particularly religious women, being in those times considered better skilled in surgery than the sex is at present), by whom he was treacherously suffered to bleed to death. This event happened on the 18th of November, 1247, being the thirty-first year of King Henry III., and (if the date assigned to his birth be correct) about the eighty-seventh of his age. He was interred under some trees, at a short distance from the house; a stone being placed over his grave, with an inscription to his memory.

“ Such was the end of Robin Hood: a man who, in a barbarous age, and under a complicated tyranny, displayed a spirit of freedom and independence which has endeared him to the common people, whose cause

he maintained (for all opposition to tyranny is the cause of the people), and, in spite of the malicious endeavours of pitiful monks, by whom history was consecrated to the crimes and follies of titled ruffians and sainted idiots, to suppress all record of his patriotic exertions and virtuous acts, will render his name immortal.

“With respect to his personal character: it is sufficiently evident that he was active, brave, prudent, patient; possessed of uncommon bodily strength and considerable military skill; just, generous, benevolent, faithful, and beloved or revered by his followers or adherents for his excellent and amiable qualities. Fordun, a priest, extols his piety; Major, as we have seen, pronounces him the most humane and the prince of all robbers; and Camden, whose testimony is of some weight, calls him the gentlest of thieves. As proofs of his universal and singular popularity, his story and exploits have been made the subject as well of various dramatic exhibitions, as of innumerable poems, rimes, songs, and ballads: he has given rise to divers proverbs; and to swear by him, or some of his companions, appears to have been a usual practice: he may be regarded as the patron of archery: and, though not actually canonized,—a situation to which the miracles wrought in his favour, as well in his lifetime as after his death, and the supernatural powers he is, in some parts, supposed to have possessed, gave him an indisputable claim,—he obtained the principal distinction of sainthood, in having a festival allotted to him, and solemn games instituted in honour of his memory, which were celebrated till the latter end of the sixteenth century; not by the populace only, but by kings or princes and grave magistrates; and that as well in Scotland as in England; being considered in the former country of the highest political importance, and essential to the civil and religious liberties of the people, the efforts of government to suppress them frequently producing tumult and insurrection. His bow, and one of his arrows, his chair, his cap, and one of his slippers were preserved with peculiar veneration till within the present century; and not only places which afforded him security or amusement, but even the well at which he quenched his thirst still retain his name, a name which in the middle of the present century was conferred as an honourable distinction upon the prime minister to the king of Madagascar.

“After his death his company was dispersed. History is silent in particulars: all that we can therefore learn is, that the honour of Little John's death and burial is contended for by rival nations, that his grave continued long ‘celebrious for the yielding of excellent whetstones;’ and that some of his descendants, of the name of *Nailor*, which he himself bore, and they from him, were in being so late as the last century.”

Such is Ritson's version of Robin's history, which, though very circumstantial in all its points, is open to much dispute and discussion—whether there ever did exist such a person as Robin Hood. His pedigree, a very long one, has been found in the handwriting of Dr. Stukely, the antiquary, (but a very credulous author,) in which his descent is traced from Raff Raby, Earl of Northumberland, to Waltheof, the great Earl of that name, who married Judith, Countess of Huntingdon, the Conqueror's niece, from whom the pedigree states Robert Fitzooth, commonly called Robin Hood, the pretended Earl of Huntingdon, was descended, and that he died in 1274. Latimer, in his sixth sermon before Edward VI., tells a story about wishing to preach at a country church, when he found the door locked, and the people gone abroad to gather for Robin Hood. He then adds: "Under the pretence of gathering for Robin Hood, a *traitor* and a *thief*, to put out a preacher."

"Roberdesmen" is the name of a certain class of malefactors mentioned in a law of Edward III., and it has been asked whether the term may have any allusion to "Robin Hood's Men." As early as the time of Henry III. "comaro Roberto" was applied to any common thief or robber; and to this day the term "robber" is more in common use in Nottinghamshire than in other counties.

Robin Hood has also been traced to "Robin o' th' Wood," a term equivalent to "wild man," generally given to those Saxons who fled to the woods and morasses, and long held them against their Norman enemies. The grave where he lies has still its pilgrims; the well out of which he drank still retains his name; and his bow, and some of his broad arrows (already mentioned) were, within this century, to be seen in Fountains Abbey, a place memorable by his adventure with the curtail friar. The choice of his grave is thus told in the ballad:—

“ Give me my bent bow in my hand,
And a broad arrow I'll let flee;
And where this arrow is taken up,
There shall my grave digg'd be.

“ Lay me a green sod under my head,
And another at my feet,
And lay my bent bow by my side,
Which was my music sweet,
And make my grave of gravel and green,
Which is most right and meet.

“ Let me have length and breadth enough,
With a green sod under my head,
That they may say, when I am dead,
Here lies bold Robin Hood.’

“ These words they readily promised him,
Which did bold Robin please,
And there they buried bold Robin Hood,
Near to the fair Kirkleys.”

Little John, it is said, survived but to see his master buried: his grave is claimed by Scotland as well as England, but tradition inclines to the grave in the churchyard of Hathersage.

The Rev. Joseph Hunter has, however, discovered documents in our national archives, by which he proves Robin Hood to have been a yeoman in the time of Edward II.; that he fell into the King's power, when he was freeing his forest from the marauders of that day; that the King, pursuing a more lenient policy towards his refractory subjects, took Robin Hood into his service, made him one of his *Varlets porteurs de la chambre*, in his household; and Mr. Hunter has discovered the exact amount of wages that was paid him, and other circumstances, establishing the veritable existence of this hero of our childhood.

There is still a later testimony. Mr. Planché, *Somerset Herald*, has avowed himself a believer in Robin Hood, without holding “each strange tale” of that famous forester to be “devoutly true,” or being fortunate enough to discover any very important fact in support of his opinion. He has satisfied himself that the objections of the dissenters are in no instance fatal, and that in many cases they are met by very singular circumstantial evidence. Mr. Planché adduces the remarkable fact of the existence of a Robert Fitzooth, or Fitz Odo, of Loxley, in the reign of the second Henry. Indeed there was indisputable evidence, he remarks, of two Robert Fitz Odos or Fitzooths living in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, the former of whom certainly, and the latter most probably, was lord of the manor of Loxley.

Bunny Park and Sir Thomas Parkyns.

The quiet village of Bunny, six miles south of Nottingham, has attained a celebrity in local history from its association with a noble specimen of English character, which is entitled to our special admiration. Here, at Bunny Park, were seated, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the family of Parkyns. Thomas Parkyns, of Bunny, was created baronet 18th May, 1681: he was the author of *The Inn-Play; or, Cornish Hugg Wrestler*, and father of Sir Thomas Parkyns, second baronet. Sir Thomas Boothby Parkyns, the fourth baronet, was created Lord Rancliffe in Oct. 1795.

Sir Thomas Parkyns came to his title early in life, and took possession of the family estate, Bunny Park. He was made a justice of the peace for Nottinghamshire and Leicestershire, and endeavoured by all the means in his power to do good to the peasantry and indigent people around him. To this end he studied physic, for the sole purpose of benefiting the poor and his tenantry.

Sir Thomas was particularly partial to Latin sentences and quotations; but not satisfied with inlaying his writings with them, this eccentric baronet took every slight occasion to inscribe them on wayside benches, door-posts, window-seats, and other convenient tablets, of a like or an unlike nature. Upon a seat which stood by one of the Bunny roads, he caused to be engraved this truly urbane invitation to a strayer, from a man of property—

“ Hic sedeat, Viator, si tu defessus es ambulando.”

Another inscription took its birth from one of the judges, while on the circuit, having ascended his pad by the help of Sir Thomas's horse-block. This was an honour not to be let slip; and the block—a block no longer—told its classic story thus:—

“ Hinc *Justiciarius Dormer* equum ascendere solebat !”

Happy and long was the life which Sir Thomas Parkyns led at Bunny Park; and “ a bold peasantry, its country's pride,” by his advice and example grew up gallantly around him. He gave prizes, of small value but large honour, to be wrestled for on sweet Midsummer eves, upon the green levels of Nottinghamshire; and he never felt so gratified with the scene as when he saw one of his manly tenantry, and the evening sun, go down together. He himself was no idle patron of these amusements—no delicate and timid superintendent of popular sports, as our modern wealthy men for the most part are; for he never objected to take the most sinewy man by the loins, and try a fall for the gold-laced hat he had himself contributed. His servants were all upright, muscular, fine young fellows—civil, but sinewy—respectful at the proper hours, but yet capable also, at the proper hour, of wrestling with Sir Thomas for the mastery; and never so happy or so well-approved as when one of them saw his master's two brawny legs going handsomely over his head. Sir Thomas prided himself, indeed, in having his coachman and footman (chosen, like Robin Hood's men, for having in a trial triumphed over their master), lusty young fellows, that had brought good characters for sobriety from their last places, and laid *bim* on his spine!

One of our amiable baronet's whims—and Heaven had given him his

share—was an ardent love through life of curious stone coffins; of these he had a very rare, and we should rather imagine an unexampled collection, which he kept with great nicety in Bunny church.

The mere empty passion, however, for a score or two of stone coffins did not satisfy the capacious soul of the titled champion of Bunny. He loved to read a moral in everything; to find “tongues in the trees, books in the babbling brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything.” The coffins ranged before him humbled him moderately; but he, full of life as he was out of doors, required strong inducements to humility within. In the field he was mighty—he wished to be tamed in the house of prayer; and he therefore caused his own monument, or “the marble effigies of Sir Thomas Parkyns,” as he called it, to “be put in the chancel of his church, that he might look upon it and say, “What is life?” In his monument, as in all things else, wrestling was not neglected. His figure was carved “in a moralizing posture, in his chancel of the church of Bunny, being the first posture of wrestling; an emblem of the divine and human struggle for the glorious mastery.” Such is the description of this remarkable “effigies,” as given by Master Francis Hoffman, a gentleman, a poet, and a friend of Sir Thomas, who wrote a copy of heroic verses in defence of the monument and its moral. There is an awkward woodcut of this singular stone in one of the old editions of Sir Thomas’s Institutes, which is worth the reader’s looking to. Sir Thomas is represented standing in his country coat, potent, and postured for the Cornish hug. On one side is a well-limbed figure, lying above the scythe of Time, with the sun rising gloriously over it, showing that the wrestler is in his pride of youth. On the other side is the same figure, stretched in its coffin, with Time standing, scythe in hand, triumphantly over it, and the sun gone down, marking the decline of life, and the fate even of the strong man! Thus did Sir Thomas Parkyns moralize in marble, and decorate with solemn emblems the quiet walls of Bunny’s simple church.

In the village is a school-house erected in 1700, for the children of Bunny and Bradmore; and a hospital, for four widows, by Dame Anne Parkyns. Bunny House was rebuilt by the last Lord Rancliffe, who bequeathed this fine estate to the present possessor, Mrs. Forteach, who has very greatly improved the property, and bettered the condition of the peasantry. The tower, and the adjoining portion of the house stand as built by Sir Thomas, the wrestler. Bunny Park contains some good scenery; its gentle swells are adorned with clumps of forest trees, and cover for game, with a fine sheet of water, and a long avenue of lofty trees.

Thoresby Hall.—“The Good Earl of Kingston.”

Thoresby Hall is in Nottinghamshire, near Ollerton, and within the skirts of what remains of Merrie Sherwood. “The magnitude of this seat,” says an old writer, “and the richness of the window-frames, overlaid with gold glittering in the sunshine; the deer, and numerous servants in gay liveries, busied in their various offices, bespeak a dwelling of rank and dignity.” Since the days of the gold-plated window-frames, however, the Hall has been more than once destroyed by fire and rebuilt. A plain brick building in the early part of the last century, it was rebuilt by the last Duke of Kingston in 1745. It has since been rebuilt in the Elizabethan style, from Salvin’s designs, by Lord Manvers. The specialty of the park, which is ten miles in circuit, is its delightful forest scenery, in which it is not surpassed by any domain in England. A fine lake, formed by the Meden, much enhances the beauty of the tastefully laid-out grounds. The famous Lady Mary Wortley Montagu was born in the old mansion, destroyed in 1745.

Of the owners of Thoresby Hall, the first we read of was Robert de Pierrepont, who came to England with the Conqueror. Robert, the descendant of this knight, was advanced to the dignity of a baron in the third year of Charles I. by the title of Lord Pierrepont of Holm Pierrepont in Nottinghamshire; Viscount Newark, and soon after Earl of Kingston. He gave strong and numerous testimonies of his loyalty during the troubles of Charles I. Henry, his son and successor, inherited his honours, and for faithful services to Charles II. was created Marquis of Dorchester in the twentieth year of the reign of that monarch. The title became extinct on the death of the last Earl of Kingston, at Bath, in 1773.

The cadet of the Pierrepont family, who has been mentioned as having been advanced to so many honours—the last of them being the Earldom of Kingston—by Charles I., was widely known during his life, and was long remembered after his tragical death as “The Good Earl of Kingston.” It is difficult to account for his having been so called, as his life does not appear to be resplendent with such virtues as are generally necessary to justify the application of such an epithet; and, indeed, it seems that for this name, which bespeaks affectionate admiration, he has to be thankful less to any shining virtue in his life and con-

duct, than to the circumstances of his death, respecting which a strange legend is still remembered.

On the outbreak of the great Civil War there was a number of men of position, wealth, and influence, who did not feel themselves justified in throwing in their lot at once with either of the contending parties. They were either peaceably disposed themselves, and naturally averse to the horrors of war, or they imagined that the war was only a temporary derangement of affairs, and that the king-loving people of England would eventually hail a restoration with acclaim, and all things would be practically as they were before, and that therefore to embroil oneself in a contention ending nowhere, was a vain thing ; or finally, the shrewder of the class of men to whom we allude, may have seen that there were faults on both sides—faults from *their* point of view—and they hesitated to join either side, from the honest conviction that they could not give a whole heart, an unreserved support, to either the one party or the other.

Among this number was the so-called Good Earl of Kingston. At heart he was a royalist ; but he was not so bigoted in his political creed as to admire or approve of the King's exacting and unconstitutional measures ; on the other hand, he was still less disposed to turn his sword against the sacred person of him who was the fountain of honour for the country, and who had bestowed upon himself the most unequivocal tokens of personal attachment and respect. Such being his feelings, he resolved to remain neutral, and to regard the struggle in peace from a distance, as long, at least, as the Parliamentary forces conducted themselves with moderation, and showed respect for life and property. The position he took up did not gratify the loyalists, who, however, had some sympathy with a man who hesitated to plunge his tenants and connexions into the hazards of a war, which, result how it would, must still in his eyes have an unsatisfactory conclusion.

But in the eyes of the republicans, who formed the majority of the men of position in Nottinghamshire, the neutral attitude of Kingston roused the deepest animosity. They knew that in opinion he condemned the illegal measures of the King, and approved the conduct of the Parliament that had stood firm on the majesty of the nation's law as against the fallible inclinations of Charles, and they marvelled that, having gone so far, he had not the courage and constancy to go further. And religious considerations, the element which adds tenfold bitterness to every difference of opinion, added a

keenness and edge to the animosity with which they regarded a man who had put his hand to the plough and then turned back. It was a matter of conscience, they said,—let him banish every consideration, let him risk property, life, and friends, but let him not smother the prompting voice of conscience. Though in judgment he was with the Roundheads ; yet “the flesh-pots of Egypt” tempted him still to linger among the taskmasters. But what matter, if he should gain the whole world if in doing so he should endanger his own soul ?

Meanwhile the danger of the republican party was increasing every hour. Fairfax had been defeated at Atherton Moor ; Essex and Waller, their favourite leaders—for the star of Cromwell had not yet risen towards its zenith—were inflamed with jealousy of each other, and their efforts in favour of their party were thus on both sides paralysed. Such being the position of affairs, the Nottingham republicans became doubly anxious to win over the good Earl, whose wealth, influence, and character would weigh heavily in their favour. At length they resolved to bring matters to a head one way or the other, and they deputed Captain Lomax, one of their committee, to wait upon Earl Kingston at Thoresby Park, and “to understand his affections from himself, and to press him to declare for the Parliament in that so needful season.”

Lomax and Kingston were old friends, and though they had met but seldom since the outbreak of the Revolution, their interview was, at first, marked by much mutual consideration and courtesy. It was necessary, however, to come promptly to business, and the puritan captain plunged *in medias res* with a header. He dwelt upon his lordship’s well-known aversion to the court measures, and argued that the speedy termination of the war by a victory over Charles would be the best thing for the king himself as well as for his people. Such a check might reduce the royal power and confine it within stricter and more constitutional limits, and his lordship must himself allow that that was most desirable for the good of the throne itself as well as for the benefit of the country. To this style of argument, with which he was quite familiar, the Earl listened with ill-disguised impatience. At length, starting from his seat and raising hand and eyes towards heaven, he exclaimed passionately :—

“When I take arms with the King against the Parliament, or with the Parliament against the King, let a cannon-ball divide me between them.”

The speech was not forgotten, and the sad death of the Earl.

which took place a short time afterwards, was, by the Puritans, who were always ready to trace every incident to Providence, regarded as "a judgment," which the victim himself had invoked.

Shortly after the interview between Lomax and Kingston, the royalist cause seemed beginning to decline, and the Earl, swayed at last by we know not what considerations, threw off at once all his pacific resolutions and joined the king's forces with four thousand men. He was immediately appointed Lieutenant-Governor for the king, of the five counties of Lincoln, Rutland, Huntingdon, Cambridge, and Norfolk. He was surprised, however, and taken prisoner at Gainsborough by Lord Willoughby, and sent off by sea to Hull in a pinnace. A party of the royal army happening to be in the neighbourhood and hearing of the capture of the good Earl, pushed forward at a rapid rate to effect a rescue. They came up with the boat and demanded the liberation of the prisoner, and their demand being refused, they commenced to cannonade the boat, without considering, apparently, that they might strike friends as well as foes. Understanding the position of affairs, the Earl rushed on deck to show himself and to stop the firing of his own party; but he had no sooner appeared than he was struck down, divided in the middle by a cannon-ball. Thus in the words of his unhappy imprecation, the messenger of death divided him between King and Parliament.



Annesley.—The Adventures of an Unfortunate Young Nobleman.

Annesley Park, the seat of the Chaworth-Musters family, formerly the seat of the Chaworths, is situated eleven and a half miles north-north-west of the town of Nottingham. Of the old mansion there is really little or nothing to be said, except that it is an exceedingly old, plain, red brick building, approached by a gate-house, and resembling an old French chateau. There is a fine park abounding in the richest sylvan scenery, but strictly speaking the only interesting feature of the house is the "antique oratory" which Byron so beautifully describes in his wonderful poem of "The Dream." The "Mary" of that poem, was the daughter and only child of the house of the Chaworths of Annesley.

"Herself the solitary scion left
Of a time-honoured race."

In the same poem the charming landscape in which Annesley Park is set is described :—

“ I saw two beings in the hues of youth,
 Standing upon a hill, a gentle hill,
 Green and of mild declivity, the last,
 As 'twere the cape, of a long ridge of such,
 Save that there was no sea to lave its base,
 But a most living landscape, and the wave
 Of woods and corn-fields, and the abodes of men
 Scattered at intervals, and wreaths of smoke
 Arising from such rustic roofs ;—the hill
 Was crowned with a peculiar diadem
 Of trees, in circular array, so fixed,
 Not by the sport of nature, but of man.”

Another glimpse of Annesley seen through Byron's verse occurs in the “ Fragment ” written after the marriage of Miss Chaworth :—

“ Hills of Annesley, bleak and barren,
 Where my thoughtless childhood stray'd,
 How the northern tempests warring,
 Howl above thy tufted shade.

“ Now no more the hours beguiling,
 Former favourite haunts I see,
 Now no more my Mary smiling
 Makes ye seem a heaven to me.”

In his note to this “ Fragment ” Moore says, “ The young lady herself combined, with the many worldly advantages that encircled her, much personal beauty, and a disposition the most amiable and attaching. Though already fully alive to her charms, it was at this period (1804) that the young poet seems to have drunk deepest of that fascination whose effects were to be so lasting ; six short weeks which he passed in her company being sufficient to lay the foundation for all life. With the summer holidays ended this dream of his youth. He saw Miss Chaworth once more in the succeeding year, and took his last farewell of her on that hill near Annesley, which, in his poem of ‘ The Dream, ’ he describes so happily as ‘ crowned with a peculiar diadem. ’ In August, 1805, she was married to John Musters, Esq., and died at Wiverton Hall, in February, 1832, in consequence, it is believed, of the alarm and danger to which she had been exposed during the sack of Colwick Hall by a party of rioters from Nottingham. The unfortunate lady had been in a feeble state of health for several years, and she and her daughter were obliged to take shelter from the violence of the mob in a shrubbery, when, partly from cold, partly from terror, her constitution sustained a shock which it wanted vigour to resist.”

Other references by Byron in "The Dream" to the ancient Hall of Annesley are :—

" There was an ancient mansion, and before
Its walls there was a steed caparisoned.
Within an antique oratory stood
The boy of whom I spake.

* * * * *

He passed
From out the massy gate of that old hall,
And mounting on his steed he went his way,
And ne'er repassed that hoary threshold more.

* * * * *

The Wanderer was returned.—I saw him stand
Before an altar—with a gentle bride ;
Her face was fair, but was not that which made
The starlight of his boyhood ;—as he stood
Even at the altar, o'er his brow there came
The self-same aspect, and the quivering shock
That in the antique oratory shook
His bosom in its solitude : and then—
As in that hour—a moment o'er his face
The tablet of unutterable thoughts
Was traced—and then it faded as it came,
And he stood calm and quiet, and he spoke
The fitting vows, but heard not his own words,
And all things reeled around him."

Byron at first intended to call this poem "*The Destiny*." "It cost him," says Moore, "many a tear in writing;" and this writer characterizes it as "the most mournful, as well as picturesque, story of a wandering life that ever came from the pen and heart of man." It was composed at Diodati, in July, 1816.

Writing in 1821 on the subject of the absorbing and pure passion with which Mary Chaworth had inspired him, Byron himself states :—"Our union would have healed feuds in which blood had been shed by our fathers—it would have joined lands broad and rich—it would have joined at least *one* heart, and two persons not ill-matched in years (she is two years my elder)—and—and—and—what is the result?"

The "feud in which blood had been shed by our fathers" refers to the celebrated duel between Lord Byron and Mr. Chaworth of Annesley Hall.

Singularly enough, says Burke in his "Romance of the Aristocracy," "there was the same degree of relationship between Lord Byron, the poet, and the nobleman who killed Mr. Chaworth, as existed between the latter unfortunate gentleman and the heiress of Annesley. The duel occurred on the 26th January, 1765. On

that day Lord Byron, Mr. Chaworth, and several gentlemen of rank and fortune from the county of Nottingham met, as they usually did once a week, to dine at the Star and Garter Tavern, Pall Mall. In the course of the entertainment everything went off good-humouredly; but about seven at night a dispute arose whether Lord Byron, who took no care of his game, or Mr. Chaworth, who was a strict preserver, had most on his manors. Mr. Chaworth remarked that he believed there was not a hare in that part of the country but what was preserved by himself or Sir Charles Sedley. On this Lord Byron offered a wager of 100*l.* that he had more game on his estate than Mr. Chaworth had on his. The wager was accepted and the particulars reduced to writing. Shortly after it happened that Sir Charles Sedley's manors were mentioned, upon which Byron exclaimed, with some degree of heat, "Sir Charles Sedley's manors!—where are they?" "Why, Hocknel and Nuttall," replied Mr. Chaworth; "the latter was purchased by his family from one of my ancestors; and if your lordship require any further information, Sir Charles lives in Dean Street, and you know where to find me, in Berkeley Row." After the lapse of about an hour Mr. Chaworth went out of the room, and chancing to be followed by Mr. Dunston, one of the company, he asked that gentleman if he had gone far enough in his dispute with Lord Byron. "Too far," replied Mr. Dunston; "it was a silly business, and should be disregarded." Mr. Chaworth then proceeded downstairs; but immediately after, Lord Byron came out of the dining-room, and, following the unfortunate gentleman, requested a few minutes' private conversation. . . . They accordingly retired to a small room adjacent. . . . On entering, Byron asked Mr. Chaworth whether he was to have recourse to Sir Charles Sedley to account for the business of the game or to him. "To me, my lord," was the reply; "and if you have anything to say it would be best to shut the door, lest we should be overheard." Mr. Chaworth went to effect this object, and then, turning round, saw his opponent just behind him with his sword half drawn, and heard him at the instant call out, "Draw!" Mr. Chaworth immediately did so and made a thrust, entangling his sword in the waistcoat of his antagonist, whereupon Lord Byron shortened his weapon and inflicted a fatal wound. Mr. Chaworth survived a few hours, and was able to make a communication to his relative, Mr. Levinz, which tended somewhat to impugn the honour of Byron. "Good God!" said the dying man, "that I should have been such a fool as to fight in the

dark. . . . I die as a man of honour, but Byron has done himself no good by it!"

The trial of Byron took place before the Peers in Westminster Hall on the 16th and 17th of April following. He was declared guilty of manslaughter only, and, claiming the benefit of the statute (now abolished) which carried the protection of benefit of clergy so far in a peer's case that he was to be relieved from the usual penalties of branding in the hand, &c., he was discharged on payment of his fees.

But the passionate episode of the young poet's hopeless love for Mary Chaworth and the sudden and fatal encounter in the dimly-lit parlour of the tavern in Pall Mall between the elder Lord Byron and the owner of Annesley, do not comprise all the interesting traditions connected with that ancient domain. There is still to be told a story of one of the earlier barons of Annesley, which, for fascinating pathos and the strangest romantic adventure is not surpassed by the most ingenious inventions of the novelist. The story is given fully, and with a minuteness of detail which we cannot attempt to reproduce here, in "The Adventures of an Unfortunate Young Nobleman," and in "The Case of James Annesley," a judicial statement of the extraordinary chain of events referred to, two small and scarce works to be found in the British Museum, and of which we have availed ourselves. The events formed the basis of a cause which came on for trial in the Irish Court of Exchequer on the 11th November, 1743, and is duly chronicled in the transactions of that court. In this trial, which lasted for fifteen days, the marvellous adventures of the hero of the following sketch were proved to be matters of fact; and as the evidence was of the strongest description, the jury granted the young Baron a verdict. It need only be added that upon the striking and extraordinary incidents of this "too true tale" Sir Walter Scott founded his admirable novel, "Guy Mannering."

The original possessors of Annesley were a race of bold Nottinghamshire knights, who date from the close of the eleventh or the beginning of the twelfth century. In compliance with the custom of the early times of the Normans, they assumed the name of their domain of Annesley as their family surname. For the history of these early Annesleys we have no space; nor, indeed, does there appear to have arisen among them many who achieved unusual distinction. That they were stout supporters of the throne in time of war and faithful servants and wise counsellors during peace is

evident from the gradually rising influence of the family and the envied honours they won from successive sovereigns. Sir Francis Annesley, who in the reign of James I. held office in Ireland, and was a distinguished statesman there, was created Viscount Valentia; Arthur Annesley, second viscount, also rose to eminence in the public service in Ireland, and besides enjoying his Irish titles and emoluments, was created a peer of England in 1661, with the title of Baron Annesley and Earl of Anglesey. His wife was Elizabeth, daughter and co-heir of Sir James Altham, Knt., of Oxey, Herts. His family comprised three sons—James, his successor as second Earl Anglesey; Altham, who was raised to the Irish peerage in 1630 with the title of Baron Altham; and Richard, afterwards Dean of Exeter. It is with this Baron Altham and his successors that we have specially to do. He died in 1699, leaving an infant son, but he dying in early youth, the honours reverted to the original Baron Altham's younger brother, Richard, Dean of Exeter, who thus became third Baron Altham. The Dean and third Baron died in 1701, leaving two sons, Arthur, who succeeded as fourth Baron Altham, and Richard. Of course, in the event of the death of this Arthur, fourth baron, without issue, the honours and estates would revert to his brother Richard, and we are therefore interested in the inquiry whether, as a matter of fact, he did or did not leave any children.

We find that this Arthur, fourth baron, married Mary, illegitimate daughter of John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, and after many years it was found that of this marriage one son, James Annesley, heir to his father's estates and to his peerage as fifth Baron Altham, was lawfully born. The birth of this child, however, was kept secret, and accordingly at the death of Arthur, fourth baron, in 1727, he was succeeded in his honours and titles by his brother Richard, fifth Baron Altham. The good luck of this Richard did not end here, for on the death of his uncle James, second Earl of Anglesey, and of *his* three sons, successive Earls of Anglesey, this same Richard, the nearest heir, succeeded as sixth earl. He was now a man of vast wealth and influence, and if in the midst of his prosperity awkward memories of a neglected and wandering boy whose features recalled those of his dead brother—Richard, established in his honours and firmly buttressed by his opulence, his power, and his numerous connexions, could afford to treat them lightly, and dismiss them without ceremony.

Meantime, a young boy, who called himself James Annesley,

and who rendered himself noticeable from his handsome features, his beautiful hair, and pensive disposition, had been for some time kept in a style which indicated the wealth of his guardians at a large public school. Changes came ; the child was removed to an obscure school, and as, even here, money at last ceased to be sent for his support, he began to realize the miseries of a condition of which up to this time he had never dreamed. The narrative of the misfortunes and cruel trials of this youth is abridged from "The Adventures of an Unfortunate Young Nobleman," already mentioned, and from the evidence adduced and proved at the trial, which years afterwards took place before the Irish Court of Exchequer.

At the miserable school to which he was removed the boy found his position becoming daily worse. His fine clothes became worn out and too small for him, the food given him was coarse and scanty, he was allowed no exercise nor amusement; he was never looked upon but with frowns, never spoken to but with reproaches; he was the object of perpetual reprimands, and often of cruel beatings. While the other pupils were engaged in the legitimate work of the school, he was employed to draw water, clean knives, chop wood, &c. In this degraded condition he lived here for two years, until, becoming thoroughly sensible of the fact that he was being ill-treated, he began to murmur. He was told he was retained only on charity, and if he liked not his treatment in the school he was at liberty to try another way of life.

The poor, innocent, and friendless lad, thinking that nowhere could he fare worse than he was, resolved to set out on the first of his adventures. He had no money, no clothes, save the rags that only partially covered him ; but he turned his back on the scene of his degradation and woe, and set his face toward the great world with the object of finding his father, though he had no clue whatever to guide him in his next to hopeless expedition. He travelled on and on, not knowing where to go, till he came to a small village ; and here, being much fatigued, for his limbs were tender and he had only turned ten years of age, he sat down at a door, and, hungry, unknown, and with a great void at his heart, he cried bitterly. He was relieved by a poor woman, who brought him a supply of bread and meat and buttermilk. This assistance enabled him to continue his journey till he reached London. Here the sense of his solitude and helplessness again overpowered him, and for a long time he cried sorely indeed. Finding hunger returning

upon him, he found himself compelled to beg; obtained some relief, and took up his lodging that night in a church-porch.

Next morning, recollecting that his schoolmaster talked of writing to his father in the City, he went from one street to another inquiring for the Baron, only to learn, however, that his lordship had been obliged to leave town on account of his debts.

The singularly and exquisitely painful early life of this child now undergoes a change. Begging was found to be, on the whole, not a remunerative occupation, and, as it was also unpleasantly tempered by threats of the House of Correction, he abandoned it, and contrived with difficulty to earn a poor livelihood by running errands. But he had not been bred upon the streets, and being weak and gentle he was at this time defenceless, and became the victim of the banditti of the gutter. He was often thrashed and called by the most contemptuous names. On one occasion he replied to his tormentors that he was "better than the best of them—that his father was a lord, and that he, too, would be a lord when he had grown a man." From this time he was called in derision "my lord."

A woman who kept an eating-house had noticed the lad, and inquired of him why the boys called him "my lord." He explained his father's rank. "But who is your father?" "The Baron of Altham, and my mother is the Baroness of Altham, but she has left the kingdom, and they say I shall never see her again." "Who tells you this?" "I know it. I lived in a great house once, and had a footman, and then was carried to a great school and was the head boy there and had the finest clothes. Afterwards I was put to another school, and there they abused me sadly because they said my father would not pay for me." "Why do you not go to your father?" "I don't know where to find him," answered the child, bursting into tears. "Do you think you should know him?" "Yes, though it is a great while since I saw him; but I remember he used to come in a coach and six to see me at the great school."

Moved by this account, and all the more so that the Baron Altham had frequently visited her house, but recalling the rumour that had been spread abroad that the Baron's son had died at school, the woman said, "You are a lying boy, for that lord's son is dead." "Indeed I tell the truth," the boy replied; "I never was sick but once, when I had a fall and cut my head, and here"—putting his hair aside—"is the mark, and my father was very angry with those who had the care of me."

At that time the capital was much smaller than it now is, and the private affairs of the nobles were more generally known than now. The woman who had thus questioned the child knew of the extravagance and necessities of his father, and that certain leases, on which money was raised, could not be granted while his son was publicly known to be alive. She therefore accepted the innocent assertions of the child, gave him food and clothes, and promised to write to his father.

Meantime, the boy's uncle, Richard, came to the house. The woman repeated the boy's story, but the uncle replied that it was an imposition, that his nephew was dead, and that although his brother's lady had had another son, the child was illegitimate—the Baron not having been the father. The uncle desired to see the lad, who was forthwith introduced. The easy manner in which he wore his new clothes, his beautiful hair, his most respectful behaviour, both to his benefactress and to the strange gentleman, showed him to be a child of good birth. He stated that he knew the gentleman was his uncle, and that he had come once with his father to see him at school. The uncle disowned him and left the house. The woman followed, entreating the gentleman to consider his nephew, and not refuse him a proper education. He promised to speak to his brother, but desired her to keep the affair private.

He was, so far, as good as his word. He informed his brother of the condition in which he had found his son, but stated that, on account of the leases, it would be disastrous were he known to be alive during his father's life. He therefore advised that the boy should be sent to St. Omer's, or some place beyond the sea, where he might be trained up in seclusion and at a small expense. The father agreed, and, supplying money for the necessary expenses, left the conduct of the matter in the hands of the uncle. The latter made an agreement with the master of a ship bound for Pennsylvania to transport the boy thither for a sum of money, and there to sell him to the first slave merchant that offered. Afterwards, having told the lad that thenceforth he was to be educated at St. Omer's, he took him under his private charge till the ship should be ready to sail.

At this crisis the boy's father, the fourth Baron, took ill and died, and the orphan James Annesley—a friendless lad in the hands of an unscrupulous and ambitious uncle—was now really fifth Baron Altham. He was however, kept prisoner so closely that he heard

not a word of his father's death. The uncle at once assumed the title and estates.

At last the boy was hurried on board and the ship set sail, directing her course to the coast of North America.

Arrived in Pennsylvania the Baron of Annesley was sold by the captain to a rich planter in Newcastle County, named Drummond, who took him home and entered him among his slaves.

The specious duplicity and inhuman cruelty of his uncle was now apparent to the youth, and well-nigh overwhelmed him in despair. For five years he laboured on Drummond's estates in a condition of wretchedness and terrible isolation that might have driven a person of less strength of mind mad. He was now seventeen, and he felt that he could bear the misery of his lot no longer. He resolved to escape, and in a fit of sullen despair he left the house of Drummond, resolved to suffer death rather than return to it. Armed with a hedging-bill he set forth, and soon succeeded in putting many miles between him and Drummond's plantation.

After wandering for three days in the woods and suffering much for the want of nourishment, he heard the trampling of horses at full gallop advancing towards him, and, lifting up his eyes from his hiding-place, he perceived two men well mounted, one of whom had a woman behind him. As they did not look like pursuers the lad's fears were for the time tranquillized. Arrived at the well-concealed spot in which the Baron lurked, the strangers dismounted, and bringing forth meat and wine sat down for refreshment. Annesley longed to join them, but dared not. After a few minutes, on accidentally making a noise among the brushwood, the Baron was discovered and attacked; for the strangers, who were flying from pursuers like himself, fancied themselves betrayed. Annesley explained his position and told his story, though not before cuts had been interchanged; and, finding that their supposed enemy was only a friendless fugitive, they invited him to join them in their repast. The strangers were making for the coast, bound for Europe. The Baron agreed to join, and, the party remounting, all of them set forward through the woods. They had not, however, proceeded far when a new calamity occurred. The Baron's new friends were being pursued; lights were seen dancing in the woods behind and the shouts of the man-hunters and the trampling of the horses were heard. The lady, distracted with terror, hid herself among the trees and the men stood on their defence, but were overpowered

by numbers and were taken prisoners. The hiding-place of the lady was discovered and she also was made a prisoner. The whole party were now hurried forward, and next day were lodged in Chester gaol.

The crime of the Baron's associates was robbery, and the three were condemned and executed ; he himself was respited as not a confederate. He was again exposed for sale as a slave, and worked in that capacity for three more dismal years. He then again, when he had but one year of slavery to serve, attempted to escape, was retaken, and condemned as a punishment to serve for five years more.

Under this crushing calamity his spirits gave way. He fell into a profound melancholy, which evinced itself in his whole conduct and deportment. His master observing this, and fearing he might die and a valuable piece of property be thus lost, relaxed in his severity towards the young Baron, and recommended him to the care of his wife, who, being a woman of humanity, often took him into the house and gave him part of such provision as they had on their own table, or in her absence ordered her daughter (who was named Maria) to perform the same kind offices. This young lady soon conceived a great tenderness for the Baron, whose handsome appearance and air of breeding had not been impaired by the cruelties and hardships to which he had been subjected. His new friend Maria endeavoured in every way to dissipate the melancholy of the young man ; but so completely was he given over to brooding upon his own miseries that her attentions were wholly lost upon him. It happened also that she was not the only one upon whom the graceful person of the slave-baron had made an impression. A young Indian maid of the Irokese nation had distinguished him from his fellow-slaves ; and, as she made no secret of her affection, used to express her kindness for him by assisting him in his daily labours, telling him, if he would marry her when his time of servitude was expired, she would work so hard for him as to save him the expense of two slaves. The young Baron used all the arguments he could to persuade her to stifle a passion to which she could hope no return. It was on one of these occasions that Maria, his master's daughter, surprised him sitting with this Indian maid, and, jealousy awakening her love, she loaded him with reproaches and left him without waiting a reply.

Thus did Annesley, in his captivity, find himself the object of a passion he had no taste or inclination for himself, and studied as

much to shun the caresses of his two mistresses as others would have done to return them.

Unluckily, Maria's impatience to see him carried her one day to a field at a distance from the plantation where she knew he worked. In her way thither she met her rival bent on the same design. The Indian, no longer mistress of herself, flew at her like a tigress, so that it was not without some struggle that the lady got out of her hands and fled towards the place where the noble slave was employed. The Irokese, finding her revenge disappointed, and perhaps dreading the consequences of the other's power and resentment for the assault, rushed to the nearest river, plunged in, and ended at once her woes and her fears.

Among the witnesses of the awful act was Maria, who felt that she also was in part its cause. She was taken home pale and speechless, and put to bed in a state verging on delirium. On her partial recovery she repeated the name of the Indian maid with great emotion over and over again. Her parents, who knew little of the matter, were seized with alarm. Annesley had seen the events take place, and, as the girl in her wanderings often mentioned his name, he was sent for by the parents of the girl, who resolved to witness the interview between their daughter and the slave unobserved. They thus found out the key of the mystery. They heard their daughter express the most ardent affection for Annesley, who, on his part, offered no encouragement or response. What was now to be done? The parents meditated; then came to the conclusion that the only way to cure their daughter of her hopeless love was to present Annesley with his freedom. James, who had been informed of the benefit intended him, now considered himself free. But his master, coming to the conclusion that the five years the young man had yet to serve, were too valuable to be thrown away for nothing, recouped himself for his loss by selling him to a planter near Chichester, in Sussex county.

His new master, a generous, good-natured man, treated him mildly. His work was easy, and he had the use of a good selection of books, a privilege which was a great consolation to him. This kind usage had such an effect on his generous temper that he resolved patiently to wait the arrival of the time when he should be free. Unfortunately, after he had served three of the stipulated five years, his kind master died, and Annesley was again transferred to a new owner in Newcastle, and almost within sight of his former master's plantation. Here he was informed that Maria had married

one of her father's white slaves, and had gone away to occupy a small property her father had bought for the young couple. This information was satisfactory—not so much so the further news, that two of the brothers of the Indian maid who had drowned herself for his love had vowed vengeance against him, and were seeking for him throughout the whole country. He knew that when an Indian took to the war-path with vengeance in his soul nothing but death prevented him from sooner or later attaining his object. He knew he must meet and fight the brothers, and it was not long till his expectation was realized. The fight lasted only for a short time, however, and the Baron was rescued after receiving a knife wound in the hip.

But the days of his many wanderings and ceaseless adventures, of which the limits of our space allow us to mention but a few, were now numbered. He made another attempt to escape to the coast, and, fortunately, at last his effort was successful. He was conveyed in a vessel to Jamaica, and here in 1710 he took a berth on board a man-of-war as a common sailor.

Arrived in England, he lost not a day in setting up his claim to the peerage and estates of Altham. He applied to a gentleman who had been an agent of the family, and it was not long before he furnished proofs of his identity, afterwards so fully substantiated in the courts of law.

“The foregoing narrative,” says Sir Bernard Burke, “extraordinary and romantic as it may appear, was proved to be substantially correct in the legal investigations that followed. Admiral Vernon was the gentleman to whose kindness and bounty James Annesley was indebted for his passage to Great Britain. Within a brief period after his return an action of ejectment was commenced by young Annesley against his uncle, Richard, Earl of Anglesey, who had claimed to be heir male of his brother, Lord Altham, upon the supposition that the latter had died sonless, and the cause came on for trial in the Irish Court of Exchequer on the 11th November, 1743. Serjeant Marshall, a learned member of the Irish bar, appeared for the plaintiff, and made a very lucid address describing the singular and eventful career of his client and supporting his claim by the strongest evidence. The defence attempted to show that James Annesley, though the son of Lord Altham, was not the son of his wife, Lady Altham, but illegitimate. This endeavour signally failed, and the jury, after an able summing up of the judge and on the fifteenth day of the trial, returned a verdict for the

plaintiff. James Annesley thus recovered the estates he sought for ; but it is rather singular that he never assumed the family titles or disturbed his uncle in the possession of them."

A note to the State Trials records the subsequent fate of the young nobleman. "James Annesley, Esq., died 5th January, 1760. He was twice married, first to a daughter of Mr. Chester, of Staines Bridge, in Middlesex . . . and secondly to Margaret, daughter of Thomas P'Anson, Esq., of Bounds, near Tunbridge." His children by both marriages died young.

It was through the marriage of the last heir female of the house of Annesley with the representative of the house of Chaworth that the ancient manor came into the possession of the latter family.

The Cavendishes and Stanhopes.—A Newark Tavern Sign-board.

To "have a wife" and to "rule a wife" have long been regarded as two separate and distinct functions. No body of statistics has yet been published dealing with the interesting question of the average number of "wives," in a given number of instances, that are "ruled" by their so-called lords. The non-existence of such a work must be deplored, both by those who contemplate marriage and by those who, for one reason or another, have resolved to defer the performance or the re-performance of the sacred rite to the Greek Kalends. Yet the compilation of a blue-book, of average accuracy, on this subject is not, perhaps, beyond the powers of an ingenious and careful observer. Are there not certain spheres of life and certain conditions of society in which the authority of the "lord" will be found to be a variable quantity, and the motto, *Place aux dames*, be acted upon with exceptional promptitude and subserviency?

The famous Bess of Hardwick, in her later days Countess of Shrewsbury, was four times married. She was a penniless bride when she was fourteen and a rich widow when she was fifteen—her young husband, heir to one of the most opulent families in Derbyshire, having died, leaving her all, or nearly all, of his estates. When she had arrived at about the age of thirty she was married to her second husband, Sir William Cavendish, who died in 1557. The courageous lady of Hardwick married her third husband, Sir

William Saint Loe, Captain of the Guard to the Queen, and the possessor of a number of broad estates in Gloucestershire, about the year 1560. Saint Loe, like her earlier husband, died after having been married only a short time, and ere long Bess of Hardwick, emerging from her threefold widowhood, married her fourth husband—no less a person than George Talbot, sixth Earl of Shrewsbury.

In the successive alliances which Bess contracted strict care was taken by the lady herself—by her guardians, probably, in the case of her *first* marriage, whilst she was still very young—that the question of suitable settlements should be gone into with all due and provident care. By her first husband she had no children, yet she “and her heirs” inherited all his wealth. By Sir William Cavendish she had eight children, and, as the baronet was a man of substance, no doubt she would see that proper provision was made for them. Her third husband, Sir William Saint Loe, had extensive estates, and all these his bride demanded should be settled, in default of issue from her new marriage, upon herself and her heirs—that is to say, her children by her former husband. With this rather hard condition the Captain of the Guard—who had a family of his own by a former marriage—felt himself constrained to comply or forego his bride. “Accordingly,” we are told, “his lady, having no issue by him, lived to enjoy his whole estate, excluding his former daughters and brothers.”

In these matrimonial arrangements this lady evinces a degree of prudence which commands our respect. What “the daughters and brothers” of the gallant Captain thought of them it would be difficult to ascertain. On the fourth marriage the conditions do not at first sight seem to be quite so favourable to Bess of Hardwick, and, indeed, that lady does not appear, until we consider the matter more closely, to have looked after her interests on the occasion with that strictly practical and keen eye which she had kept upon her own personal prospects during the arrangements of the previous alliances. It was hardly to be expected that, considering his position and the number of his already existing children, the Earl of Shrewsbury, who now placed a coronet on the brows of Bess, could afford to give his all to his new wife and her heirs, to the exclusion of his own family, all of whom had a certain rank to maintain. Bess perceived this difficulty in the way of her inheriting the wealth of the Talbots; but she was also clever enough to perceive how her object was to be obtained in another way. Before

she would give herself to the Earl she insisted that he should give two of his children in marriage to two of hers. His eldest son, Francis, Lord Talbot, was already married; that could not be helped; but after all it turned out rather fortunate for the provident mother's schemes, for Lord Talbot died before his father and left no issue. Meanwhile she consented to accept the Earl's second son, Gilbert, for her daughter Mary, and his eldest unmarried daughter, the Lady Grace Talbot, for her eldest son, Henry Cavendish. These two marriages were solemnized at Sheffield on the 9th February, 1568, Mary Cavendish being as yet only a child not quite twelve years old. The wedding of the father and mother followed after a brief interval. The age of the new Countess was at least fifty, the Earl might be of about the same standing.

It is pleasing to know that in her different marriages this great lady experienced much happiness, and still more pleasing to find that, on the whole, she deserved it. Of the relations which subsisted between her and her first, her boy-husband, little is or can be known; but there is no reason for supposing they were anything but affectionate. All her marriages seem to have been love-matches on both sides, and she was too prudent a woman and too completely under self-control, to allow a power she had created and established ever to die out. Over her second husband, Cavendish, she exercised unbounded influence till death dissolved their union. Her third husband Saint Loe, the captain, remained a lover to the end, and seems, judging from the affectionate character of the letters that passed between them, to have inspired a love as genuine as his own. And for the first nine years of her married life as Countess of Shrewsbury no actual rupture took place between her and the Earl. After that time the Countess began to take a more active interest than previously in the affairs of the Court. She at the same time became troublesome to her husband for money, though she herself must have been, from the estates she held in her own right, immensely rich. She lavished her income, however, in building a number of splendid mansions—one of them, Chatsworth, said to have cost 80,000*l.*

Her husband did not participate in her architectural tastes. Had he yielded to his wife all had gone well; as it was, though hers was the commanding intellect, his was the more stubborn and immovable disposition, and in time the aspect of affairs became very ominous. The custody of Mary Queen of Scots, which was vested in the Earl of Shrewsbury for thirteen years, also induced compi-

cations and heart-burnings. These differences led to separation between the Earl and Countess, while upon the former the troubles in which he found himself with Mary Queen of Scots, Queen Elizabeth, and his own wife, from all of whom he had suffered deeply, had the effect of injuring his health, and he died at last in 1590.

He was succeeded in the earldom by his son Gilbert, who was married, as we have seen, to Mary, daughter of the Countess by her second husband, Sir William Cavendish.

The spirit of enterprise, the ambition and firmness of Bess of Hardwick were transmitted to her daughter Mary, who appears to have ruled her lord quite as effectually as the Countess did the old Earl, as well as her former husbands. Earl Gilbert had for some time been at variance with Sir Thomas Stanhope of Shelford, the head of the ancient and opulent Nottinghamshire family that has since branched into the three earldoms of Chesterfield, Stanhope, and Harrington. This variance was nurtured into open war by Gilbert's wife, Mary, now Countess Shrewsbury. What brought the feud to a height was that the Earl's arms had been effaced from the sign-board of a tavern at Newark, and that the insult was believed to have been the wanton act of the Stanhopes. Earl Gilbert himself took no action in the matter; but the defiance supposed to have been thus expressed was hurled back upon the Stanhopes with vehemence by the Countess Mary and by *her brother*, Sir Charles Cavendish. The lady sent a servant to Sir Thomas Stanhope with a brief preliminary intimation to the effect that "he was a reprobate and his son John a rascal, and that the child that was yet to be conceived should rue what had been done."

A few days later the same lady despatched a more elaborate and formal defiance to the Stanhopes by two of her servants, one of whom read it to Sir Thomas in the presence of a number of witnesses. It ran thus: "My lady hath commanded me to say thus much to you. That though you be more wretched, vile, and miserable than any creature living; and, for your wickedness, become more ugly in shape than any living creature in the world; and one to whom none of reputation would vouchsafe to send any message; yet she hath thought good to send thus much to you:—That she be contented you should live, and doth no ways wish your death; but to this end, that all the plagues and miseries that may befall any man may light upon such a caitiff as you are, and that you should

live to have all your friends forsake you ; and without your great repentance, which she looketh not for, because your life hath been so bad, you will be damned perpetually in hell-fire."

Sir Charles Cavendish, the brother of the lady who wrote thus emphatically, took another method of avenging the insult to the Talbot Arms at Newark. Writing to Mr. John Stanhope about "the villany at Newark," he calls upon that young gentleman "to supply his father's inability, and maintain by sword that detestable act." Young Stanhope seems to have taken no notice of this challenge. It was repeated on the following day, and he then replied verbally, excusing himself for the present on account of an infirmity in his leg, and promising to attend to the message as soon as the ailment should leave him. On the third day, however, he finally declined the challenge, on the ground that he was not informed what he was called upon to maintain. In other words, he denied having had anything to do with defacing the Talbot Arms at Newark. For fiery Sir Charles Cavendish, who, like his sister, inherited the spirit of the now Dowager Countess, only one course was now open—that of giving his reluctant adversary the lie. Stanhope made no sign for four days more, and then he intimated his acceptance of the challenge. In the meantime, however, either he or his father had given notice of the intended outrage to the Lords of the Council, and these immediately issued their command prohibiting the further prosecution of the quarrel.

Here matters rested for a time ; but Stanhope gradually began to realize the fact that a stigma had been fixed on his fair name. This disagreeable impression came upon him slowly, but it came from all quarters and showed itself in all manner of ways, as in the coldness of his acquaintance, &c. A month had passed since the order of the Lords of Council had been issued, and he now sent his cousin, Mr. John Townsend, to Sir Charles Cavendish, at his house in Broad Street, London. An interview took place, at which Townsend proposed the principals should meet at seven the next morning at Lambeth Bridge, each armed only with a rapier, and that, "after being searched," they should thence ride together to any convenient place they should agree upon, there to settle the dispute. It was arranged that Stanhope would bring the weapons, of which his opponent was to have the choice, and that each should be accompanied by a single friend, to search the combatants impartially, and by a servant apiece, to ride forward with

them to the ground and hold their horses while they fought. The time of meeting was altered to five in the afternoon.

Next day at the hour appointed the parties met. Cavendish's friend, Mr. Nowell, proceeded to search Stanhope, and, to his surprise, found that his doublet was so thickly and firmly quilted as to be almost impenetrable by a sword-thrust. "You do not wear armour," said Nowell, "but this doublet is a strange affair: it is not to be fought in."

Mr. Townsend, Stanhope's friend, could not but concur in this judgment. What was now to be done? Cavendish proposed that they should fight in their shirts; but this Stanhope declined doing, declaring that he was suffering from a cold. On this Cavendish offered to lend him his waistcoat to keep him warm, while he himself fought in his shirt. This offer was also declined. Cavendish then offered to waive all objections to the doublet, and to go on with the fight as matters stood. But here the seconds objected, as such an arrangement was not strictly fair; and as there was now nothing further to be done the party broke up, and each man returned home.

That Cavendish was resolved upon fighting was, of course, evident. On the other hand, if Stanhope failed to show much martial spirit, there is something to be said in his excuse. He had been dragged into a quarrel without, according to his own statement, having done anything to provoke the hostility of which he was the object. Again, he was not so skilful in the use of his weapon as Cavendish was, nor was he such a strong man, and at this time he was unusually weak from a recent illness.

We may be sure it was not long till this determined meeting resulting in a *fiasco* became known all over the town, and Stanhope was subjected to disgrace. He and his adherents, if met in the streets, ran a risk of being hustled and insulted. A fortnight after the bloodless meeting at Lambeth an attack was made on Stanhope and his party, as they were passing along Fleet Street, by the Earl of Shrewsbury's men. In this *mêlée* one of the Stanhope faction was so severely wounded that he was not expected to recover.

This family feud, which would probably never have arisen but for the imperious temper of the daughter of Bess of Hardwick, lasted for at least six years. In the sixth year after the challenge offered by Cavendish that young gentleman was riding in the neighbourhood of his house at Kirkby, in Nottinghamshire, accompanied by two servants and a boy, when he was suddenly sur-

rounded by a body of about twenty horse, under the command of his enemy, Stanhope. Putting spurs to his horse, Cavendish endeavoured to escape from a force too numerous to encounter with any hope of success. The attempt failed, his horse stumbled, and the youth was in the midst of his enemies. Two pistols were immediately discharged at him, one of which lodged a brace of bullets in the fleshy part of his thigh, while he was at the same time pierced with small-shot in other parts of the body. But the spirit of his race did not desert him in the emergency; and "so strong was the hand of God with him," says an old writer, that, wounded as he was, he and his three attendants unhorsed six of their opponents, killed two of them on the spot, and handled two more so severely that it was thought they must have died of their wounds. Such at least is the narrative of the "Declaration of the Foul Outrage," drawn up a few days after, on the information of Cavendish and one of his partisans. What brought this most unequal contest and savage attack to an end, however, was the arrival upon the scene of a number of workmen, whom Sir Charles was employing in the erection of a new building near his house at Kirkby. As soon as these came up Stanhope and his followers fled. The wonder is that both Cavendish and his three servants were not immediately slain. They had no firearms, being armed only with rapier and dagger.

The headlong nature of the flight of the assailants may be conjectured from the circumstance that they left behind them six good geldings, several of them well worth twenty pounds apiece, two pistols, two rapiers, two or three cloaks, and a number of hats; all of which, concludes the "Declaration" quoted, "are safely kept by Sir Charles." We can imagine with what triumph young Cavendish would exhibit to his friends the gear of the unworthy cavaliers—with what bitterness the Stanhopes would think of their long cloaks, their feathered hats, and misused swords ornamenting the hall at Kirkby House, and serving as matter for the derision of its guests.

The state of the civilization of England at this time—the closing years of the sixteenth century—cannot fairly be estimated from reading isolated episodes like the above. "A word and a blow" was too often the principle acted upon at this period; and the bloodiest and most tragic duels ever fought in England took place in this and in the succeeding age. The fact that in very many instances these encounters to the death, generally with rapier

and dagger, were fought between youths who had been the closest friends and companions from boyhood, adds an element of sadness to such occurrences which must have rendered their fatal termination overwhelming in its melancholy. A sarcastic word spoken on the one hand, perhaps, in jest, and received on the other in earnest—a hasty remark blurted out over the gaming-table when the blood was heated with wine and the temper irritated by late hours and exhaustion—and the insult was given, the challenge exchanged, and next day two men who had been friends since early youth, and who still, it might be, cherished a deep affection and respect for each other, met at some solemn rendezvous in the woods and fought a battle in which quarter was never thought of:—

“ Late at e'en drinking the wine,
And ere they paid the lawin'
They set a combat them between,
To fight it at the daw'in'.”

Yet these were the deeds, not of men untrained in everything save the use of their weapons, but of men probably as well educated in all respects and of as much general accomplishment as are those who go to form the most refined society of the present day. The Sir Charles Cavendish of our story was a man of graceful bearing, quiet manners—a scholar and a poet. His verses are remarkable for their elegance, fluency, and wit, and prove incontrovertibly that in early youth he must have given years of study to the most humanizing of all the arts. Stanhope again was no fighting man, though if he had fought, and fought fairly, without using a breastplate of steel-proof quilt and without employing overwhelming odds against his enemy, he might, perhaps, have occupied a less dishonourable niche in the annals of the aristocracy of his country. He was created a Master of Arts by the University of Oxford a few months before he received Cavendish's challenge, and on the occasion of a visit of Queen Elizabeth to Oxford, when he appeared in her Majesty's suite. King James, in his progress from Scotland in 1603, conferred on him the honour of knighthood. His eldest son, Philip, was created Baron Stanhope in 1616, and Earl of Chesterfield in 1628. From him all the succeeding earls of Chesterfield have descended, as well as the earls of Stanhope and Harrington.

But the hostilities of families do not last for ever, especially in countries in which the rapid development of commerce has brought with it, as it did in England, a new and a milder form of social morals,

In Spain, Italy, &c., family feuds have subsisted from century to century ; with us in England, among whom the interests of one generation are generally different in some material respects from those of the preceding one, there is neither time for cultivating family feuds nor sufficient interest in the occupation. Among us young Capulet is to young Montague not by any means a foe-man, but simply a cadet of a well-known house whose influence it might be well to secure for whatever political, commercial, or scientific schemes the latter may have engaged in. Before a century from the date of the assault at Kirkby in Nottingham the Cavendishes and the Stanhopes became united, by a marriage which transferred a principal part of the estate of Sir Charles Cavendish to a branch of the descendants of his old enemy.

The Peak Castle - scene of the
 "Tournament" fought for the hand
 of Mallet Bevisell - daughter of
 Whittington
 Salops.

DERBYSHIRE.

Castleton, High Peak.

" This castle rose in Norman William's reign,
 And for its master own'd a royal Thane:
 Then oft he came while herald trumpets rang,
 And echo'd to the sword and buckler's clang;
 Then doughty knights their prowess oft assay'd
 To gain a smile from some obdurate maid;
 Then errant champions met in combat fierce,
 Or strove the high suspended ring to pierce:
 Then high-born dames the happy victors crown'd,
 While with applauding shouts the hills resound;
 Then blazoned banners deck'd th' embattled walls
 And midnight revelry illum'd the halls!
 Where are they now? No more the bending lance
 Bears off the gauntlet. Now the warder's horn
 No more awakes the hunters with the morn;
 No pennant beats the air in scutcheon'd state,
 No gorgeous pageant crowds the massy gate:
 The portal now admits the straggl'ing sheep,
 The long grass waves above the ruin'd keep;
 The playful breezes whistle thro' each cell,
 Where bats and moping owls sole tenants dwell.

" Sad are the ruthless ravages of time!
 The bulwark'd turret frowning once sublime,
 Now totters to its basis, and displays
 A venerable wreck of other days!"

Wanderings of Memory.

Castleton lies at the edge of a fine luxuriant valley of Derbyshire, which is sheltered by a circular range of mountains, that to all appearance deprives it of communication with the outer world; leaving no visible outlet except by skirting the bases of the hills in the direction of the little stream that flows to the east, or by climbing the almost impassable fronts of the mountains to the south and to the west. Immediately behind the village to the south is a very high and steep rock, cut off from another still higher by a very deep but narrow valley, called the *Cave*, except in one point, where an extremely narrow ledge connects both hills at the very part where the rock forms a perpendicular precipitous front towards the west, of nearly 100 yards in height. In this front is the entrance to the Peak Cavern, and on the very edge of the precipice stand the ruins of the Peak Castle.

Of these ruins, the keep and part of the outer walls are all that remain;

in fact, it seems as if the whole castle had originally consisted of little more than the keep and an inclosed area, known as the castle-yard. The summit of the hill, which is not exactly level, but of a gentle slope, is almost wholly inclosed by the Castle walls. There has been a small tower on the northern side, and a larger one at the north-west angle; but the keep itself occupies the highest and most inaccessible part of the area.

Whether this Castle was built before the Conquest, or immediately after it, will not be easily determined. In the time of Edward the Confessor, the manor or estate belonged to two proprietors, Gundeborne and Hundine; which favours the opinion of the Castle being erected before the Conquest. But we are still at a loss for assigning any use for an edifice of this kind. Placed on such a commanding eminence, and nearly inaccessible, it possessed extraordinary powers of defence; but against what foe was such a defence necessary? Again, its size would permit it only to shelter a very small army, even within the walls of the castle-yard, while the keep itself would contain very few warriors; and those few would soon be brought to capitulation for want of provisions. Some antiquaries have considered that it was built as a protection to the lead-mines; but this is a case for which we have no analogy or precedent. It may have been intended for an occasional summer residence, or when the chief wished to take the recreation of hunting, and in pursuance of the fashion of the times, he chose to build it in the manner customary for larger castles. Or, it may have been a fortress of Saxon construction, and a place of royal residence during the Heptarchy. It is, however, most probably a Norman structure, built by William Peverell, who was a natural son of William I., whom he attended to the battle of Hastings, and there distinguished himself; and to him the traditions of the neighbourhood ascribe the erection of the Castle. Its ancient appellation, "Peverell's Place in the Peke," countenances this opinion. Whatever be the truth, it is certain that Peverell possessed it at the time of the Domesday Survey, by the name of the *Castle of the Peke*, together with the honour and forest, and thirteen other lordships in this county.

Whilst the Peke Castle was in the possession of the Peverells, and most probably during the time of the second William, son of the first William Peverell, it became the scene of a splendid Tournament, which lasted three or four days; though how the knights and their followers found accommodation, unless some temporary buildings were attached to the Castle, or pavilions erected, seems hardly to be explained; but the fact is unquestionable.

Pain Peverell, Lord of Whittington, in Shropshire, had two daughters, both (as usual) very beautiful and very accomplished. The eldest, whose name was *Mellet*, inherited the martial spirit of her race, and though she was sought after by many of the young nobility of the land, she declared she would marry no one but a knight who had distinguished himself by his prowess in the field. Her father, admiring her resolution, took the accustomed mode of procuring her a husband by proclaiming a Tournament to be held at a certain time, at "Peverell's Place in the Peke," and inviting all young men of noble birth to enter the lists and make trial of their skill and valour. He promised to the victor his daughter for a wife, with his Castle of Whittington as a dowry. Many were the knights that assembled, and severe and long-disputed were the contests, for the prize was a rich one, and the honour desirable. Among the competitors was a knight of Lorraine, with a maiden shield of silver, and a peacock for his crest. This unknown hero performed prodigies of valour, unhorsing and overcoming all who opposed him, and consequently gaining the favour of the fair *Mellet*; until, as a last effort, having vanquished a knight of Burgundy and a prince of Scotland, he was hailed victor, and received the glorious prize, thus carrying the Castle of Whittington to the family of Fitzwarren. (C)

Where the Tournament was held seems not to be ascertained. Within the walls of the Castle it could not be, for independent of want of room, the ground was too sloping to give fair play to the combatants. Some assert that it was in the valley called the Cave; but it is more likely to have taken place on the plain near the Castle, where there would be space sufficient for the *lists*, and where the inhabitants of the country round, were they ever so numerous, might find room to witness the warlike contention. ✓

This Castle did not remain in the possession of the Peverells more than fourscore years, it being forfeited in the time of Henry II., by the then William Peverell, for his having poisoned Ranulph, Earl of Chester; and the Castle and his other property were given by the King to his son John, Earl of Mortaigne, afterwards King John, who, in 1204, appointed Hugh Neville its governor.

In 1215 the Peak Castle was in the custody of the Barons who had taken up arms against John; but it did not long remain in their possession, for William de Ferrers, the seventh Earl of Derby, took it by assault for the King, and as a reward, was made governor, which office he held for six years after the accession of Henry III. ↓

In the fourth year of the reign of Edward II., John, Earl Warren, (D) obtained a free grant of the Castle and Honour of the Peke, together

with the whole Forest of High Peak, to hold during his life; and yet in the time of Edward III. this Castle and forest appear to have been part of the fortune given with Joan, his sister, on her marriage with David, son of the king of Scotland. In the same reign it reverted to the Crown, for in the forty-sixth year of Edward III. it was granted to John of Gaunt, and it now forms part of the Duchy of Lancaster. At present it is in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire, who, as lessee from the Crown, has the nominal appointment of the Constable of the Castle. It was used for keeping the records of the Miners' Courts, till they were removed to Tutbury Castle in the time of Elizabeth; and an entrenchment which begins at the lower end of the valley, called the *Cave*, inclosed the town (Castleton), ending at the great cavern, and forming a semicircle: this is now called the Town Ditch, but the whole of it cannot easily be traced, many parts having been destroyed by buildings and the plough.*

Under the hill on which this Castle stands is the celebrated Cavern of the Peak, the entrance to which is very magnificent, being in a dark and gloomy recess, formed by a chasm in the rocks, which range perpendicularly on each side to a considerable height. On the steep side of the mountain is a large opening, almost in the form of a Gothic arch, extending in width 120 feet and in height forty-two. This arch, which is formed by Nature at the bottom of a rock whose height is eighty-seven yards, is checkered with a diversity of coloured stones, from which continually drops a sparry water that petrifies. Immediately within this arch is a cavern nearly of the same height and width, and in receding depth about ninety feet; the roof of this place, which is of solid rock, is flat, and looks dreadful over head, having nothing but the side walls to support it. Towards the farther end from the entrance, the roof comes down with a gradual slope to about two feet from the surface of water fourteen yards over, the rock in that place forming a kind of arch, under which the visitor is conveyed in a small boat; beyond this stream is a spacious vacuity, opening in the bosom of the rocks; and in a passage at the inner extremity of this vast cavern, the stream which flows through the bottom spreads into what is called the second water; but this can generally be passed on foot, though at other times the assistance of the guide is requisite; at a short distance farther is a third water, where the rock sloping, as it were, almost down to the surface of the water, puts an end to the traveller's search.

* Abridged from a contribution to the *Graphic and Historical Illustrator*, by A. Jewitt, pp. 293-296.

The entire length of this vast excavation is about 800 yards, and its depth from the surface of the mountain between 200 and 300. It is wholly formed in the limestone strata, which are replete with marine exuvizæ. Some communications with other fissures open from different parts of the Cavern. A singular effect is produced by the explosion of a small quantity of gunpowder, when wedged into the rock, in the inner part of the Cavern; the sound appearing to roll along the roof and sides like a heavy and combined peal of overwhelming thunder.

Wingfield Manor House.

Wingfield, situated four or five miles eastward of the centre of Derbyshire, is one of the richest specimens extant of the highly ornamented embattled mansions of the time of Henry VII. and Henry VIII.; the period of the transition from the Castle to the Palace, and undoubtedly the best era of English architecture. The present manor-house, according to Camden, was built about the year 1440, by Ralph, Lord Cromwell, who was Treasurer of England; and the testimony of Camden that he was the founder, is strongly corroborated by the bags or purses of stone (alluding to the office of Treasurer which he filled) carved over the gateway leading to the quadrangle. Bags or purses are mentioned to have been carved on the manor-house of Coly Weston, in Northamptonshire, augmented by this Lord Cromwell; and there were similar ornaments carved in wood, removed about one hundred and forty years ago from Wingfield Manor.

The manor-house originally consisted of two square courts, and a noble hall, which was lighted by a beautiful octagon window, and a range of Gothic windows. Part of the chapel remains, with the great State apartment lighted by a rich Gothic window. In the thirty-third year of the reign of Henry VIII. it appears that Wingfield Manor was in the possession of the Earl of Shrewsbury, who, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, held in his custody here the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots. Her suite of apartments were traditionally on the west side of the north court, which is remembered as the most beautiful part of the building; it communicated with the great tower, whence, it is said, the ill-starred captive had sometimes an opportunity of seeing the friends approach with whom she held a secret correspondence. It is inferred that her captivity at Wingfield commenced in 1569, in which year an attempt was made by Leonard Dacre to rescue her. After which, Elizabeth becoming suspicious of the Earl of Shrewsbury, under pre-

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tence of his Lordship being in ill-health, directed the Earl of Huntingdon to take care of the Queen of Scots in Shrewsbury's house: and ✓ her train was reduced to thirty persons. This change happened the year after Mary was removed from Bolton Castle, in Yorkshire, to Tutbury Castle, in Staffordshire, and placed under the care of the Earl of Shrewsbury. Her captivity at Wingfield is stated to have extended to nine years; but it is improbable that so large a proportion of the time she was in the custody of this nobleman should have been spent here; for it is well known that from 1568 to 1584, she was at Buxton, Sheffield, Coventry, Tutbury, and other places; and if her confinement here continued so long, it must have been with many intervals of absence.) 2^o th
1^u pri

Wingfield continued to be the occasional residence of the Shrewsburys till the death of the Earl Gilbert, in the year 1616; after which the property was sold to Mr. Edward Halton, who, in 1666, was resident at the manor-house; and in 1817 it was still in the possession of one of the Halton family, but not then inhabited. The last of the family who resided here became its spoiler, for desiring to build himself a house at the foot of the high hill upon which the mansion stands, he pulled down and unroofed part of the fine old structure, so that the hall, with its proud emblazonry of the Shrewsbury arms and quarterings, became exposed to the decaying influences of the elements.) 3^o +

The mansion had been, however, previously much injured during the Civil War in the reign of Charles I.; and there are a few singular incidents in its fate. Wingfield, being possessed by the royal party, was besieged and taken by Lord Grey of Groby, and Sir John Gall, of Hopton—brave officers in the service of the Parliament; who, according to Whitelock, voted them a letter of thanks for this and other services. The assault was begun on the east side with cannon placed on Pentridge Common, and a half-moon battery, raised for its defence, was soon carried; but a breach being found impracticable, the cannon were removed to a wood on the opposite side. They soon opened a considerable breach in the wall, and captured the place. Colonel Dalby, who was the governor, was killed in the siege. He had disguised himself in the dress of a common soldier, but being seen and known by a deserter, he was shot by him in the face as he was walking in one of the stables. The hole through which the assailant introduced his murderous musket was long shown near the porter's lodge.) ✓



Beauchief Abbey.

To enjoy the picturesque variety of the dales of Derbyshire we must leave the cloud-capped peaks, and ramble through the cultivated meadows, luxuriant foliage, steep heathy hills, and craggy rocks, while the eye and ear are enchanted with brilliant streams. Such, indeed, is the character of the dales, especially those through which the Derwent, the Dove, and the Wye meander. In one of these sheltered valleys Beauchief Abbey gives name to its locality, Abbey Dale, not far from the partition line that separates Derbyshire from Yorkshire, at Norton, near Sheffield. It was founded in 1183, for Premonstratensian, or White Canons, by Robert Fitz-Ranulph, lord of Alfreton, said to have been one of the murderers of Thomas à Becket, in expiation of whose murder the Abbey was built, and to whom, when canonized, it was dedicated. Dr. Pegge, the antiquarian writer, discountenances this tradition. His arguments, however, which are chiefly founded on the circumstance of the brother of Robert Fitz-Ranulph being afterwards in great favour with Henry II., do not appear conclusive, particularly when opposed to the authority of Dugdale, Fuller, Bishop Tanner, and others who have written on the subject. Indeed, Dr. Pegge denies that Beauchief Abbey was erected in expiation of Becket's death, or that Fitz-Ranulph had any connexion with that deed. Sir James Mackintosh names the "four knights of distinguished rank" (apparently upon the authority of Hoveden) to have been William de Tracy, Hugh de Moreville, Richard Britto, and Reginald Fitz-Urse; and adds, "the conspirators, despairing of pardon, found a distant refuge in the Castle of Knaresborough, in the town of Hugh de Moreville, and were, after some time, enjoined by the Pope to do penance for their crime by a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, where *they died*, and were interred before the gate of the Temple." Sir James describes the murder of Becket with harrowing minuteness: "the assassins fell on him with many strokes; and though the second brought him to the ground, they did not cease till his brains were scattered over the pavement."

The walls of Beauchief Abbey, with the exception of the west end, have long since either been removed, or have mouldered into dust, and the whole of the original plan of the once extensive pile of building cannot now be traced. The architecture is plain, but the situation among woods and hills is delightful. Though once a considerable structure, Beauchief Abbey was never proportionally wealthy. At the time of the Dissolution its revenues were estimated but at 157*l*.

With the materials furnished by its demolition was built Beauchief House upon the same estate, granted by Henry VIII. to Sir William Shelley.

A Legend of Dale Abbey.

Of Dale Abbey, six miles and a half east of Derby, built nearly seven centuries ago, there remains but a single fragment—the arch of the great east window of the Chapel built by the godmother of Serle de Grendon, and, what is most singular, and probably without a parallel in British antiquities, under the same roof, an inn, of the same age as the Chapel itself; and at a short distance is a hermitage, probably of the same period. The cave originally scooped out by the hermit is still entire. It is cut in a precipice which stands pleasantly elevated above the valley, and overhung with wood, in full prospect of the Abbey ruin, which was a religious house of the Premonstratensian order, and dedicated to the Virgin Mary. We find a fuller account of this Abbey than of any other in Derbyshire; one of its monks having left in manuscript a history of its foundation, as related by Maud de Salicesamara, who built the Chapel belonging to the Abbey.

We are told that there lived once in the street of St. Mary, in Derby, a baker, who was known for his great charity and devotion. After having spent many years in acts of benevolence and piety, he was, in a dream, called to give a trying proof of his fidelity. He was required by the Virgin Mary to relinquish all his worldly substance; to go to Deepdale, and lead a solitary life, in the service of her Son and herself. He accordingly left all his possessions and departed, entirely ignorant of the place to which he should go. However, directing his course towards the east, and passing through the village of Stanley, he heard a woman say to a girl, "Take with thee our calves, and drive them to Deepdale, and return immediately." Regarding this as a special interposition of Providence, the baker was overwhelmed with astonishment, and said, "Tell me, good woman, where is Deepdale?" when she replied, "Go with the girl, and she, if you please, will show you the place." Upon his arrival he found it very marshy ground, and distant from any human habitation. Proceeding hence to the east, he came to a rising ground, and under the side of the hill cut in the rock a small dwelling; he built an altar towards the south, and there spent day and night in the Divine service, with hunger and cold, and thirst and want.

It happened one day that a person of great consequence, by name Ralph the son of Geremund, came hunting in his woods at Ockbrook,

and when he approached the place where the hermit lived, and saw the smoke rising from his cave, he was filled with astonishment that any one should have the rashness and effrontery to build for himself a dwelling in his woods without his permission. Going then to the place, he found a man clothed with old rags and skins, and inquiring into the cause and circumstances of his case, his anger gave way to pity; and to express his compassion, he granted the ground where his hermitage was situated, and the tithe of his mill at Burgh for his support. It is related that the old enemy of the human race then endeavoured to render him dissatisfied with his condition, but that he resolutely endured all its calamities. One of the greatest evils which he suffered was a want of water; however, from this he was relieved by discovering a spring in the valley; near this he built a cottage and an oratory in honour of the Blessed Virgin, and ended his days in the service of God.

Serle de Grendon, lord of Badeley, a knight of eminent valour, great wealth, and distinguished birth, who married, first, Margery, daughter of the above Ralph, and afterwards Maud, lady of Celson, gave to his godmother, during her life, the place of Depedale, with its appurtenances, and other lands in the neighbourhood. She had a son whom she educated for holy orders, that he might perform divine service in her chapel of Depedale, and herself resided at a short distance south of this situation. Shortly afterwards, with the consent and approbation of this venerable matron, Serle de Grendon invited canons from Kalke, and gave them the place of Depedale. The canons built here, with great labour and expense, a church and other offices: their Prior journeyed to the Court of Rome, and obtained several important privileges for them; and the place was much frequented by persons of all ranks, some of whom were large benefactors to the religious establishment.

" The devil, one night, as he chanced to sail
 In a wintry wind, by the Abbey of Dale,
 Suddenly stopp'd, and look'd with surprise,
 That a structure so fair in that valley should rise:
 When last he was there, it was lonely and still;
 And the hermitage scoop'd in the side of the hill,
 With its wretched old inmate his beads a telling,
 Were all he found of life, dweller, or dwelling.
 The hermit was seen in the rock no more;
 The nettle and dock had sprung up at the door;
 And each window the fern and the hart's tongue hung o'er.
 Within 'twas dampness and nakedness all:
 The Virgin, as fair and holy a block
 As ever yet stood in the niche of a rock,
 Had fallen to the earth, and was broke in the fall.
 The holy cell's ceiling, in idle hour,
 When haymakers sought it to 'scape from the shower,

Was scored by their forks in a thousand scars,
 Wheels and crackers, ovals and stars.
 But by the brook in the valley below,
 Saint Mary of Dale ! what a lordly show !
 The Abbey's proud arches and windows bright,
 Glitter'd and gleam'd in the full moonlight.

Howitt's *Forest Minstrel*.

However, in process of time, when the canons already mentioned had long been separated from the social conversation of men, they became corrupted by prosperity, and

“ Forsook missal and mass,
 To chant o'er a bottle, or shrive a lass ;
 No matin's bell call'd them up in the morn,
 But the yell of the hounds and sound of the horn :
 No penance the monk in his cell could stay,
 But a broken leg or a rainy day :
 The pilgrim that came to the Abbey door,
 With the feet of the fallow deer found it nail'd o'er ;
 The pilgrim that into the kitchen was led,
 On Sir Gilbert's venison there was fed,
 And saw skins and antlers hang over his head.”

Howitt's *Forest Minstrel*.

The King hearing of their insolent conduct, commanded them to resign everything into the hands of their patron, and to return to the place from whence they came. Depedale was not long after left desolate, for there soon came hither from Tapholme, six white canons of the Premonstratensian order.

The Abbey was surrendered in 1539, by John Staunton and sixteen monks ; and eleven years after, the Abbey clock was sold for 6*s.* ; the iron, glass, paving-stones, and grave-stones, for 18*l.* ; and there were six bells, 47 cwt. The Abbot's bed, richly adorned, was long preserved. A place was shown to visitors where the partition wall betwixt the chapel and inn gave way to the thirsty zeal of the pious monks : for tradition honours them with the conceit of having their favourite liquor handed to them through it while at mass.

Chatsworth, Hardwicke, and Haddon.

These three historic houses possess an undying interest even in comparison with the attractions of the sublime scenery, amidst which they are placed.

Chatsworth, the most magnificent private mansion in England—one of the few seats in the country that deserves the name of a palace—is popularly called one of the Wonders of the Peak ; and in art occupies

a similar position to that claimed by the other curiosities of the district in the kingdoms of nature. How thoughtfully and nobly has the poet meditated upon these characteristics—

“ Chatsworth! thy stately mansion, and the pride
Of thy domain, strange contrast do present
To house and home in many a craggy rent
Of the wild Peak: where new-born waters glide
Through fields where thrifty occupants abide
As in a dear and chosen banishment,
With every semblance of entire content:
So kind is simple Nature fairly tried!
Yet He, whose heart in childhood gave her troth
To pastoral dales, thin set with modest farms,
May learn, if judgment strengthen with his growth,
That not for Fancy only pomp hath charms;
And strenuous to protect from lawless harms
The extremes of favoured life, may honour both.”

The manor of Chatsworth, at the Norman Survey, belonged to the Crown, and was in the custody of William of Peverell, who, upon the grant of property received from the Conqueror, built for himself the fortress to this day called “ the Castle of the Peak.” Chatsworth was, for many generations, the property of a family named Leche, or Leech, —one of whom, named John, was surgeon (or *leech*) to Edward III. By this family, the estate was sold in the sixteenth century to the family of Ayard, of whom it was purchased by Sir William Cavendish; since which it has been the principal country-seat of the noble family of Cavendish.

The original Chatsworth House, built by Sir William Cavendish about the middle of the sixteenth century, was a quadrangular building with turrets. Its earliest celebrity has a melancholy interest—it being one of the prisons of the ill-fated Mary Queen of Scots, who resided here for some months in 1570, and was here in 1573, 1577, 1578, and 1581. It shared the fate of many other mansions in the Civil Wars of the Parliament and Charles I., and was by turns occupied as a fortress by both parties. In 1643 it was garrisoned by forces under Sir John Gell, on the part of the Parliament; and in December of the same year, the Earl of Newcastle, having taken Wingfield Manor, made himself master of Chatsworth House, and placed a garrison in it for the King, under the command of Colonel Eyre. In September, 1645, it was held for the Royal party by Colonel Shalcross, with a fresh garrison from Welbeck, and a skirmishing force of three hundred horse. It was then besieged by Major Mollanus with four hundred foot; but the siege was raised by the command of Colonel Gell, who ordered the Major and his party to return to Derby.

Charles Cotton, the Poet of the Peak, who resided in the neighbourhood, has written a quaint description of Chatsworth in the time of the Stuarts: he concludes thus, after describing the park and exterior of the mansion—

“ Cross the court, thro’ a fine portico,
 Into the body of the house you go:
 But here I may not dare to go about,
 To give account of everything throughout.
 The lofty hall, staircases, galleries,
 Lodgings, apartments, closets, offices,
 And rooms of state; for should I undertake,
 To show what ’tis doth them so glorious make,
 The pictures, sculptures, carving, graving, gilding,
 ’Twould be as long in writing, as in building.”

The fourth Earl (afterwards the first Duke of Devonshire), on his retirement from the Court of James II., planned and rebuilt the mansion, upon the same site, as it in part remains. It was designed by Talman, an architect of some celebrity, and completed soon after 1706. Among the artists employed, besides Talman, were Sir Christopher Wren; Verrio, Laguerre, Ricard, and Sir James Thornhill, painters; Cibber, carver in stone; carving in wood, the Watsons, natives of Derbyshire, though they are thought to have been employed under Gibbons, who furnished the designs.

The situation is extremely beautiful. The mansion is in the Ionic style of architecture, and consists of an immense quadrangle, with two principal fronts. It stands on the east bank of the Derwent, near the bottom of a high hill, which is richly covered with wood. The main approach to the mansion is by an elegant bridge, built by Paine, and said to be from a design by Michael Angelo. The niches between the arches have four marble figures by Cibber. Northward of this bridge is “the Bower of Mary Queen of Scots.” While in the custody of the Earl of Shrewsbury, she was sometimes at Sheffield, then transferred to Tutbury, then suddenly removed to Wingfield, and immediately after to Chatsworth. After long imprisonment and harsh treatment had ruined her health, and rendered her who once danced so gaily and so gracefully a cripple, Elizabeth was moved at length, by repeated applications, to permit her to visit the baths at Buxton. On the 26th of July, 1580, the Earl escorted his Royal charge from Chatsworth to the famous well whose waters were “able to cure all” *maladies*—“but despair;” and to that state of feeling was Mary then almost reduced.

In the magnificent park of Chatsworth, unrivalled in its varied beauty, not far from the splendid buildings which form the present house, is a small clear lake in a secluded spot, half-concealed by thick foliage. In

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the centre of this piece of water is a tower, and on the platform at the top is a grassy garden, where wave several fine trees, in particular a very large and spreading yew, perhaps planted by the Royal captive's own hand; for this is the spot where she was permitted to take the air—guards on the steps which led to the retreat; guards beside the lake; guards on the path which led back to her prison; and sentinels on each side of the grated door which had admitted her, and was carefully closed upon her and her attendants.

There is a pretty fanciful balustrade all round the platform, and the view across part of the park, where deer are feeding, cattle grazing, and the river flowing merrily along, all cheerful and pleasing—but what must it have been then to Mary Stuart? Wherever she cast her mournful eyes she beheld only evidences of the impossibility of her escape; the mountains of the Peak hemmed her in, the barren moors spread desolate around her, and soldiers were pacing up and down beneath the tower from whence she gazed despondingly. Tedious, indeed, were the hours of Mary's captivity here: "All day she wrought with her *nydill*, and the diversity of the colours made the work seem less tedious, and *contynued* so long at it till very *pyne* made her give it over." Mary's captivity in the old house of Chatsworth extended to thirteen years; from here she wrote her second letter to Pope Pius, dated October 15, 1570.

We have space but to mention a few of the splendours of this palatial mansion. The Grand Entrance Hall is painted with the Life and Death of Julius Cæsar. The Staircase has a double flight of steps, of rock amethyst and variegated alabaster, guarded by a richly gilt balustrade. The Chapel is wainscoted with cedar, and embellished by Verrio and Laguerre. The altar, of the fluors and marbles of Derbyshire, is sculptured by Cibber. The Drawing-room is embellished by Thornhill. The State Apartments are lined with choice woods, costly cabinets, carvings, and old paintings, and hung with Gobelin tapestries of the Cartoons of Raphael. Over the door of the Antechamber is a carved pen, as Walpole said, "not distinguishable from real feather." The Second Drawing-room is hung with Gobelin tapestry. The Scarlet Room contains the bed in which George II. expired; and the chairs and footstools used at the coronation of George III. The Great Northern Staircase is of oak, richly gilt. The modern common apartments are generally called those of Mary Queen of Scots, which is an error; but they occupy the site of those inhabited by the Queen, and her bed-hangings and tapestry are in the apartment now called her bed-room. In the Library are the manuscripts and apparatus of the celebrated

chemist, Henry Cavendish. The Sculpture Gallery is lined with Devonshire marble; here are statues and busts; and two Lions, each weighing four tons, carved out of a solid block of marble, nine feet long by four feet high. The Orangery has marble bas-reliefs by Thorwaldsen, and thirty orange-trees from Malmaison. In the Garden is a vast tropical conservatory, occupying above an acre and a quarter of ground, with a carriage-drive through it; and filled with stupendous palms, talipots, bananas, and flocks of tropical birds of brilliant plumage. And here, built for the Victoria Regia lily, is the hothouse designed and erected by Sir Joseph Paxton; whence sprung the gigantic Palace of Glass for the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park, in the year 1851. The pleasure-grounds are upwards of eighty acres in extent, including lawns, shrubberies, and gardens. The great cascade and natural water-fall is 40 feet over precipitous rock, and the principal fountain throws up water nearly to the height of 100 feet. The walks through the grounds are some miles in extent.

The enlargement of the mansion, and other improvements at Chatsworth, were completed about a quarter of a century since, previous to the State visit of Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort, whose reception by the Duke of Devonshire was one of the most magnificent given in modern times.

In the rear of the mansion, nearly at the summit of a steep, rocky, and thickly wooded hill, stands the Hunting Tower, probably as old as the first house, and giving the ladies of those days an opportunity of enjoying the sport of the chase. It is a square building, having at each angle a round turret, which rises above the tower itself, and is surmounted by a small dome. The windows are mostly blocked up with masonry. Its use, at present, is to bear the flag of the Duke of Devonshire as Lord Lieutenant of the county.

There are yet to be told some pleasant memories of Chatsworth. Here Thomas Hobbes, the philosopher, passed a great portion of his life: he died here, whilst residing in the family of his pupil, the Earl of Devonshire. His daily mode of life at Chatsworth is thus described in Dr. Kennet's *Memoirs of the Cavendish Family*: "His professed rule of health was to dedicate the morning to his exercise, and the afternoon to his studies. At his rising, therefore, he walked out, and climbed any hill within his reach; or, if the weather was not dry, he fatigued himself within doors by some exercise or other, to be in a sweat. After this he took a comfortable breakfast; and then went round the lodgings to wait upon the Earl, the Countess, and the children, and any considerable strangers, paying

some short addresses to all of them. He kept these rounds till about twelve o'clock, when he had a little dinner provided for him, which he ate always by himself, without ceremony. Soon after dinner he retired to his study, and had his candle, with ten or twelve pipes of tobacco laid by him; then, shutting his door, he fell to smoking, thinking, and writing for several hours."

Marshal Tallard, who was taken prisoner at Blenheim in 1704, and remained seven years in England, having been nobly entertained by the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth, on taking his leave, said—"My Lord Duke, when I come hereafter to compute the time of my captivity in England, I shall leave out the days of my visit at Chatsworth."

HARDWICKE HALL, another seat of the Duke of Devonshire, is situated between Chesterfield and Mansfield, the approach to the mansion being by a noble avenue, and the park has some very fine oaks. The present Hall was erected for the Countess of Shrewsbury about 1590. She was the celebrated Elizabeth Hardwicke, and married no less than four times. Her first husband was Mr. Bailey, through whom she acquired property; her second, a Cavendish; she then married Sir William St. Lowe, and afterwards, the Earl of Shrewsbury, the keeper for so many years of Mary Queen of Scots. The most interesting pile is Old Hardwicke Hall, or "Mr. Hardwicke's House," which almost touches the more modern Hall. Everything in it and about it bears the impress of the proud, determined woman, who considered her father's house not a sufficient mansion for a Countess of Shrewsbury to receive royalty in, and consequently had erected the present edifice almost at its gates. Wherever you turn you are reminded of her: her initials stand in bold relief, outside the edifice, on the parapet, at every corner, and from canvas in the different rooms. This indefatigable lady built also Chatsworth, and another place in the county of Derby. The legend runs—it was foretold to her, that as long as she kept building, so long would her life be—a ruse, probably, of the architect of the day to lead her on. In accordance with this, she kept building house after house, and at last died during a hard frost, when the masons could not work.

On entering Hardwicke, the first striking object is a statue of Mary Queen of Scots, at the upper end of the Hall, bearing the following simple but touching inscription:

"*Maria, Scotorum Regina, nat. 1542;
A suis in exilium acta, 1568;
Ab hospitâ neci data, 1587.*"

Tradition asserts that this was one of the seats in Derbyshire which she visited, and her bed and room are shown, with her arms as Queen of Scotland and Dowager of France over the door, and her initials worked in the tapestry. The grand room in the building is the immense picture gallery, which extends the whole length of the house. Here are portraits of the Cavendishes; of the Kings and Queens of England, from Henry IV. downwards; the Court of Charles II., and all the Beauties immortalized by Sir Peter Lely; portrait of Thomas Hobbes, dated 1676; Queen Elizabeth, in the elaborate court-dress of the time, with the high standing ruff, the waist exactly in the middle of the body, the wide hoop, and embroidered petticoats; and here is an excellent equestrian portrait of the first Duke of Devonshire. The Presence Chamber is, in the lower part, hung with tapestry, and the upper part with parquetry—that is, figures in relief on plaster, coloured. At the upper end are the canopy of State, and some very curiously worked velvet chairs. The most interesting article of furniture in the apartment is an old music-table, round which many a madrigal and glee must have been sung. It is covered with mosaic work, representations of music books and musical instruments; and the artist has chronicled the notes on the open leaves of the wooden books. The tapestry in all the rooms is very fine; some of the oldest pieces were the covers of the seats and pulpit of a small chapel.

The approach to Hardwicke by the avenue is universally lauded by tourists. The park, with its hundreds of deer and its wide-spreading oaks, the silver stream with its wooded margin, and the fair greensward with the Hall itself in the distance, complete a landscape such as can rarely be enjoyed except in England.

The first appearance of Hardwicke is very imposing, more especially of the Old Hall, as approached from the west. It is seen in contrast with the New Hall, on the very crest of one of the highest and boldest ridges of the new red sandstone, looking over a beautiful valley, and commanding an extent of country rarely equalled. From the State room of the new Hall, and from the dilapidated one of the old, can be distinctly traced some of the loftiest eminences of the High and Low Peak, Barrel Edge, and the Black Rocks, near Matlock, Middleton and Tansley Moors, Stubbing Edge, and the great English Apennines, stretching far north, appear in view, with a rich and beautiful country intervening. The mansion is a lofty, oblong structure of stone, of Elizabeth's time, and has a tall square tower at each of its corners. From the avenue, the front of the mansion appears dull and cheerless;

but when the Elizabethan gateway opening upon the flower-garden has been passed, this portion of the Hall is seen to perfection.



mc of Dorothy Vernon

Haddon Hall.

This famous mansion, the most interesting and attractive of all the ancient manorial residences of the country, beautiful in itself and in its picturesque environment, is situated fourteen miles from Buxton, in one of the finest districts of Derbyshire. To the artist no baronial pile has been so fertile, it is the Mecca of the pilgrims of the pencil; and the poet, the novelist, the traveller, the antiquary, the naturalist, and the sportsman have here and in the vicinity the richest and most abundant subjects to interest and illustrate.

The most recent writer upon the beauties and the history and traditions of Haddon is Mr. S. C. Hall, and from his series of articles in the *Art Journal*, based upon repeated visits to the mansion and a thorough examination of its details, the following account is abridged.

The Hall stands on a natural elevation—a platform of limestone—above the eastern bank of the Wye; the river is crossed by a pretty yet venerable bridge, passing which we are at the foot of the rock, immediately fronting the charming cottage which is the lodge of the custodian who keeps the keys. Passing the old stables near the cottage, and “the steps” placed there long ago to assist ladies in mounting their steeds when it was customary for them to travel seated on a pillion behind the rider, the visitor approaches, stands before the old gateway, with its massive nail-studded door, and will note the extreme beauty and elegance of the Gothic architecture of this part of the building and the heraldic bearings with which it is decorated. Beneath the entrance archway on the right is the guard-room of the “porter,” in which is to be remarked, among other relics, the peephole, through which he was wont to scan visitors before admitting them.

Mounting the inner steps the visitor finds himself in the first or lower courtyard, and will then perceive that Haddon consists of two courtyards or quadrangles, an “upper” and a “lower,” each surrounded with buildings. Opposite the gateway are the



HADDON HALL FROM THE TERRACE

stone steps that lead to the state apartments; to the right is the chapel, and to the left the hall proper, with its minstrels' gallery. Of the apartments surrounding the lower court those on the west side were occupied by the officials of the household, those on the entire south side were the state rooms. The apartments on the east side of the upper court were those appropriated to the family—the bedrooms extending to the intersection of the lower court; the rooms over the front archway formed the nursery, and the library is believed to have occupied the rooms between these and the entrance tower. There are second-floor rooms in almost all parts of the building, which, however, is not a lofty one; and there is only one third-floor room, the highest apartment in the Hall, in the Eagle Tower. The ball-room covers six ground-floor cellar rooms. The drawing-room is over the dining-room, with a fine view across the lower garden to the open and finely-diversified country.

Some portions of Haddon Hall are of undoubted Norman origin, and it is not unlikely that even these were grafted on a Saxon erection; the hall-porch, the magnificent kitchen and adjoining offices, the great or banqueting-hall, part of the north-east tower &c., belong to the next later period, from 1300 to about 1380. In the third period, from about 1380 to 1470, were added the east and part of the west end of the chapel and the remaining buildings on the east side of the upper courtyard. The fourth period, from 1470 to 1530, comprises the fittings and interior finishings of the dining-room, the western range of buildings in the lower court, and the west end of the north range. The fifth period, from about 1530 to 1624, comprise the later alterations, the pulpit, desk, and pews of the chapel, and the barn and bowling-green.

The first room usually shown to visitors is the so-called CHAPLAIN'S ROOM, in which are preserved, among other relics valuable for their richness of design and for their antiquity, a pair of remarkably fine fire-dogs, a warder's horn, gigantic jack-boots, a black leathern doublet, a number of matchlocks, and some pewter dishes. The CHAPEL consists at present of a nave and side aisle and a chancel, and is entered from the courtyard by an arched doorway, opening into a small ante-chapel. The arches and pillars of the nave are Norman. At the west end of the nave is a remarkably fine and large vestment chest of very thick timber, having two shields of arms carved on its front. Against one of the pillars, is a circular Norman font of massive construction, on which is a

curiously-constructed cover. On each side of the chancel is a large high pew, with open railings in their upper portions, which have been used by the noble families of the Hall. The carved panels and the traces of gilding they contain show, along with the remains of paintings on the walls, how magnificent in its palmy days this place of worship must have been. The windows were formerly filled with stained glass, which was stolen and carried away some years ago. In the east window there still remain a number of fine figures.

Passing through the first courtyard, where will be noticed the beautiful and intricate designs on the lead-work of the heads of the spouts—many of which are filled with delicate Gothic tracery—and the gargoyles or water-spouts, a number of which are grotesquely carved in figures of curious character, and some of them of uncouth shape, we reach the BANQUETING HALL, or GREAT HALL, as it is sometimes called. It is thirty-five feet in length and twenty-five in width, and is of the full height of the building, with an open timber roof. It is entered by two open doorways in the massive and time-worn oak screen that separates it from the passage. In the first of these openings is a little iron bracket with a ring attached. This, according to tradition, was an instrument of torture made use of in enforcing the observance of the laws of conviviality. In the old times, when a guest failed to drink his quantum of liquor he was suspended by the wrist to this ring, and the liquor he did not choose to pour down his throat was poured down his sleeve. This punishment was also the penalty of any other breach of the law or decorum of the festal board. The screen, which is very high, also forms the front of the minstrels' gallery over the passage. Here on great occasions were ranged the recorders discoursing sweet music to those that made merry in the hall. At the opposite end from this screen is the raised dais for the lord and his family and honoured guests, where still stands the grand old table on which so many of the good things of this life were spread in the olden time. Behind the table a flight of steps leads up to the state apartments, while a separate door leads to the private dining-room and the grounds. On the walls of this fine hall are magnificent stags' heads and antlers, which bear evidence not only of extremely fine growth, but of great age. Here also are mural oil paintings of Martin Middleton and of an old and favourite huntsman and gamekeeper, respected retainers of the family.

From the banqueting hall we pass to the DINING-ROOM, one of the most beautiful and most interesting rooms in the building. The end opposite to the entrance doorway is entirely taken up by a Gothic window of eight lights, filled with glass disposed in an elaborate geometric pattern. In some of the lights are shields of arms in stained glass, one of which displays the arms of Vernon with its quarterings. This room is wainscoted, the upper row of panels throughout the room being filled in with exquisitely carved Gothic tracery and with heraldic bearings, &c. Over the centre of the fireplace are the royal arms of England, with the supporters a greyhound and a griffin, and on one side a shield bearing the three feathers of the Prince of Wales, and on the other the arms of Vernon with its quarterings and supported by a lion and a boar. Below these is the motto, "DREDE GOD AND HONOUR THE KYNG," carved in Gothic capitals. At the end of the room next the fireplace is a small but exquisitely beautiful recessed or oriel window, with seats on all sides, and forming one of the most delicious little retirements imaginable, overlooking as it does the lawns and terraces and the romantic grounds and woods of Haddon. This recess bears on one of its panels a grotesque head of a court fool or jester, traditionally said to have been intended as a portrait of Will Somers, jester to the "merry monarch" Henry VIII.

The DRAWING-ROOM, situated over the dining-room, is hung with grand old tapestry, above which is a frieze of ornamented mouldings in pargetting work. This frieze is of five heights, each being decorated with a separate moulding of raised festoons, fruit, flowers, &c. To the left is a delightful recessed window, from which the most beautiful views of the terrace, the foot-bridge, the river, and the grounds is obtained. In the fireplace is one of the most curious of existing grates, the alternate upright bars of which terminate in *fleurs-de-lis*, and a pair of exquisitely beautiful fire-dogs, the two bosses on each being of open metal-work of the most chaste and elaborate design and workmanship. In these beautiful remains Haddon is especially rich; the pair in this room and the two remarkably fine enamelled bosses in the so-called "chaplain's room" are the most interesting and elegant.

The semicircular wooden steps of the LONG GALLERY or BALL-ROOM, one of the glories of Haddon Hall, are said to have been cut from a single tree that grew in the park of Haddon. The apartment is 109 feet in length and 18 feet wide. This room is wainscoted throughout its entire dimensions with oak panelling of remarkably

good architectural character. The general design is a series of semicircular arches, alternately large and small, divided by pilasters with foliated capitals and surmounted by a frieze and a turreted and battlemented cornice. The ceiling of this magnificent room is carved, and covered with elaborate and exquisitely finished geometric tracery, consisting of squares, lozenges, quatrefoils, &c., beautifully foliated at their points and containing shields of arms and crests, the arms being those of Manners impaling Vernon, and the crests those of Manners and Vernon alternately. The ceiling was originally painted and gilt in a very rich manner, remains of the colouring and gilding being still distinguishable here and there through the whitewash.

The ANTE-ROOM is a small apartment hung with paintings, and having around the upper part of its walls a cornice embellished with the crests of the Vernon and Manners families. The interest, however, attached to this apartment rests in the strongly barred doors which open from it on to a flight of stone steps leading down to the terrace and winter garden. This doorway, known far and wide as "Dorothy Vernon's Door," is the place through which the lovely Dorothy Vernon, one of the co-heiresses of that grand old family, passed on the night of her elopement. At the top of the opposite flight of steps, known as "Dorothy Vernon's Steps," she was received into the arms of her ardent and true lover, John Manners, who had horses in waiting. It was through this doorway, then, that not only the lovely Dorothy passed, but with her the fine old mansion itself and all its broad lands, into the hands of the noble family now owning it.

The STATE BEDROOM, known two hundred years ago as the Blue Drawing-Room, is hung with Gobelin tapestry, the subjects being illustrations of *Æsop's* fables. The state bed is fourteen feet six inches high, and is furnished in green silk velvet and white satin, exquisitely embroidered and enriched with needlework. It is one of the finest remaining beds in existence. The last person who slept in it is said to have been George IV. when Prince Regent.

In the ANCIENT STATE ROOM, or Page's Room, is to be seen a remarkable wooden frame—the only one probably in existence—for the stringing of bows and cross-bows.

The Kitchen and range of domestic offices of Haddon are very large and extensive, and show, more strikingly than any description, the marvellous amount of cooking that must have been carried on, and the more than princely hospitality observed by its owners in

the old days. The kitchen is of immense size, its ceiling supported by massive beams and a central support of solid oak. It contains two enormous fireplaces, stoves for various purposes, and spits, pothooks, and tenterhooks by the score, as well as enormous chopping-blocks, dressers of all sorts, tables of solid oak six or seven inches in thickness, and every possible appliance for keeping open house in the most lavish style. Adjoining the kitchen are a number of rooms—bakehouse, larders, pantries, salting-rooms, &c., all fitted in the most marvellously massive manner. In one of these is an enormous salting-trough, hollowed out of one immense block of wood, without jointing or fastening, which is one of the most wonderful relics of the place.

The Upper Garden is a lawn, 120 feet square, from which rises a wide flight of stone steps with stone balustrades, leading to the Terrace and Winter Garden.

The Terrace, one of the glories of Haddon, extends the full width of the Upper Garden, and from it the finest view of the south front of Haddon is obtained. The Winter Garden of the Terrace is planted with yew-trees many centuries old, whose gnarled and knotted roots may be seen curiously intertwining and displacing the stone edges of the parterres.

Haddon has been a prolific theme for writers and an endless source of inspiration for poets and artists, and long will it continue to be so, for no "olden" place can be more picturesque or more romantic. It is said that Mrs. Radcliffe was so struck with it that she laid the scenes of her "*Mysteries of Udolpho*" here; and Allan Cunningham, the Countess de Carabrella, and numberless other writers, have made it a theme for some of their pleasantest productions. William Bennett took it and its hospitable owner, Sir George Vernon, as the subject of one of his most successful novels, "*The King of the Peak*;" while D. Cox, Nash, Cattermole, Harding, Rayner, Morrison, and a host of other artists, have added to their reputation by painting its more attractive features.

The history of Haddon has been one of peace and hospitality, and its annals for the most part are but the chronicles of domestic enjoyment and affection. To whom this manor belonged in the Saxon period does not appear, but in 1086 we find it in the possession of that great knight Henry de Ferrars, who, by grant of the Conqueror, held 114 manors in Derbyshire alone. It was afterward, but still at a very early period, occupied by William de Avenell by tenure of knight's service. One of the daughters and co-heiresses of William

de Avenell marrying Richard de Vernon, carried the estate of Haddon with her into that ancient and famous family.

The Vernons derive their name from their original possessions in Normandy. Their castle, with a list of the hereditary lords in that country, are mentioned in the early Norman chronicles. Richard de Redvers, or Vernon, came over at the Conquest. A descendant of this baron, another Richard de Vernon, was the favoured suitor of Avice, the daughter of William de Avenell, and became, through his marriage with her, the first of the Vernons Lords of Haddon.

Sir Henry Vernon of Haddon, appointed governor of Prince Arthur by Henry VII., with whom he was a great favourite, married Anne, daughter of John, second Earl of Shrewsbury. His son, Sir Henry, appointed by Henry VIII. High Steward of the King's Forest in the Peak, was succeeded by his son, Sir George Vernon, who lived at Haddon in a style of such princely magnificence and hospitality that he came to be generally known as the "King of the Peak." Around his youngest daughter and co-heiress, Dorothy Vernon, a halo of romantic interest gathers. Tradition delights to dwell upon her as the most beautiful of all beautiful women, and certain it is that the influence she shed over Haddon was all-pervading. We may still wander in "Dorothy's Garden;" we may still pass through the fine avenue called "Dorothy's Walk;" while "Dorothy Vernon's Door," with its fine, bold, stone balustrades and its overhanging bosage of ivy and sycamore, has heard the whispers of endless pairs of lovers and has been transferred to thousands of canvases. It was from this beautiful outlet that the heiress of Haddon stole out one night in the moonlight, like Jessica, to join her lover. Her story, according to tradition, is, that while her elder sister, the affianced bride of Sir Thomas Stanley, second son of the Earl of Derby, was fortunate in her recognised and open attachment, and was petted and made much of as a bride about to be and therefore a person of consideration and distinction, she, the younger sister, was kept in the background and her eager susceptibilities repressed because she had formed an attachment to John Manners, son of the Earl of Rutland—a connexion opposed by her father, sister, and stepmother. Something of the spirit of the wild-bird was noticed in Dorothy, and she was closely watched, kept almost a prisoner, and could only beat her wings against the bars that confined her, when, in her own opinion at least, she should have been made free of the woodland—a "traveller of the sky" at her own will. But love laughs at locksmiths. Her lover disguised

himself as a woodman or forester, and lurked in the woods around Haddon for several weeks, obtaining now and then a stolen glance, a hurried word, a pressure of the hand from the beautiful Dorothy.

At length, on a festal night, when a throng of guests—called together to rejoice over the approaching marriage of the eldest daughter of the house—filled the ball-room, when the stringed instruments played old dances in the minstrels' gallery and the horns blew low, when "soft eyes looked love to eyes that spake again," and every one was too busy with his own interests and pleasures to attend to those of another, the young maid of Haddon stole away unobserved from the ball-room, passed out of the "door" which is now one of the most interesting parts of this interesting place, and crossed the terrace to where at the "ladies' steps" she could dimly descry figures hiding in the shadow of the trees. Another moment and she was in her lover's arms. Horses were waiting, and Dorothy Vernon—did Scott think of her when he was filling in the outlines of his fine sketch of "Di?"—rode away with her lover through the moonlight all night, and was married to him next morning in Leicestershire. Through this marriage the estate of Haddon passed from the family of Vernon to that of Manners, and a branch of the house of Rutland was transferred to the county of Derby.

The tradition of the love and elopement of Dorothy Vernon has employed the pen of the novelist and the poet. It has been thrown into the form of a story—"The Love-steps of Dorothy Vernon,"—by a popular writer ("Silverpen," in the "Reliquary"), and another modern writer thus embodies it in verse :—

- " The green old turrets, all ivy thatch,
 Above the cedars that girdle them, rise,
 The pleasant glow of the sunshine catch,
 And outline sharp on the bluest of skies.
- " All is silent within and around ;
 The ghostly house and the ghostly trees
 Sleep in the heat, with never a sound
 Of human voices or freshening breeze.
- * * * * *
- " It is a night with never a star,
 And the Hall with revelry throbs and gleams ;
 There grates a hinge—the door is ajar—
 And a shaft of light in the darkness streams.
- " A faint sweet face, a glimmering gem,
 And then two figures steal into light ;
 A flash, and darkness has swallowed them—
 So sudden is Dorothy Vernon's flight."

John Manners was knighted in 1603 and died in 1611; his wife Dorothy, by whom he had four children, died in 1584. Of the children the eldest, Sir George Manners, was attached to the Parliamentary interest during the Civil Wars, and was one of the twenty-two peers who remained at Westminster when the King summoned both Houses to attend him at Oxford. He lived chiefly at Haddon Hall, and added to the already high renown of the mansion for the number of its servants and retainers, the magnificence of all its appointments, and its ample and generous hospitality.

Sir George Manners died at Haddon in 1679. He was succeeded by his third and only surviving son, John Manners, ninth Earl of Rutland. His style of living is said to have been more lordly than that of any of his predecessors. He certainly "kept up the good old mansion at a bountiful old rate." At Haddon Hall alone he kept seven score of servants, and so great was the number of his retainers and guests that every day the fine old banqueting hall was spread as for a Christmas feast. His son John, second Duke of Rutland, who came to be familiarly known as the "old man of the hill," died in 1779, and was the last of the family to whom this house belongs who made Haddon Hall a residence.

The present peer, Charles Cecil Manners, sixth Duke of Rutland and Baron Manners of Haddon, was born in 1815. As he is not married, the heir to the title and estates is Lord John Robert Manners, M.P. for North Leicestershire, and well known for the official posts he has held in the government of the country. His lordship is also the author of several works in prose and verse.



Bolsover Castle.

Bolsover, a populous village on the eastern verge of Derbyshire, has been for ages celebrated for its Castle, which occupies the plain of a rocky hill, and is a landmark for the surrounding country. At the time of the Domesday, the manor of Bolsover belonged to William Peverell, who is supposed to have built the first Castle. Not long after the forfeiture of his property by William Peverell, the younger, for poisoning Ranulph, Earl of Chester, in 1153, we find Bolsover given with the manor by Richard I. in 1189, to his brother John, on his marriage. During the Magna Charta struggle, in

the 18th year of his reign, John issued a mandate to Bryan de L'isle, then Governor of Bolsover, to fortify the Castle, and hold it against the rebellious Barons; or, if he could not make it tenable, to demolish it. This, no doubt, was the period when the fortifications, which are yet visible about Bolsover, were established. The Castle was in the possession of the Barons in 1215, but was taken from them by assault for the King (John) by William de Ferrers, Earl of Derby. In the long and tumultuous reign of Henry III. this Castle still maintained its consequence, though it had eleven different governors in twice that term. The Earl of Richmond (father of Henry VII.) died possessed of it in 1456, together with the Castle of Hareston, both of which were granted, in 1514, to Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, on the attainder of whose son it again reverted to the Crown. Shortly afterwards it was granted to Sir John Byran for fifty years. Edward VI. granted it to Talbot Earl of Shrewsbury, in whose family the manor of Bolsover remained until the time of James I., when Earl Gilbert sold it to Sir Charles Cavendish. His eldest son William, was the first Duke of Newcastle, who was appointed General of all his Majesty's forces raised north of Trent: he possessed little of the skill of a General, though he was a soldier of splendid fortune. He was sincerely attached to his royal master, Charles I., whom he entertained at Bolsover Castle, on three different occasions, in a style of princely magnificence. On the King's second visit here, when he was accompanied by his Queen, upwards of 15,000*l.* were expended. The eccentric Duchess of Newcastle tells us that Ben Jonson was employed in fitting up such scenes and speeches as he could devise; and sent for all the country to come and wait upon their Majesties.

Leland mentions the first Castle as in ruins in his time, and no vestige of it now remains. That which is now called the Castle is a domestic residence, with somewhat of a castellated appearance. It was begun about the year 1613, immediately after the purchase was made by Sir Charles Cavendish, who then removed what remained of the old Castle. It is a square, lofty, and embattled structure of brown stone, with a tower at each angle, the northern being much higher than the others. The interior has small rooms, wainscoted, and fancifully inlaid and painted; and the ceilings of the best apartments are carved and gilt. There is a small hall, the roof of which is supported by pillars; and there is a large room, called "the star-chamber." The drawing-room was formerly "the pillar parlour," from its having in the centre a stone column, from which springs an arched ceiling, while round the lower part of the shaft is placed the dining table of the right chivalric form

Hitherto we have spoken but of that part of Bolsover Castle which was formerly denominated the Little House, to distinguish it from the more magnificent structure adjoining. This was, probably, the residence of Cavendish, a range of apartments now roofless and rent into fissures, and of which only the outside walls are standing. It was formerly thought that these buildings were erected after the Restoration by William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle, son of the Sir Charles, who built what was called the Castle. Diepenbeck's view of Bolsover (1652), however, decides the point of their previous existence; and that they were built before the Civil Wars is more than probable, as otherwise there would have been no room at Bolsover for the splendid entertainment which the Earl of Newcastle (such was then his rank) gave to King Charles, the Queen, the Court, and all the gentry of the county. The Earl had previously entertained the King at Bolsover in 1633, when he went to Scotland to be crowned. The dinner on this occasion cost 4000*l.*; and Lord Clarendon speaks of it as "such an excess of feasting as had scarce ever been known in England before."

In the early part of the Civil War the Castle was garrisoned for the King, but was taken in 1644, by Major-General Crewe, who is said to have found it well manned, and fortified with great guns and strong works. During the sequestration of the Marquis of Newcastle's estates, Bolsover Castle suffered much both in its buildings and furniture, and was to have been demolished for the sake of its materials, had it not been purchased for the Marquis by his brother, Sir Charles Cavendish. The noble owner repaired the buildings after the Restoration, and occasionally made the place his residence. It now belongs to the Duke of Portland, whose family derived it in the female line from the Newcastle Cavendishes. The whole pile is wearing away. Trees grow in some of the deserted apartments, and ivy creeps along the walls; though the remains have little of the picturesqueness of decay.

LANCASHIRE AND CHESHIRE.

Furness Abbey.

Furness is the name given to that irregularly-shaped district of Lancashire which is separated from the rest of the county by an arm of the Irish Sea. The scenery partakes of the romantic character of the adjoining northern counties. It is a wild and rugged region, stored with iron ore and slate, and covered with a growth of underwood, which is cut down in succession, and made into charcoal for the use of the iron furnaces. Near the sea, and in the vicinity of the above ruins, the land is moderately fertile. The estuary which separates this portion from the rest of Lancashire is continually crossed by horses and carriages at low water. In this detached district, about seven centuries since, was built the Abbey of Furness; in subsequent ages it rose high in rank and power, and the ruins of its architectural splendour are to this day entitled to the first place among the relics of antiquity in the county. The Abbey lies near Dalton-in-Furness, on the banks of a rivulet, in a narrow and fertile vale. It was founded A.D. 1127, by Stephen, then Earl of Morton (Mortain) and Bulloin (Boulogne), afterwards King of England, for Cistercian monks, removed here from Tulket, in Amounderness, but originally from Savigny, in Normandy. It was endowed with rich domains, the foundation being afterwards confirmed and secured by the charters of twelve successive monarchs, and the bulls of divers popes. The Abbot of Furness was invested with extraordinary privileges, and exercised jurisdiction over the whole district; even the military were in some degree dependent on him. A singular custom prevailed in this Abbey, distinct from every other of the same order—which was that of registering the names of such of their Abbots only as, after presiding ten years, continued and died Abbots there; this Register was called the Abbot's Mortuary. Such of the Abbots as died before the expiration of the term of ten years, or were after it translated or deposed, were not entered in the book. Thus, in the space of 277 years, the names of only ten abbots were recorded, though, according to some authors, the real number was 32 or more; but though many of them, for the reasons above-named, were omitted in the Register, they received in other respects the honour due to their rank.

The situation of the Abbey being formidable by nature, gave something of a warlike consequence to the monks; they erected a watch-tower on the summit of a commanding hill, which commences its rise near the walls of the monastery, looking over all Low Furness, and the arm of the sea immediately beneath it; thus they were enabled to prevent surprise by alarming the adjacent coast with signals on the approach of an enemy. The Abbey was dedicated to St. Mary, and its monks for some time conformed to the regulations of their order, wearing the habit of grey; but embracing St. Bernard's rigid rules, they changed their habit, and became Cistercians.

The entrance to these romantic ruins is through a light pointed arch; they are of Norman and Early English character. The church is 287 feet in length, and the walls are in some places 54 feet high, and 5 feet thick. The windows and arches are upon a scale of unusual loftiness. The east window was filled with painted glass, which has been removed, and preserved in the east window at Bowness Church, in Westmoreland. The design represents the Crucifixion, with St. George and the Virgin Mary; beneath are figures of a knight and his lady, surrounded by monks; at the top are the arms of England quartered with those of France. In the south wall of the chancel are four canopied stalls, for the use of the clergy during the service of mass. In the middle space were interred the first barons of Kendal. Towards the west end of the church are two prodigious masses of stonework—these were the sides of the vast tower, which, by its fall, choked up the intermediate space with an immense heap of rubbish. Along the nave of the church are the bases of circular columns, which were of ponderous size; in other parts are seen the remains of clustered columns. The church and cloisters were encompassed with a wall; and a space of ground containing 85 acres was surrounded by another wall, which inclosed the abbey mills, together with the kilns and ovens, and stews for receiving fish. The ruins are of a pale red stone, dug in the neighbourhood, changed by time and weather to a dusky brown; they are everywhere covered by climbing or parasitic plants and richly-tinted foliage; while the sounds of a gurgling brook hard by lull the mind into solemn contemplation:

“ Amid yon leafy elm no turtle wails;
 No early minstrels wake the winding vales;
 No choral anthem floats the lawn along,
 For sunk in slumber is the hermit throng.
 There each alike, the long, the lately dead,
 The monk, the swain, the minstrel, make their bed.
 While o'er the graves, and from the rifts on high,
 The chattering daw, the hoarser raven cry.”

The Abbey was surrendered by Roger Pyke, the then Abbot, 28 Henry VIII., who, for his compliance, received the rectory of Dalton; and the monks, to the number of twenty-nine, had among them a grant equal to 300*l.* per annum. The dissolution of the Abbey greatly affected both the civil and domestic state of Low Furness. The large demand for provisions of all kinds, occasioned by abundant hospitality and the frequent concourse of company resorting to the Abbey, dropped at once; the boons and rents were no longer paid in kind, and agriculture became proportionally depressed.

The Abbey of Furness must, in its pristine perfection, have been one of the most extensive and important monastic establishments in the kingdom; although much of this completeness must be referred to a period subsequently to the foundation of the building, and to the accumulating wealth and power of successive abbots. Altogether, it accords with the received definition of the Abbey, which "properly means a series of buildings adapted for the accommodation and religious ceremonies of a fraternity of persons subject to the government of an Abbot or Abbess."

Lancaster Castle.

Lancaster is considered, from the Roman antiquities discovered, and from the termination of the name, "caster," to have been a Roman station. It is supposed to have been dismantled by the Picts after the departure of the Romans, but restored by the Anglo-Saxons of Northumbria, under whom it first gave name to the shire. The Castle was enlarged, and the town, which had previously received a charter from King John, was favoured with additional privileges in the reign of Edward III., when the fortress was in great part rebuilt; and Edward conferred the Duchy of Lancaster on his son, John of Ghent, or Gaunt, in whose favour the county was made a County Palatine. Henceforth the Castle is intimately connected with the famous name and history of its Governor, John of Gaunt, "time-honoured Lancaster."* We read of Hubert, Archbishop of Canterbury, besieging this Castle in 1199; but it appears to have been maintained more for State purposes than war. In an account of a Topographical Excursion in the year 1634, the Castle is described as "the honour and grace of the whole

* In the Liberty of the Duchy of Lancaster, Strand, London, is the Precinct of the Savoy, wherein was formerly the magnificent Town-house, or Castle of John of Gaunt. (See *Stories of the Savoy.*)

town. The stately, spacious, and Princely strong Roomes, where the Dukes of Lancaster lodged. It is of that ample receipt, and in so good repayre, that it lodgeth both the Judges and many of the Justices every Assize. It is a strong and stately Castle, and commands into the Sea."

The town stands on the slope of an eminence rising from the river Lune. The summit of the eminence is crowned by the towers of the Castle, very spacious in plan, comprehending a large courtyard, some smaller courts, and several differently-shaped towers; it is now fitted up as a county gaol and court-house. The large square keep is prodigiously strong; the gateway, defended by two semi-octangular towers, is referred to the time of Edward III., the best age of castle-building. This keep, which is called *John of Gaunt's Chair*, commands a charming prospect over the surrounding country, and especially towards the sea, where the view extends to the Isle of Man.

The Abbey of Whalley.

Whalley, in Lancashire, is one of the most extensive parishes in England. It is chiefly in Blackburn hundred, but extends into the West Riding of Yorkshire, and has a detached portion in the county of Chester. Before the Dissolution, this large parish was under the jurisdiction of the ancient monastery of Whalley. This Abbey was built in 1296 for the White or Cistercian monks of Scanlan, in the Wirral of Cheshire, by Henry Lacy, Earl of Lincoln. The Abbey flourished till the Dissolution. Encouraged by Aske's rebellion, the monks resumed possession of Whalley, for which act the Abbot and one of his monks were executed for treason. Of the Abbey there are considerable remains, including two stately gateways, a building conjectured to have been the Abbot's private oratory, or chapel, and other parts less perfect. Some portions of the ruins are very good specimens of Decorated and Perpendicular English architecture. In the parish church of Whalley, which is mostly of Early English architecture, are three plain stalls, and some good wood screenwork, supposed to have been brought from the Abbey. In Aske's Rebellion, above mentioned, the people of Yorkshire took up arms on account of the Suppression of Monasteries. They stiled their expedition the Pilgrimage of Grace, carried banners on which were depicted the five wounds of Christ; they demanded the driving away of base-born councillors, the suppression of heresy, and the restitution of the goods of the Church. They were headed by

Robert Aske, a gentleman of Doncaster, but were soon joined by the Archbishop of York, Lords Darcy, Latimer, Scroop, Sir Thomas Percy, and others, who seized York and Hull. The Duke of Norfolk was despatched against them, but finding them too strong, he negotiated, and induced them to disperse, by the offer of a general pardon and the redressing of their grievances. Early in 1537 a fresh insurrection broke out in the North, and another in Somersetshire, and many executions followed. Aske and others were seized, tried, and executed, as were the Abbots of Barlings, Fountains, and Jervaux, *Whalley*, Woburn, and Sawley, and the Prior of Bridlington.

The King wrote thus to the Duke of Norfolk, Feb. 12, 1537:—
 “ We do right well approve and allow your proceedings in the displaying of our banner. And forasmuch as the same is now spread and displayed, by reason whereof, till the same shall be closed again, the course of our laws must give place to the ordinances and statutes martial, our pleasure is, that before you close up our said banner again, you shall in anywise cause such dreadful execution to be done upon a good number of the inhabitants of every town, village, and hamlet that have offended in this rebellion, as well as the *hanging of them up in trees, and by the quartering of them*, and the setting of their heads and quarters in every town, great and small, and in all such other places, as they may be a fearful spectacle to all other hereafter that would practise any like matter ; which we require you to do without pity or respect.”
 The rebellion is imputed to the “ solicitation and traitorous conspiracy of the monks and canons;” and the Duke is directed to visit Hexham, Sawley, Newminster, Lanercost, and other abbeys and priories, and to “ cause all the monks and canons that be in any wise faulty, to be *tied up*,” &c.

Beeston Castle. *

This stately fortress, proverbial for its great strength, is situated at Taporley, nearly in the centre of Cheshire, on an insulated sandstone rock, on one side precipitous, on the other gradually sloping. It was built in 1220, by Randal Blundeville, Earl of Chester, at a short distance from the site of Beeston Hall, which was burnt by Prince Rupert during the Civil Wars. The rock rises 365 feet from the flat country, and commands an extensive prospect, except where it is interrupted by the Peckforton Hills. The Earl, on his return from the holy wars, having got leave of the lords of the manor of Beeston, raised a tax on

* Toy! " — now a shattered ruin "

all his estates, in order the better to enable him to complete this building and Chartley Castle.

Beeston was a place of no small strength. The outer court is irregular in form, inclosing an area of about five acres. The walls are prodigiously thick. A deep ditch, sunk in the solid rock, surrounds the keep, which was entered by a drawbridge, opposite two circular watch-towers still remaining.

The fortress was thus described in the year 1593: "Beeston Castle stands very loftily and proudly, upon an exceeding steep and high rock, so steep on all sides but one, that it suffers no access to it; so that though it be walled about, yet, for the most part, the wall is needless, the rock is so very high; and where the nature of the thing admitteth access, there is first a fore-gate, and a wall furnished with turrets, which inclose four or five acres, somewhat rising until it comes to the over-part of the rock, where is a great dyke or ditch, hewn out of the main rock, and within the same a goodly strong gatehouse, and a strong wall, which, when they flourished, were a convenient habitation for any great personage; in which it is a wonder to see the great labour that hath been used to have [procure] sufficient water, which was done, no doubt, with great difficulty, by a marvellous deep well cut through that huge high rock, which is so deep as that it equals in depth the rivulet which runneth not far from the said castle, through Tiverton, Hockness, and so on to Mersey."

This place has been rendered remarkable by a prediction of Leland's—"that though it was then fallen to decay, it should yet rise again in its former splendour; and this partly came to pass without any miracles, but not in the extent wherein he would have it taken, nor so as, according to the common saying, 'That it should save all England in a day.'"

In effect, Beeston Castle lay in ruins till the reign of Henry VIII. It was afterwards rebuilt, and we find it a place of strength at the period of the Civil Wars. The Beestons, who long possessed this Castle and estate, descended from the Buiburies. The site, after some changes, came into the possession of Sir Roger Mostyn, of Mostyn, in the county of Flint.

Among the more noteworthy events in the history of Beeston Castle, are—1264. The partisans of Simon de Montfort possessed themselves of the Castle; but the following year it was retaken by James de Audley for Prince Edward. In 1399 the fortress, which was garrisoned by King Richard II., surrendered, without siege, to the Duke of Lancaster, who found in it treasures valued at 200,000 marks.

This important place was seized by the Parliament in the beginning of the troubles, but was wrested from them by Colonel Sandford, who scaled the rock, and surprised the Castle; though there was such a jealousy of its having been betrayed by the Governor, that he suffered death on that account.

It was besieged by the Parliament forces in 1644, but was gallantly defended, till they retired on the approach of the Royal army. Yet it was again besieged, and taken the next year; Colonel Ballard, who commanded there with his garrison, being obliged to surrender for want of provisions. On September 27 the fatal battle of Rowton Heath, two miles from Chester, took place, when the Royalist forces were defeated; and the unhappy Charles beheld the defeat from the leads of Phoenix Tower. After the battle, the Parliamentarians laid siege to Beeston Castle, which, on November 16, 1645, surrendered to Sir William Brereton, having bravely resisted for eighteen weeks; it was then dismantled. The Castle was not given up till the defenders of it were reduced to such straits that they were forced to subsist on the flesh of cats, or what else they could find to satisfy the calls of hunger. Yet they obtained the most honourable terms, marched out with drums beating, colours flying, and lighted matches, though reduced to the number of sixty, and, according to articles, had a convoy to Flint Castle.

Chester Castle and Walls.

Chester is situated in the north-western part of England, at a short distance from the shores of the Irish Sea, and not many miles south of Liverpool. Its position gives it a picturesque appearance: it is built on a dry rock, elevated above the stream of the Dee, which winds round two sides of it in an irregular semicircle. It is one of the most ancient cities in England:* according to legendary story, it was founded by

* Many ancient customs linger in Cheshire. Rush-bearing to the churches, and then throwing the rushes on the floor, is observed. In many churches garlands are still remaining. Sand is strewed in front of a house where a wedding is held, various devices and mottoes being figured in white sand upon brown. Football and prison-bars are ancient games of the county. The wells or boines are dressed with flowers and ribands, like the well-dressing in Derby. A marlpit is opened with great ceremony. At Congleton, the good burgesses appear to have had a remarkable predilection for bear-baiting. In the reign of James I. their menagerie contained at least one bear, and a bear-ward was appointed by the Corporation for its custody. The bear having died, the Corporation sold their Bible, in 1601, in order to purchase another, which was done; and the town was no longer without a bear. How the town replaced the Bible is not told.

Leon Gawer, "a mightie strong giant," who dug caverns in the rock to be used for habitations; but the first buildings which were erected are to be attributed to King Leir. It was a place of great importance during the Roman dominion in Britain: and was the termination of *Walling-street*, the great military road which the conquerors carried from Dover across the island.

On the final departure of the Romans, the city fell under the government of the Britons; but from their hands it passed into those of the Saxons, in the year 607. Prior to the battle, the Saxon troops are said to have massacred the monks of Bangor, against whom St. Augustine had denounced divine vengeance for their errors, and who aided the Britons with their prayers. Several of the British princes, however, having collected an army, and marched to Chester, Ethelfrid, the Saxon King, was defeated in turn, and this district was not again subjected to the Anglo-Saxon power until about the year 828, when it was taken by King Egbert, and made a part of the kingdom of Mercia. Ethelwolf held his parliament at Chester, after the death of Egbert, and there received the homage of the tributary kings "from Berwick unto Kent." He was crowned at Chester in 837.

About the close of 894, an army of Danes advancing from Northumberland, took possession of Chester and seized the fortress, which was circular in form, and built of red stone. Alfred pursued them, two days besieged them, drove away all the cattle, slew every enemy who ventured beyond the encampment, and burnt and consumed all the corn of the district; and eventually the enemy were driven into North Wales.

Chester continued in ruins till it was restored about 907, by Ethelfleda, "the undegenerate daughter of the Great Alfred;" this restoration of the city, and its erection into a military position, fortified with walls and turrets, seeming to have been a part of the system which Alfred had devised, and his son Edward executed, for restraining the incursions of the Danes beyond the limits of the territory which they were allowed to occupy in England. In the reign of King Edgar, it became a station for the Saxon navy; and it is stated in the annals of the time, that Edgar sailed with a great fleet to Chester on the Dee, and that eight kings, or sub-kings as they are called, Kenneth, King of Scotland, Malcolm of Cumbria, Macchus of Anglesey and the Isles, three kings of Wales, and two others, repaired thither at his command to do him homage. But "his puerile vanity," says Mr. Sharon Turner, demanded a more painful sacrifice: "he ascended a large vessel, with his nobles and officers, and he stationed himself at the helm, while the

eight kings, who had come to do him honour, were compelled to take the seats of the watermen, and to row him down the Dee; a most arrogant insult on the feelings of others whose titular dignity was equal to his own. Edgar crowned the scene, and consummated his disgrace, by declaring to his courtiers that his successors might then call themselves Kings of England, when they could compel so many kings to give them such honour." The whole story is, however, disbelieved by some.

Harold is said to have escaped from the battle of Hastings to Chester, where he lived many years, as an anchorite, near St. John's Church.

The city of Chester was definitively bestowed at the time of the Norman Conquest, together with the earldom, upon Hugh Lupus, one of the kinsmen of William: to him the Conqueror delegated a very full power, making his a County Palatine, in which the ancient earls kept their own Parliaments, and had their own Courts of Law, in which any offence against the dignity of "the Sword of Chester" (preserved in the British Museum), was as cognizable there as the like offence would have been at Westminster against the dignity of the royal crown. The last instance of the exertion of this privilege occurred in 1597, when the baron of Kinderton's court tried and executed Hugh Stringer for murder. The value set upon human life in the reign of Edward the Confessor may be estimated by the amount of fines imposed—namely, four pounds for killing a man upon certain holidays, and forty shillings on any other day; there was also a penalty or a punishment inflicted upon persons who brewed bad ale.

King John spent several days at Chester in the year 1222. Until the final subjugation of the Welsh, the city was the usual place of rendezvous for the English army. In 1237, on the death of the seventh Earl of Chester of the Norman line, without male issue, Henry III. gave the daughters of the late Earl other lands in lieu of the earldom, being unwilling, as he said, to parcel out so great an inheritance "among distaffs." The county he bestowed on his son Edward, who did not assume the title, but conferred it on his son Edward of Carnarvon, since which time the eldest sons of the sovereigns of England have always held the title of Earls of Chester. In 1264, Chester City and Castle were taken by the forces of the Barons, under the Earl of Derby. To the Castle, August 20, 1399, King Richard II. was brought a prisoner from Hurst Castle, by Henry Bolingbroke, Duke of Lancaster, afterwards Henry IV.

The inhabitants of Cheshire took a part in the rebellion of the Percies and the greater part of the knights and esquires of the whole county, to the number of 200, with many of their retainers, fell in the battle of

Shrewsbury, July 22, 1403. In 1494 or 1495, Henry VII., his Queen, and a great retinue, arrived at Chester, and proceeded to Hawarden, attended by the Earl of Derby, with a great number of "Chester gallants." From this date to the reign of Charles I., Cheshire was not the scene of any important military transactions. In the Civil War, the city was besieged by the troops of the Parliament, but was stoutly defended by Lord Byron, the nephew of the Governor, who did not surrender till the garrison had suffered privations such as no other city had experienced in those days. Chester Castle was the scene in the close of the career of "the Great Stanley," as the seventh Earl of Derby was styled. In 1651, he set out from the Isle of Man to join Charles II., at Worcester, taking with him 300 Royalists. Before he arrived in Lancashire the King had quitted the county; and Derby, having gathered 300 more followers out of Lancashire and Chester, advanced to Wigan, where he and his 600 men were set upon in a narrow lane by 1800 dragoons under Lilburne, and Cromwell's foot militia. In the encounter, the Great Stanley received seven shots in the breastplate, many cuts and wounds, and had two horses killed under him. Twice he made his way through the enemy; but being overwhelmed with numbers, he mounted a third horse, and fought his way to the battle-field of Worcester; after which he conducted the King to the White-ladies and Boscobel; and thence made his way, with 40 others, into Cheshire. They fell in the way of a regiment of foot and a troop of horse, to whom they surrendered on terms disgracefully violated. He was tried by court-martial on a charge of high treason, and sentenced to be executed within four days at Bolton. As he lay in Chester Castle, he had nearly escaped from its leads by means of a long rope thrown up to him from outside the fortress; he fastened the rope securely, slid down, and so got to the banks of the river Dee, where a boat was waiting to convey him away. But he was discovered, seized, and conveyed back to Chester Castle, where two of his daughters had their last interview with him; and next day he was executed at Bolton, his own town, before the sorrowing people. Such a scene of religious fervour and heroic death is rarely recorded, even in liberty-loving England. About a century afterwards is recorded the last military event of importance in the annals of Chester: it was fortified in 1745 against the Pretender.

From the time of Henry III. until that of Henry VIII., the County Palatine was governed as independently as it had been by the Norman earls. Henry VIII., however, made it subordinate to the crown of England. It should here be mentioned that the Castle and its precincts

were reserved out of the charter of King Henry VII., by which the city was made a county of itself; and accordingly the Castle has ever since been used for the King's majesty's service. The inhabitants have, however, erected a Town Hall for the transaction of the public business, thenceforth removed from the Castle. The new edifice was opened with great *éclat* by the Prince of Wales, in October, 1869.

A writer of the last century observes on Chester Castle: "It being the seat of many great princes, doubtless the apartments were adequate to their magnificence. But here let the reader pause: it was the magnificence of former times, far unlike to ours, and little connected with convenience. What should we now think of a sovereign prince lying on a bed of straw, and his ground-floor legal chamber, though supported on elegant pillars, lofty columns, and graced with carved ceilings, yet wet, unwholesome beneath, and strewed with green rushes, or at the best (as sometimes were the nuptial beds), with sweet herbs or flowers, in compliment to superior dignity? Go, Yeoman of England, now free, though once a slave to feudal tenures! Go! and recline your head on your feather bed and bolster, view your boarded and varnished chamber, and envy not the repose of such Barons, or such Princes! Let us all thank Heaven, which, in the maturity of time, has taught us to make show subservient to use, and by the introduction of arts, to unite elegance with convenience."

Chester *city* is surrounded by a wall, first built by Marcius, King of the British, which now serves as a *public walk* for the inhabitants. The form of the city and its arrangement indicate its Roman origin. It has the figure which the Romans gave to their camps—an oblong; it has four gates, four principal streets, diverging at right-angles from a common centre, and extending towards the cardinal points, till each is terminated by a gate.

The circuit of the walls is about two miles. At the north-east corner is Newton's, now Phoenix, Tower, whence many a shot was fired at the Roundheads by the sturdy Royalist defenders of the city between Midsummer, 1643, when its siege began, and its surrender in February, 1646, when the garrison was feeding on the flesh of cats and dogs. Here stood King Charles, with the Mayor of Chester, and the Recorder, Sir Francis Gamull, and Alderman Cowper, upon the top leads of the tower, dolefully looking on at a battle two miles away on the heath of Rowton, where the troops of Sir Marmaduke Langdale were routed by the Commonwealth men. This tower has latterly been named Phoenix, from a sculptured figure, the ensign of one of the city guilds, which appears over its door. There are other curious towers upon the walls.

The fortress has been partially converted into a range of edifices, divided between the military barracks, the assize courts or session courts, and the gaol. Here too is an old square tower, sometimes called Julius Cæsar's and sometimes Agricola's Tower, cased with red stone. It was once a chantry, or chapel, of St. Mary; it is now a powder-magazine, which the Fenians intended to capture in their mad conspiracy for the surprise of the Chester garrison in the year 1867. At the angle of the city walls, close to the old bridge, is the large pile of the Dee Mills, famous in song and story:

“ There was a jolly miller once lived on the river Dee,
 He worked and sang from morn till night, none was so blithe as he;
 And still the burden of his song for ever used to be,
 ‘ I care for nobody, no, not I, and nobody cares for me!’ ”

Could this have been the wicked miller of whom we are told that “the faces of the poor he ground all in his watery mill?” The Dee Mills of Chester are as old as the Norman Conquest, and William the Conqueror's nephew, the Earl Hugh Lupus, derived a revenue from the grist that came to them. Edward the Black Prince, three centuries later, gave them to Sir Howel-y-Fwyal, a gallant Welshman, to reward him for his bravery at Poitiers. But the most curious pictures are within the city, in the quaint old-fashioned *Rovus* of its principal streets. They are formed by laying the side pavement upon the top of the lowest apartments or basement-rooms of the houses, at a height of six feet or ten feet above the roadway; so that the shops on the first floor are recessed; the second floor and upper part of each house being again brought forward, and supported on pillars of masonry; affording a complete shelter to the foot passengers in the gallery below, as in the Covent-garden Piazza, or in the original Quadrant of Regent-street, London. The projecting house-fronts, mostly of sixteenth or seventeenth century architecture, have gabled roofs, lattice-windows, and crossed beams, carved and painted.

Chester was, in the days of Marian persecution, the scene of an event which is remembered to this day. In the year 1558, Dr. Henry Cole, Dean of St. Paul's, was entrusted with the commission issued by Queen Mary, to institute prosecutions against such as should refuse to observe the ceremonies of the Roman Catholic religion in Ireland. The Doctor stopped at Chester on his way, and at the Blue Posts Inn was visited by the Mayor, to whom, in the course of conversation, he communicated the business upon which he was engaged; opening his cloak-bag, he took out a leather box, observing with exultation, “he had that within which would lash the heretics of Ireland.” The hostess acci-

dentally overheard the discourse, and having a brother who was a Protestant, she became alarmed for his safety; and with a surpris; quickness of thought, she took the opportunity, whilst the Doctor was complimenting his worship down the stairs, to open the box, take out the commission, and leave instead a pack of cards, with the knave or clubs uppermost. Soon afterwards the Dean sailed for Ireland, where he arrived on the 7th of December, 1558. Being introduced to the Lord-Deputy Fitzwalter and the Privy Council, he explained the nature of his embassy, and then presented the box containing, as he thought, the commission; his lordship took it, and having lifted the lid, beheld with considerable surprise the pack of cards, with the knave on the top. The Doctor was thunderstruck, and in much confusion affirmed that a commission he certainly had, and that some artful person must have made the exchange. "Then," said his lordship, "you have nothing to do but return to London and get it renewed; meanwhile we'll shuffle the cards." This unwelcome advice the Doctor was constrained to follow, although in a disagreeable season of the year; but before he could reach Ireland a second time, Queen Mary died, and her sanguinary commission became useless. The woman whose dexterity and presence of mind had thus providentially operated, was rewarded by Elizabeth with a pension of forty pounds a year.

A terrible catastrophe occurred at Chester in 1772, when, November 5, 800 lb. weight of gunpowder exploded in a room where a puppet-show was exhibiting, and twenty-three persons were killed, and eighty others much burnt and bruised.

Among the noticeable antiquities of the city are the following.—In a narrow passage from Watergate-street is an old house, called Stanley House, or Stanley Palace, which was formerly the dwelling of the Stanleys of Alderley and Weever, in Cheshire, an offshoot, in the time of Henry V., from the Stanleys of Lathom and Knowsley. The family obtained a peerage in 1839. The mansion, now occupied by the Chester Archæological Society, is a three-gabled edifice of timber, elaborately carved; the interior, with its massive staircase, oaken floors, and panelled walls, shows the magnificence of its former inmates. It was built in 1591—that date being inscribed on its front. Bishop Lloyd's House, in Watergate-row, has a wooden front, sculptured all over with groups of Bible history, from the Garden of Eden to the Crucifixion, including the Conception of the Virgin.

"God's Providence House," with its pious motto, "God's Providence is mine inheritance," carved in front, is a memorial of the Plague, in 1662. The back part of the house has been rebuilt; the old oak front remains.

The Water Tower, at the north-west angle of the city walls, was built in 1332, by a mason who bore the significant name of Helpstone, and who was paid 100*l.* for his job. There is a higher tower upon the city wall above, connected by a steep flight of steps, and an embattled terrace, with the lower tower, up to which the tidal waters of the Dee used to flow, so that ships could be moored to the tower by the rings and bolts fixed to its foundations. The upper tower, or keep, sometimes called Bonewaldesthorpe's, is now a museum of curiosities; the lower one exhibits a flag-staff and sometimes a flag. It bore the brunt of battle in the great siege of Chester by the army of the Commonwealth, in 1645, when towers and ramparts were severely knocked about.

But, to more peaceful times. The historical importance of the town was thus referred to in the Address presented to the Prince of Wales upon the opening of the New Town Hall, already mentioned:—

“The inauguration of this hall by your Royal Highness will be ever memorable in the annals of Chester, and it will be a source of special gratification to us that the ceremony of its dedication to the purposes of municipal government has been performed by a Prince bearing the proud and time-honoured title of those Earls who here held their court and exercised regal sway; and, while the history of our city reminds us of the origin of that title and the object of its creation, we pray that the cordial fellowship and goodwill which have so long subsisted between the neighbouring Principality and ourselves may, like the felicitous union of the title of Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester, ever continue.”

The Iron Gates, or the Cheshire Enchanter.

In the neighbourhood of Macclesfield, on Monk's Heath, is a small inn, known by the designation of the Iron Gates; the sign representing a pair of ponderous gates of that metal, opening at the bidding of a figure enveloped in a cowl, before whom kneels another, more resembling a modern yeoman than one of the twelfth or thirteenth century, to which period this legend is attributed. Behind this person is a white horse rearing, and in the background a view of Alderley Edge. The story is thus told of the tradition to which the sign relates:


“A farmer from Mobberley was riding on a white horse over the heath which skirts Alderley Edge. Of the good qualities of his steed he was justly proud; and while stooping down to adjust its mane, previously to his offering it for sale at Macclesfield, he was surprised by the sudden starting of the animal. On looking up he perceived a figure

of more than common height, enveloped in a cowl, and extending a staff of black wood across his path. The figure addressed him in a commanding voice; told him that he would seek in vain to dispose of his steed, for whom a nobler destiny was in store, and bade him meet him when the sun had set, with his horse, at the same place. He then disappeared. The farmer, resolving to put the truth of this prediction to the test, hastened on to Macclesfield fair, but no purchaser could be obtained for his horse. In vain he reduced his price to half; many admired, but no one was willing to be the possessor of so promising a steed. Summoning, therefore, all his courage, he determined to brave the worst, and at sunset reached the appointed place. The monk was punctual to his appointment. 'Follow me,' said he, and led the way by the *Golden Stone, Stormy Point*, to Saddle Bôle. On their arrival at this last-named spot, the neigh of horses seemed to arise from beneath their feet. The stranger waved his wand, the earth opened and disclosed a pair of ponderous iron gates. Terrified at this, the horse plunged and threw his rider, who, kneeling at the feet of his fearful companion, prayed earnestly for mercy. The monk bade him fear nothing, but enter the cavern, and see what no mortal eye ever yet beheld. On passing the gates he found himself in a spacious cavern, on each side of which were horses resembling his own in size and colour. Near these lay soldiers accoutred in ancient armour, and in the chasms of the rock were arms, and piles of gold and silver. From one of these the enchanter took the price of the horse in ancient coin, and on the farmer asking the meaning of these subterranean armies, exclaimed: 'These are caverned warriors preserved by the good genius of England, until that eventful day when, distracted by intestine broils, England shall be thrice won and lost between sunrise and sunset. Then we, awakening from our sleep, shall rise to turn the fate of Britain. This shall be when George, the son of George, shall reign. When the forests of Delamare shall wave their arms over the slaughtered sons of Albion. Then shall the eagle drink the blood of princes from the headless *cross* (query *corse*?). Now haste thee home, for it is not in thy time these things shall be. A Cestrian shall speak it, and be believed.' The farmer left the cavern, the iron gates closed, and though often sought for, the place has never again been found."

Lathom and the Stanleys.—Siege of Lathom House.

Lathom Manor, for many centuries famous as the seat of the renowned family of the Stanleys, was transferred by marriage, in 1714, to Lord Ashburnham, and by him sold to Mr. Henry Furness, who, in turn, disposed of it, in 1724, to Sir Thomas Bootle, Knight, of Milling in this county. In 1755 Mary, niece and heiress of this Sir Thomas Bootle, married Richard Wilbraham, Esq., of Rode Hall, in Cheshire, who received the estate of Lathom as dowry with his wife, and assumed in consequence the name of Bootle, and died in 1796. Lathom descended to the eldest son by this marriage, Edward Bootle-Wilbraham, created, in 1828, Lord Skelmersdale.

The manor is now the possession and the present Lathom House is the seat of Lord Skelmersdale.



Of the famous old Lathom House, so heroically defended by the celebrated Countess of Derby, Charlotte de la Tremouille, no traces remain. The modern mansion is a magnificent edifice, occupies a somewhat elevated plain inclining towards the north, and commands extensive prospects. Its oldest portion, the south front, was commenced by William, ninth Earl of Derby, and was completed, between 1724 and 1734, by Sir Thomas Bootle already named. Of the north front, which extends 156 feet, there are nine windows on each floor. The offices are joined to the central block by colonnades supported by Ionic pillars. The park is between three and four miles in circumference.

The family of Stanley, a branch of the ancient Barons of Audeley or Aldelegh, in Staffordshire, derives from William, nephew of Lydulph, son of Adam, one of the Staffordshire Barons of Audeley. This William on receiving from his uncle Lydulph the estate of Stanleigh or Stoneleigh in Staffordshire, assumed the surname of Stanley. But the first of the local family was Robert, Lord of Lathom, who founded the priory of Burscough and who held Purbold, a member of the barony of Manchester in the time of Richard I. and King John, 1189 and 1216. His grandson, Sir Robert Lathom, by his son Richard, married Amicia, daughter and co-heir of Robert, Lord and Baron of Alfreton, Normanton, and Farnham in the reign of Edward I. and prior to the year 1252. Sir Robert, their son, married Katherine, daughter and heiress of Sir Robert de Knowsley, by whom the estate of Knowsley was

brought into the Lathom family. From Sir Thomas, the eldest son by this marriage, sprang Sir Thomas de Lathom the younger, who, either by his first or second wife, had a daughter, Isabella, and she, becoming heiress and marrying Sir John Stanley, brought Lathom, Knowsley, and other large estates—the ancient possessions of Orm, the supposed ancestor of her race—into the family of Stanley. This marriage with the heiress of Lathom laid the foundation of the princely inheritance of the house of Stanley. The lucky Sir John, who thus acquired immense wealth, was descended from that William mentioned above who was the first to assume the family name. William Stanley, grandson of the first of that name, married Alice Massey, daughter of Sir Hamo Massey of Limperley. Their eldest son, William, married Margery, daughter and sole heiress of Sir William de Hooton, and became in right of his wife Lord of Hooton. From this knight is descended the elder branch of the Stanleys—the Stanleys of Hooton. His younger brother, Sir John Stanley, the fortunate gentleman who won the affection of the heiress of Lathom, as already narrated, founded that branch of the family from which the present Earls of Derby are descended.

The extraordinary story of *The Eagle and Child*, the crest of the Stanleys, is associated with the house of Lathom. Its outline is as follows :—Sir Thomas Lathom, the father of Isabel, afterwards the wife of Sir John Stanley, having this only child, and cherishing an ardent desire for a son to inherit his name and fortune, had an intrigue with a young gentlewoman, the fruit of which connexion was a son. The lord of Lathom contrived to have the infant conveyed by a confidential servant to the foot of a tree in his park frequented by an eagle, and he and his lady, taking their usual walk, found the infant as if by accident. The old lady, considering it a gift from heaven brought hither by the bird of prey and miraculously preserved, consented to adopt the boy as their heir.

“ Their content was such, to see the hap,
That the ancient lady hugs yt in her lap ;
Smoths it with kisses, bathes yt in her tears,
And unto Lathom House the babe she bears.”

The name of Oskatel was given to the little foundling, Mary Oskatel being the name of his mother. From this time the crest of the Eagle and Child was assumed ; but, as the old knight approached the grave, his conscience smote him, and on his deathbed he bequeathed the principal part of his fortune to Isabel, his

daughter, now become the lady of Sir John Stanley, leaving poor Oskatel, on whom the King had conferred the honour of knighthood, only the manors of Irlam and Urmston, near Manchester, and some possessions in the county of Chester—in which county he settled and became the founder of the family of Lathom of Astbury.

The story must be regarded, however, as merely legendary. In the Harleian collection of manuscripts is an account of some painted windows in Astbury Church, near Congleton, representing a knightly figure with a shield placed anglewise under a helmet and mantle, and for crest an eagle standing on an empty cradle, with wings displayed regardant or, with an inscription—"Pray for the soul of Philip, son of Sir Robert Lathom, Knight." This Philip Lathom of Astbury was uncle of Sir Thomas, *alias* Oskatel, the *father* of Isabella; and it would have been a strange circumstance if an uncle should have assumed a crest bearing allusion to the adoption of an illegitimate child. That there was an Oskel or Oskatel Lathom, who bore as his crest an eagle standing on a child, is proved by the painting formerly in the windows of Northenden Church (1580); but this may have been because it was the old Lathom crest. Certainly the eagle seems to have been from a remote period a favourite cognizance of the family. Again, the legend of the eagle and child is proved to be as old as the time of King Alfred.

From the marriage of Isabella with Sir John Stanley the destinies of the Lathoms became blended with those of the latter family, and the subsequent fortunes of the race thus formed, with the history of its most memorable members, is to be found traced in our sketch of "Knowsley and the Earls of Derby." Our immediate concern at present is with the former mansion of Lathom House, the principal incidents connected with its earlier history, the sieges to which it was subjected during the Civil War, and its final capture and demolition.

This ancient and redoubtable stronghold was probably built by Robert de Lathom—grandson of the original Robert Fitz Henry—who, in the thirty-second year of Edward I. (1304), had a charter of free warren and a market and fair at each of his manors of Lathom and Robye. This is the Lathom House spoken of by Camden, and named by him the chief seat of the Stanleys.

Sir Thomas, second Lord Stanley, married the mother of Henry, Earl of Richmond (afterwards Henry VII.), and thus became step-

father to the prince whom the Lancastrian victory of Bosworth Field was to place upon the throne of England. But this Lord Stanley, and his younger brother, Sir William Stanley, of Holt Castle, in Denbighshire, materially contributed to the happy result of Bosworth. The former had borne the mace at the coronation of Richard III., and had by that monarch been constituted Steward of the Household and Constable of England for life, besides being installed Knight of the Garter. But, heedless of the honours their family had received at the hands of the House of York, both Sir Thomas and Sir William Stanley deserted Richard on his last battle-field and went over to Henry's side. No sooner had Henry reached the throne than he rewarded the support he received on this critical occasion by creating Sir Thomas first Earl Derby. How the King rewarded the younger brother, Sir William, at this time does not appear, but it is certain that ten years later, February, 1494-5, Henry caused him to be beheaded on a charge of high treason, on pretence of his being engaged in the Perkin Warbeck conspiracy. A few months afterwards, in June of the same year, King Henry repaired to Lathom to visit his mother, whom, as has been mentioned, Sir Thomas Stanley, first Earl Derby, had married; or, as Hollinshed puts it, "King Henrie did take his progresse into Lancashire the 25th daie of June, there to make merie with his moother the Countesse of Derby, which then lay at Lathome in the countrie." The former mansion of Lathom House was at this time standing in all its ancient splendour; but the King devoted but little time to the examination of the magnificence of the stronghold or the beauties of its scenery. Indeed, his retreat from the seat of the Stanleys and from the company of his "moother" was somewhat precipitate and undignified. According to Kennet, "A notable tradition, yet remaining in the noble family of Stanley, is, that when King Henry VII., after the execution of Sir William Stanley, brother to Thomas, Earl of Derby, came a progress into these parts, he was entertained by the Earl at his house at Lathom, and, after a view of the whole house, he was conducted by his lordship to the top of the leads for a prospect of the country. The Earl's fool was in company, who, observing the King draw near to the edge of the leads, not guarded with banners, he stepped up to the Earl and, pointing down the precipice, said, '*Tom, remember Will!*' The King understood the meaning and made all haste downstairs and out of the house, and the fool long after seemed mightily concerned that his lord had not courage

to take that opportunity of revenging himself for the death of his brother."

At Lathom House King James I. stopped on the 18th and 19th August, 1617, on his progress from Edinburgh to London, and previous to his departure he here conferred the honour of knighthood on several gentlemen of this county.

But the chief historical association connected with Lathom House is its gallant defence by the Countess of Derby against the besieging forces of the Parliament in 1644. James, seventh Earl of Derby (see "Knowsley and the Earls of Derby"), an ardent royalist, had taken the field against the Republican forces, leaving his Countess, Charlotte, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Claude de la Tremouille, with his children, almost defenceless, in his residence of Lathom House. This mansion, being justly considered by the Parliamentary leaders the key to its district in Lancashire, was promptly laid siege to by a force so numerous, compared with the handful who formed the Countess's garrison, as, at first sight, to make all attempts at resistance seem mere foolhardiness and criminal exposure of human life. But such was not precisely the condition of the case. Lathom House was not wholly defenceless. "It stood," says Seacome, the author of the "History of the House of Stanley," "upon a flat, upon a moorish, springy, and spumous ground; was at the time of the siege encompassed by a strong wall of two yards thick. Upon the wall were nine towers flanking each other, and in every tower were six pieces of ordnance, that played three the one way and three the other. Within the wall was a moat, eight yards wide and two yards deep; upon the brink of the moat, between the wall and the graff, was a strong row of palisadoes surrounding the whole, and, to add to these securities, there was a high tower, called the Eagle Tower, in the midst of the house, surrounding (surmounting?) all the rest; and the gatehouse was also a strong and high building, with a strong tower on each side of it; and in the entrance to the first court, upon the top of these towers, were placed the best and choicest marksmen, who had been accustomed to attend the Earl in his field sports, with their fowling-pieces, which they levelled at the enemy, marking particularly the officers wherever they appeared in their trenches. Nature seemed to have formed the house for a stronghold. The situation of the house might be compared to the palm of a man's hand—flat in the middle and covered with rising ground around it, so that during the siege the enemy was never able to raise a battery

against it, or to make a single practicable breach in the wall. The works of the besiegers formed a line of circumvallation drawn round about the house at the distance of 60 or 100 or 200 yards from the wall, as best suited the ground, consisting of an open trench, a yard of ditch, and a yard of turf, with eight sconces raised in such places as might annoy the besieged in the sally, *directis lateribus*, and in some places staked and palisadoed."

The following stirring account of the siege of the house, accompanied by a few characteristic traits of the heroism displayed by its intrepid defender, the Lady of Lathom, has been abridged from "A Briefe Journall of the Siege against Lathom," which is written with considerable spirit.

In compliance with a resolution taken in the Parliamentary Council at Manchester on Saturday, the 24th of February, 1644, the force under General Sir Thomas Fairfax marched from that place and took up their quarters in front of Lathom House on Tuesday, the 27th of the same month. On the following day Captain Marsland brought a letter from Sir Thomas, with an ordinance from Parliament, the letter requiring the Countess of Derby to yield up Lathom House upon such honourable conditions as Sir Thomas might propose, and the ordinance declaring the mercy of Parliament to the Earl of Derby, if he would submit himself to their authority. To these overtures her ladyship answered "that she much wondered that Sir Thomas Fairfax should require her to give up her lord's house, without any offence on her part done to the Parliament; desiring in a business of such weight, that struck both at her religion and life, that so nearly concerned her sovereign, her lord, and her whole posterity, she might have a week's consideration, both to resolve the doubts of conscience and to advise in matters of law and honour," not that her ladyship was unfixed in her thoughts, but anxious to gain time by demur and protractions of the business; which, haply, the good knight suspecting, denied her the time desired, moving her ladyship to come to New Park, a house of her lord's, and to come thither in his coach, when himself and his colonels would meet her for a full discourse and transaction of the business. Her ladyship refused this invitation, replying "that, notwithstanding her present condition, she remembered her lord's honour and her own birth, and conceived it more likely that Sir Thomas Fairfax should wait upon her than she upon him." Other conditions were afterwards proposed, but she rejected them all as dishonourable or uncertain. The

Countess, in her turn, proposed conditions, to the effect that she should continue for a month in Lathom House, and she should then, with her children, her friends, her soldiers, and her servants, depart and have free transport to the Isle of Man (then held in defence by her husband), and that after her departure no soldier should be quartered in the lordship of Lathom, nor any garrison put into Lathom or Knowsley House, and that none of her tenants, neighbours, or friends then in the house with her should for assisting her suffer in their persons or estates. Sir Thomas Fairfax refused to grant the time required, and insisted that Lathom House should be evacuated at ten o'clock of the following morning. The messenger by whom these terms were communicated conveyed back from her ladyship the following answer: "That she refused this offer, and was truly happy that hers had been refused, protesting that she would rather hazard her life than offer the like again; and that, though a woman and a stranger, divorced from her friends and robbed of her estate, she was ready to receive their utmost violence, trusting in God both for protection and deliverance." After some further unsuccessful negotiation the siege commenced.

On Tuesday, March 10th, a sally was made by the garrison upon the works which had been thrown up by the besiegers. This attack was conducted by Captain Farmer, aided by Lieutenant Bretargh, who slew about thirty men and took forty arms, one drum, and six prisoners. From the 10th to the 19th several operations of minor importance took place; and on the 20th the enemy brought one of their cannon to play upon the walls and to beat down the pinnacles and turrets of the house. The same day Sir Thomas Fairfax sent a letter which he had received from the Earl of Derby, who was then at Chester, wherein his lordship desired an honourable and free passage for his wife and children, if she so pleased, being loth to expose them to the uncertain hazards of a long siege; but her ladyship's noble thoughts still kindled and increased at the approaching danger, and she replied "that she would willingly submit herself to her lord's commands; but till she was assured it was his pleasure by correspondence she would neither yield the house nor desert it, but wait for the event, according to the will of God." Having returned this intrepid reply, she despatched a messenger to his lordship at Chester, and in the meantime the siege proceeded. On Monday, April 1st, six cannon, loaded with chain-shot and bars of iron, were brought to play upon

the fortress, and the next day the enemy played their mortar-piece three times, loaded with stones thirteen inches in diameter and eighty pounds in weight. Colonels Aston and Moore, still finding their artillery unavailing, besought the ministers of religion and all persons in Lancashire well-wishers to their righteous cause to offer up their prayers for the fall of Lathom House. On the Wednesday following Captain Farmer, Captain Molyneux Radcliffe, Lieutenant Penketh, Lieutenant Worrell, and Lieutenant Walthew, with 140 soldiers, issued out from a postern-gate, beat the enemy back from all their works which they had cast up round about the house, nailed all their cannon, killed about fifty men, took sixty arms and one colour, with three drums; while Captain Fox, by colours from the Eagle Tower, gave signal when to march and to retreat, according to the motions of the enemy, which he observed at a distance. From the 4th to the 24th of April the siege continued, and the cannon played with considerable force upon the walls and the Eagle Tower, but without producing any material effect. On the 25th Colonel Rigby, who had been left in command, sent what he called his last message to her ladyship, requiring her to yield up Lathom House, with all persons, goods, and arms within it into his hands, and to receive the mercy of Parliament. Having read the summons, the Countess called for the messenger by whom it was brought, and told him "that a due reward for his pains would be to be hanged up at the gates; but, says she, 'Thou art but a foolish instrument of a traitor's pride: carry this answer back to Rigby' (with a noble scorn tearing the paper in his sight). 'Tell that insolent rebel he shall neither have persons, goods, nor house. When our strength and provisions are spent we shall find a fire more merciful than Rigby; and then, if the providence of God prevent it not, my goods and house shall burn in his sight; and myself, children, and soldiers, rather than fall into his hands, will seal our religion and loyalty in the same flame!' Which having spoken aloud in her soldiers' hearing, they broke out into acclamations of joy, with this general voice, 'We will die for his Majesty and your honour! God save the King!'"

On the 26th, all things being prepared, about four o'clock next morning Captain Chisenhall and Captain Fox, Lieutenants Bre-targh, Penketh, Walthew, and Worrell issued forth at the eastern gate, and, being assisted by Captain Ogle and Captain Rawstorne, took possession of the enemy's trench and scaled the ramparts with considerable slaughter. The main works being obtained, the

two captains lifted up the mortar-piece to a low drag, and by strength of men drew it into the house. The same attempt was made against the enemy's great guns, but, lying beyond the ditch and being of such bulk and weight, all the strength brought to the service could not bring them off before the whole of the enemy's army came upon them. This action continued an hour, with the loss of two men on the part of the besieged. "From this time to the 25th May," says Captain Halsall, "we had a continual calm, so that we were scarcely sensible of a siege, but only by the restraint upon our liberty." On Thursday, May 23rd, Captain Edward Moseley brought another summons to her ladyship from his colonel, fuller than the former, in which an offer of mercy was made to the garrison; to which her ladyship replied, "The mercies of the wicked are cruel," and said that, "unless they treated with her lord, they should never take her or any of her friends alive." The same night one of the spies brought the intelligence that his Royal Highness Prince Rupert was in Cheshire, and on his march to the relief of Lathom House. This information having reached Colonel Rigby, he drew off his forces on the 27th to Eccleston Common and raised the siege of Lathom House, marching off the soldiers under his command to Bolton. The siege and capture of that town, which followed so soon after, under the combined operations of Prince Rupert and the Earl of Derby, yielded numerous trophies to the victorious army, and all these were presented to the heroic defender of Lathom House by her noble relative, in testimony of the memorable triumph achieved under her command by a gallant band of three hundred soldiers, assailed as they had been by ten times their own number.

During the siege of Lathom the enemy, says Seacome, shot at the house 109 cannon, 32 stones, and four grenadoes, at a cost of a hundred barrels of gunpowder. According to the account quoted their loss amounted to 500 killed and 140 wounded; while on the same authority it is stated that the besieged lost only five or six men in all.

After the raising of the siege, owing to the relief afforded by Prince Rupert, the Countess of Derby retired with her children, under the protection of her husband, to the Isle of Man, leaving the care of Lathom House to Colonel Rawstorne. The stronghold was again invested in the following year by the Parliamentary troops, amounting to four thousand men, under Colonel Egerton, who took up his head-quarters at Ormskirk. The garrison made a gallant and successful stand for some time, but the ancient spirit no longer animated the defenders. The wild enthusiasm of last

year, which made the Countess's men regard death—to them the only alternative with victory—with a gay welcome, and the quick ingenuity of the lady-leader—providing for every possible contingency, planning the most daring sallies to be carried out, with deadly and dispiriting effect upon the besiegers and at the smallest possible expense of life to the besieged—these, as well as the primal “motive and the cue for action,” the circumstance that their commander was a lovely woman who sought their protection, while at the same time she guided their efforts, were all now wanting to the defenders of Lathom House; and at last, reduced to extremities for want of the munitions of war and disappointed in the expectation of a reinforcement from the King, who was in September of that year in Chester, the commander was compelled to surrender the fine old house upon bare terms of mercy on the 2nd of December. The besiegers soon converted the most valuable effects of the house into booty, the towers,* from which so many fatal shots had been fired, were thrown down, the military works destroyed, and the sun of Lathom practically set for ever. After the Restoration the manor returned into the possession of the Derby family, and in the early part of the last century it was occasionally inhabited by them. From 1714, when the property was transferred to Lord Ashburnham, its history has already been traced.

The fall of Lathom House was regarded as an event of the first importance by the Parliamentary party. Besides the material gain of twelve pieces of cannon and a large store of arms and ammunition, the Republicans had achieved a great moral triumph in the fall of the famous royalist house, and an order was issued by the House of Commons “for the ministers about London to give public thanks to God, on the next Lord's Day, for its surrender.”

James, seventh Earl of Derby, was taken after the rout of Worcester, tried, and beheaded 15th October, 1651. His lady survived him till 1663, when she was buried at Ormskirk. As the fate of the principal members of the House of Derby is sketched elsewhere (see “Knowsley”), the subject cannot be followed out further here.

* According to a poem written in the reign of Henry VIII., Thomas, the second Earl of Derby, represents Lathom House as having eighteen towers for in quitting that place in 1578 he says:—

“Farewell, Lathom! that bright bower,
Nine towers thou bearest on high,
And other nine thou bearest in the outer walls;
Within thee may be lodged kings three.”

Stonyhurst.—The Great Jesuits' College.

The splendid baronial edifice of Stonyhurst, with its domed towers, its park-like grounds, and its quaint, rich, and old-fashioned gardens, is the chief glory of the north-western district of Lancashire. It stands amidst its woods on a bold eminence on the north side of the valley of the Ribble, at the distance, by the winding carriage road, of about ten miles north of Blackburn. The stately pile itself has a noble and commanding aspect, and the prospects which it overlooks are bold, rich, and beautiful. Approaching from the south, as soon as picturesque Ribblesdale discloses its finely-diversified slopes and wooded heights, Stonyhurst comes full into view. On the left side lies Ribchester, in the level of the valley; along the vale to the north-east Clytheroe Castle is seen crowning the summit of an isolated hill; the extensive and beautiful ruins of Whalley Abbey form a picture on the eastern side of the dale; and, high beyond, the bare vast mass of Pendle-hill closes the view in this direction. Southward are the high grounds of Blackburn parish, and westward, extending in front of the principal part of the edifice, are the charming park and grounds of this famous old estate.

Stonyhurst is of commanding interest, alike from the beauty of its situation, the antiquity and architectural excellence of its buildings, the value of its relics in furniture, paintings, books, &c., the fame of its lords—the Sherburnes—who held it from 1372 till the close of the last century, and from the circumstance that at the present day it is the great Jesuit College of England, in which the youth of the Catholic nobility and gentry are educated.

The old estate is situated in the parish of Mitton, within which the rivers Hodder, Calder, and Ribble unite. This circumstance, combined with the humidity of the climate here in certain seasons, has given rise to the wet-weather distich of—

“ The Hodder, the Calder, Ribble and rain
All meet together in Mitton domain.”

It has been conjectured that the name Mitton was originally Midtown, and was so named from the fact that the Hodder runs through the midst of it; and if this conjecture be wrong the origin of the name may be considered as lost in antiquity. The hundred of Blackburn was granted by William the Conqueror to

Ilbert de Lacy, lord of the Honour of Pontefract, and went to swell his already extensive possessions. By charter bearing date prior to 1102 Ilbert de Lacy granted the manor of Mitton to Ralph de Rous, who is supposed to have complied with the custom of his time of assuming the name of his property as his own surname. The Mittons, who early became extinct, are supposed to be of the same extraction, and to form in fact the same family with the Bayleys, and members of this stock were called De Bayley or De Mitton at will. Richard Bayley or Mitton married Margaret, the daughter and co-heiress of Sir Richard de Sherburne, who died in the forty-seventh year of Edward III. (1373). Their son and heir, Richard Bayley, assumed the name of Sherburne. His descendant, Sir Richard Sherburne, who received the honour of knighthood for his bravery in the battle of Leith, was a great favourite successively of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, and the great Queen Elizabeth, under each of whose reigns he found his conscience, or his convenience and profit, constraining him so to modify his views on religious topics as to make them harmonize with those that prevailed at the courts of these monarchs. He was one of Henry VIII.'s commissioners for the dissolution of monasteries; under Queen Mary he probably held some position in which it was his business, as far as in him lay, to undo all he had done under Henry. One result of this pliancy and accommodation of spirit was that in due time he reached his grave—whole. It was he who built the splendid mansion of Stonyhurst, on the site of a former edifice. He died before the structure was completed; but the noble west front and one wing, together with half the quadrangular court of the Stonyhurst of to-day, are standing as he left them at his death in 1594. The cupolas of the towers were added by Sir Nicholas Sherburne, and were built at the cost of 50*l.*, as is shown by the deed of contract still existing here. Sir Nicholas, the last lord of Stonyhurst of the Sherburne family, was a travelled scholar; under his direction the gardens and grounds were laid out in the French taste, and he was preparing to complete the half-finished building when he lost his only son, Richard Francis, who died in 1702, at the age of nine years. The old knight now lost heart; his breavement so affected him that all the aim he had in building died within him, and at last he abandoned his design. He had received his baronetcy in 1685, and when he died in 1717 the title became extinct. The family estates passed to the children of his sister Elizabeth, who had married William,

son and heir of Sir John Weld, of Lulworth Castle, in the county of Dorset, and his eminence Cardinal Weld, the eldest son of the late Thomas Weld, Esq. of Lulworth Castle, inherited the noble mansion. The family of Sherburne appears to have been always Catholic, and when Stonyhurst came into the hands of a cardinal it was not remarkable that it should become alienated from the family and converted to the service of the Catholic cause.

The approach from Hursts' Green to Stonyhurst, a pleasant walk of half a mile, offers the fullest and finest view of the college. Advancing from the Green you pass several comfortable cottages, and then through a gate which brings you into the lawn in the front of the house, but at a distance of a quarter of a mile. Before passing through this gate you come to a small but beautiful cemetery, belonging to the hamlet and neighbourhood, with a plain but very tasteful oratory, with a bell. This rural dwelling of the dead stands well, giving wide views of the country round—of Pendle in one direction, and the wild upland of Bowland Forest in another; and is screened and skirted with trees with good effect. Turning from the cemetery and entering upon the lawn, the view of Stonyhurst is impressive. It is a house which accords well with the style of its former lords, who now sleep in the neighbouring ancient church of Mitton. You see that it was worthy of the Sherburnes. The grounds, woods, and waters about its solitary stateliness belong strictly to the "old English gentleman." An avenue of noble trees formerly skirted the carriage road which runs directly up to the lawn of the house. That is gone; but woods on either side of the lawn still form a wider kind of avenue, at the end of which appears this tall building, with its large entrance gateway in the centre, its large square windows, and two domed towers, surmounted with eagles. About half way up the lawn a railing runs across, marking the more immediate approach, and on each hand is a sheet of water. The house is in the style of John of Padua, and is said by the Jesuit fathers resident here to be the most perfect English specimen of that style.

The gardens, one of the special features of Stonyhurst, have been delightfully sketched by a well-known English writer, who spent a day at this famous house:—

With the exception of the piece taken for the playground, the gardens remain pretty much in the form in which they were laid out by Sir Nicholas Sherburne. They are delightful in themselves and delightfully situated—looking out over that splendid valley,

with its river, woods, uplands, and distant hills. It is the fashion to cry down all gardens as ugly and tasteless which are not shaped by our modern notions. The formalities of the French and Dutch have been sufficiently condemned. For my part I like even them in their place. One would no more think of laying out grounds now in this manner than of wearing Elizabethan ruffs or bob-wigs and basket-hilted swords; but the old French and Dutch gardens, as appendages of a quaint old house, are in my opinion beautiful. They are like many other things, not so much beautiful in themselves as beautiful by association, as memorials of certain characters and ages. A garden, after all, is an artificial thing, and though framed from the materials of nature, may be allowed to mould them into something very different from nature. There is a wild beauty of nature, and there is a beauty in nature linked to art; one looks for a very different kind of beauty in fields and mountains, to what one does in a garden. The one delights you with a certain rude freedom and untamed magnificence; the other by smoothness and elegance—by velvet lawns, bowery arbours, winding paths, fair branching shrubs, fountains, and juxtapositions of many rare flowers. Who will say that Colonel Howard's Elizabethan house and old French gardens at Lewin's Bridge are not beautiful? and who will say, when they have seen them, that the gardens of Stonyhurst are not so too?

In the centre is a capacious circular basin of water, in the midst of which stands a leaden figure of a man in chains, said to be Atilius Regulus. This basin abounds with gold, silver, and black fish. Near it is a fine observatory commanding an enviable prospect. At each lower extremity of the garden, overlooking the dale, is a summer-house of very beautiful form, with tall pointed roof, surmounted with eagles. Over each door is a grotesque head, and above it a very classical bas-relief vase, with wreaths of flowers and fruits falling on each side. One side of the garden is still divided by pleached walks of yew—in fact, tall screens or walls of yew—cut square at least ten feet high, and four or five thick, and kept in fine order. From the observatory you see the whole plan of these fences; but as you walk among them you are enveloped in a most green and pleasant solitude. Arched doorways are cut through them, and you come, in one place, to a large circular enclosure, formerly occupied by a fountain, but now converted into a bowling-green. Thence you descend by broad flights of easy steps into a most solemn, cool, and twilight walk, formed by ancient overarch-

ing yews—a place, of all others, made for the meditations of the religious devotee. Reascending you pass into the air and sunshine, amongst cheerful trees and delicious flowers. Similar flights, at the opposite side of the garden, lead you to walls hung with fruit, and kitchen gardens calculated for such an establishment.

In 1794 the stately mansion of Stonyhurst was fixed upon as the seat of an English Roman Catholic College of Jesuits, the heads of the college at Liége having been driven from their establishment by the proscriptions of the French Revolution, and being induced by the judicious mitigation of the penal enactments in England against Catholic seminaries to seek an asylum in their native country. A long lease was accordingly obtained of the mansion and farm, on moderate terms, from the late Thomas Weld, Esq. The mansion was found much dilapidated from time and neglect, but it was put into a state of complete repair; the old buildings about it were pulled down, and a new wing and other important additions gradually erected, till it now forms a stately pile, all in the style of Sir Richard Sherburne's mansion of 1594, enclosing a quadrangle eighty feet by one hundred feet, with other buildings, its fine church and its infirmary forming wings at right angles to the principal front. In the upper stories are the dormitories; below are apartments for the professors and teachers, with a magnificent library, containing about 30,000 volumes, among which are many of great rarity and value. Of this library the following careful and interesting account is given by Mr. Dobson, in his "Rambles by the Ribble:—" "It is rich in black-letter works and in ancient manuscripts; among the former are between five hundred and six hundred volumes, many of them being early specimens of printing, including the 'Golden Legende,' printed by Caxton in 1493, and the 'Book of Eneydoes,' printed by Caxton in 1490; a vast number from the press of Wynkyn de Worde, Caxton's son-in-law and successor; and a great variety of missals and other religious books, several printed by Pynson, whose missals, Dibdin said, were among the most magnificent productions of the press, at the commencement of the sixteenth century. One of the most interesting of these volumes is a religious work, 'Horæ in Laudem beatissimæ Virginis Mariæ, ad usum Romanum,' printed in 1558. According to tradition this volume once belonged to the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots, and is said to have been the identical book which she held in her hand as she mounted the scaffold, and which she caused to be delivered to her confessor. By him it was deposited in the library of Douay College, and thence found its way to the

library of the Jesuits' College at Liége, from which place it accompanied the fathers to Stonyhurst in 1794. The cover bears the words 'Maria' and 'Regina,' with a crown, a rose, and a pomegranate, with the arms of England and France quarterly. Mr. Boardman, the compiler of the catalogue of black-letter works at Stonyhurst, says :—'The heraldic devices cannot be taken to designate Mary Queen of Scots, but are rather suited to Mary of England, the rose and the pomegranate being the badges of England and Spain respectively. The crown is not, strictly speaking, either that of England, France, or Scotland. . . . It is possible therefore that the book belonged in the first instance to Mary of England, and from her hands, either by bequest or otherwise, came into those of Mary Queen of Scots.' Among the manuscripts is probably one of the most extensive collections of ancient missals in the kingdom, many of them beautifully illuminated, and judged from the caligraphy to be of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries ; a manuscript attributed to St. Francis de Sales ; the 'Homilies of Pope Gregory,' of the date 1168-1183, and which is the oldest manuscript in the collection ; a copy of the Gospel of St. John, considered to be the work of the seventh century, and said to have been found in the tomb of St. Cuthbert." To the collection, thus described by Mr. Dobson, have recently been added some very curious MSS. in Amharic, presented by an old pupil, who brought them from Abyssinia, after the late war. Among the more striking features of the college may be mentioned the refectory, a very fine room, thirty yards long, the walls covered with portraits of former students, and at the end a raised dais extending on each side into deeply recessed bay windows ; the exhibition hall, in which hang some noted pictures of the old masters ; the scholars' chapel, with its exquisite decorations, and a fine cast of Auchterman's dead Christ in the ante-chamber. The museum is between the western towers, and contains, among many other interesting objects, the private seals of James II. and Fénelon, the embroidered cap of Sir Thomas More, his seal when Under-Treasurer, and his original George—the figure of St. George worn by Knights of the Garter—when Lord Chancellor, with this inscription—" O passi graviora deus dabit his quoque finem ;" several venerable vases, pixes, and crosses ; with a number of Transatlantic curiosities, a good collection of minerals and shells ; bronze casts of the Cæsars, and plaster casts of the martyrdoms of the apostles ; and the cabinet of the learned Queen Christina of Sweden.

At the south angle of the front of the college a large and hand-

some ornamental Catholic church or chapel has been erected partly by subscription and partly out of the college funds, in the Tudor-Gothic style of architecture, after a design by J. J. Scoles, Esq. It is dedicated to St. Peter. The first stone of the edifice was laid in 1832, and the structure was consecrated in 1835. Its total cost is said to have far exceeded 10,000*l.* One of the most noted features of the college is the observatory, in the garden, comprising two departments, the magnetic, in connexion with the Kew Observatory, and the astronomical, in connexion with the Royal Astronomical Observatory. The telescope, known as the "Peter's Telescope," is here.

Regarded as a whole, the College of Stonyhurst is admirably adapted as a high-class institution for the purposes of education. The most effective methods of instruction are here in operation, and the completeness of the appointments of the college, as far as these bear upon scientific and other studies, signalize it as one of the most lordly "schools" in the country. The hall of study, seventy-eight feet by twenty feet, is exclusively devoted to the acquisition of learning, during the hours of which not a word is allowed to be exchanged between the students. The philosophical apparatus room, forty-eight feet by thirty-three feet, contains the fine collection of instruments, machines, &c., used in the illustration of the different branches of natural philosophy; and there are also play-rooms, drawing-room, music-room, and dancing gallery.

William Howitt, whose writing is as genial as his judgment is sound and acute, was conducted over Stonyhurst by one of the resident priests; and his record of the impressions he received of the college, of its style of education and discipline, will be read with interest, as being a direct and impartial account:—

"We made the round of the house," he writes, "and were struck with admiration at the general style and nobility of the place—its oaken floors, long galleries, paintings, ceilings, the library, the museum, the exhibition, and philosophical apparatus rooms, and all those relics and antiquarian remains which enrich it. The dormitories are large and airy rooms; every separate bed being enclosed with a screen, like the screens of a coffee-house, and a large curtain is drawn in front, so that every boy, with the advantage of ample ventilation, possesses perfect privacy. The philosophical apparatus room and exhibition room, merit all the praise bestowed upon them; they are noble rooms, and well furnished with orreries, galvanic batteries, a small steam-engine, mathematical instruments,

and every requisite for scientific demonstrations. Besides the fine painting by Annibal Caracci, there is one of St. Catherine of Padua in the hospital well worthy of attention, for the contrast of benignant beauty in the saint with the wretched and agonized forms around her. This room is also furnished with a noble organ.

“An excellent and effective mode of education is adopted here. After philosophical exhibitions in these rooms, and after silent reading in the hall of study, each class returns to the room of its particular teacher, and every boy is carefully questioned upon what he has seen or read, so as to ascertain that he has clearly comprehended and made himself master of the matter presented to his mind. The silence and decorum of the room are beautiful. At one moment the sound of one hundred and sixty boys at play in front of the college came up to us; the next, we saw them marching to the hall of study; and shortly afterwards passing the door, so profound was the hush, that we inquired whether it were not really empty . . . The refectory is one of the finest baronial halls I have seen, and the floors of this and other rooms are of oak, laid in squares, lozenges, and other figures, of a rich and antique beauty. This noble room had tables, mats, and other furniture then preparing for it, of a fashion accordant with and worthy of its old English magnificence. We proceeded from the house to view the playground and gardens. In the former, which has been taken from the gardens, we found one hundred and sixty-six boys at play—a fine set of lads, in all the eagerness and animation of their age—the sons of the principal Catholic nobility and gentry of England and Ireland.” Charles Waterton, Sheil, John Philip Kemble, Vandenhoff, and Sir Roger Tichborne, regarding whose ancestral property the most complicated, mysterious, and fascinating of all the *causes célèbres* on record is now (1872) pending, were educated here.

Mr. Howitt states—writing in 1840—that forty years previously to that date, when the Jesuits had established themselves, or little more, at Stonyhurst, the place was a wilderness, and had been uninhabited for some years. The lands were wild and overgrown with bushes; “now (*i.e.*, in 1840) they present an aspect of great cheerfulness and good farming. About fifty cows are kept to supply the establishment with milk and butter. The place indeed was a perfect rural paradise.”

The effect of the influence of the Jesuits upon the population of the district is described as having been salutary in the highest

sense. Many of the poor of the neighbourhood are fed and clothed by the institution, and the result, not an unnatural one, is that the mass of the population has been proselytized, and now professes the creed of Rome. The cause of the success of the Jesuit fathers is to be found in the well-calculated and wise policy which they pursue. "It is evident," says Howitt, "that they have established their influence here by the very same means that their order established such amazing power over the people of Paraguay; not by their doctrines nor their ceremonies, but by that of active and unwearied personal attention to their wants and comforts. This appears to have been the 'only witchcraft they have used,' and which will produce the same results in the hands of all who will use it. One act of personal kindness, one word of sympathy, will win more hearts than all the eloquence of Cicero or the wealth of the Indies. The religion of good works, of generous and active philanthropy, is the only religion which will suit the people. The bulk of the population are not nice reasoners—they are none of your acute metaphysicians who can tell the difference between the hundredth and the hundred-and-first shade of a sentiment, but they know in a moment when they are treated as men, and their hearts kindle and embrace their benefactors with a sympathy not easily destroyed. Their understanding may even revolt at the prominent errors of a Church's doctrines, but if they once feel that it has the pith of real Christian kindness in it they are gained for ever. Errors become changed in their mind into matters of difference, or are actually converted by the mental alchemy of grateful affection into venerable truths. This, from our observation and inquiry, appeared to be the process by which so great changes had been effected at Stonyhurst."

Throughout the whole of the neighbourhood which surrounds this ancient house, the influence of the Stonyhurst family was all-powerful during the reign of Elizabeth, and for many generations afterwards. The marriage of Roger Sherburne of Wolfhouse with Isabel Knolles, the heiress of the ancient family of that name, transmitted to the Sherburnes possessions in the parish of Chipping; and Robert Sherburne, a lawyer, reader in the honourable society of Gray's Inn, became possessed of Little Mitton by marriage, in the ninth year of Elizabeth, with Dorothy, the daughter and co-heir of Thomas Catteral, of Catteral and Mitton. In Mitton therefore, as well as at Stonyhurst itself, we may expect to find traces of the grandeur and the influence of this historical house.

And the parish of Mitton is interesting for other reasons than its historical and antiquarian remains. It is partly in Lancashire, partly in Yorkshire—the manor of Little Mitton, one of those quaint, ancient timbered houses with which Lancashire abounds, being remarkable for its galleried hall of the age of Henry VII., while the manor of Greater Mitton or *the* Mitton, as it is called, is as singularly as it is sweetly situated, on a point of land in the West Riding of Yorkshire, which runs into Lancashire between two streams, the Hodder and the Ribble. The Mitton is a locality at which readers curious about Stonyhurst should pause a little, because not only are its village and church of themselves exquisitely charming to those over whom the spirit of antiquity or the beauty of rural repose and seclusion exercises a spell, but in the latter lie the remains of the greater number of the Sherburne family. The village is “one of the most perfect ‘nooks of the world’; one of those places that, however all the country around them may be revolutionized by manufactures and politics, stand, save for the ravages of time on their buildings, as they stood ages ago. It is most absolutely old English. The slumber of a summer noon lies there profoundly as a trance. The low of cattle from a neighbouring croft, or the hum of a passing bee, seem the only living sounds. The village consists of a few old farmhouses—one of which is a dilapidated monastery—the usual diversification of a blacksmith’s shop, a wheelwright’s shop, the parsonage, and little garden cottages. It stands surrounded by a profusion of trees.” The church is a plain unpretending structure, with a low, bulky, embattled tower, surmounted by pinnacles, and probably rebuilt about the time of Edward III.; but it delights you as you approach with the green sequestered beauty of its churchyard, and, on your entrance, with such a group of effigied tombs as few village churches can show.

The interior of the edifice forms a nave and chancel. The Sherburne chapel, on the north side of the chancel, is divided from the church by a decayed oak screen with many very curious carvings. Over the door in this chapel are the arms of the Sherburne family; and within are many marble figures, life-size, to the memory of members of that knightly house. These figures are for the most part executed with great spirit, and one or two of them are really excellent works of sculpture. The most singular monument is that of Sir Richard Sherburne and his lady, which the villagers point out to the visitor as “old Fiddle-o’-God and his wife”—Fiddle-o’-God! being Sir Richard’s customary imprecation when he was in a passion,

which was not seldom. The two figures are represented kneeling in the attitude of prayer, opposite each other, and both are draped and coloured in the quaint style of the close of the sixteenth century—he in his ruff and full-skirted jerkin, she in a black gown and hood, falling over the top of her head, and with tan-leather gloves reaching up her arms. However passionate and profane Sir Richard was in his life, he has a “most ludicrously pious” look on the monument.

Under the windows of Sherburne aisle, close to the wall, lies the effigy of a knight in freestone. This figure has its story, which is thus told at Mitton. When the monuments of the Sherburnes came down from London, they were of course the wonder and the talk of the whole country. A common stonemason, as he sat by the alehouse fire at Hurst’s Green, hearing the company extolling them, said, “he would undertake to cut out as good in common stone.” The whole place was scandalized at the man’s arrogance; and the report of his boast was carried to the hall. The man was sent for, and desired to make good his bragging remark, under penalty, if he failed, of forfeiting their employment for ever. He was to take only one view of the figure he elected to reproduce, and twelve months were allowed him to finish it. “And there it is, as like as pea to pea,” says the sexton who shows the image to the visitor. The mason had finished it in a few months, and so surprised were the Sherburnes, that they gave him 20*l.*, and allowed the figure to be laid outside the window of the aisle. Of the later career of the stonemason nothing is known.



Knowsley Hall.

Knowsley Hall, the principal seat of the family of Derby, a magnificent structure, evincing in its princely proportions, in the luxuriance of its furniture, fittings, and decorations, as well as in its pictures, its statuary, and its relics and examples of artistic workmanship, contributed by every country and by every age, is situated in the parish of Huyton, Lancashire, seven miles from Liverpool and two miles from Prescott. The park is remarkable for its size—it is about ten miles in circumference—and for its beautiful scenery; there being in this enclosure probably a greater number

of individual and separate scenes, or, to use a painter's phrase, "bits," conspicuous for sylvan beauty than in any other park in the kingdom. The magnificence of the mansion itself is more that of ample dimensions than of architectural style; but certain portions of it are finer in conception and design than others. The portion prepared for the reception of Henry VII., and for the sojourn of the Prince Regent in later times, was rebuilt in stone in 1820, and is specially imposing from its battlements, turrets, and crenellated parapets. Over the south or front entrance, beneath the family arms, is this inscription: "James, Earl of Derby, Lord of Man and the Isles, grandson of James, Earl of Derby, and of Charlotte, daughter of Claude, Duke de la Tremouille, whose husband, James, was beheaded at Bolton 15th October, 1652, for strenuously adhering to Charles II., who refused a bill passed unanimously by both Houses of Parliament for restoring to the family the estates lost by his loyalty to him. 1732."

This fine estate became the property of the Lathom family by the marriage of Sir Robert de Lathom with Catherine, daughter and heiress of Thomas de Knowsley, and passed into the family of Stanley in like manner by the marriage of Isabella, daughter and heiress of Sir Thomas Lathom, grandson of Sir Robert, with Sir John Stanley.

Among the art-treasures of Knowsley are a number of splendid pictures. Among these is to be specially noted, "Belshazzar's Feast," by Rembrandt; "Seneca in the Bath," by Rubens; and the sea-pieces by Vanderveldt and De Long. The fine collection contains excellent specimens of Teniers, Salvator Rosa, Correggio, Vandyke, Claud Lorraine, and other masters. There are also many valuable family portraits by eminent artists of different periods. One of the most interesting among the portraits is that of Thomas, the first Earl of Derby.

The history of the original branches of this renowned family—the Lathoms and the Stanleys—has already been traced under the notice of Lathom House and the famous defence of that stronghold by the Countess of Derby, Charlotte de la Tremouille, against the vastly outnumbering troops of the Parliamentary force. In the sketch alluded to the chief incidents in the history of the Earls of Derby, down to the magnanimous representative—the husband of the heroic defender of Lathom House—James, the seventh earl, who suffered for the King at Bolton in 1651-2, have been noted. It remains to notice under "Knowsley Hall" the chief features of

the lives of the great earls, from James, the seventh of the line, to the present representative of the family.

Charles, eighth Earl of Derby, assumed his position as the chief representative of the family on the execution his father, the seventh earl. With him the traditions and the political character of this illustrious race were carried down with characteristic consistency. Providence had cast his lot in more peaceful times than it had been his father's fate to see; but he had worn a sword for the King nevertheless, and he was present with his father at the great muster of Royalists on Preston Moor, June 20, 1642. In August, 1659, he appeared at the head of several Lancashire gentlemen in support of the unsuccessful rising of Sir George Booth in Cheshire, but was taken prisoner and attainted by Parliament. An act was passed, however, at the Restoration (in 1665), entitled "An Act for the restoring of Sir Charles Stanley in blood," by which this nobleman regained his honours and titles. He was also, soon afterwards, appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Lancashire. In 1650 he married Dorothea Helena, daughter of John Kirkhoven, Baron of Rupa, in Holland. He died in 1672.

He was succeeded by his son, William Richard George, as ninth earl. Though this Derby refused to mingle in politics, and preferred to lead the life of a country gentleman, he held appointments of considerable importance at different periods of his life. He was successively Lord-Lieutenant of his county and of Lancashire and Cheshire combined. He married Elizabeth Butler, daughter of Thomas, Earl of Ossory, and sister of James, Duke of Ormond; but died without male issue and was succeeded by his brother,

James, tenth Earl of Derby, a man of military tastes, who had seen service under William of Orange in Flanders. To the spirit and gallantry of a soldier he added the refinement and discrimination of a man of careful culture; he was a liberal patron of the fine arts, and he rebuilt Knowsley Hall. At his death without issue male in 1735-6, the male descendants of the main line of the Earls of Derby became extinct.

Sir Edward Stanley of Bickerstaffe, descended from Sir John Stanley of Crosshall, brother of Thomas, second Earl of Derby, succeeded as the eleventh earl. He was appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Lancashire in 1741. His son James, Lord Stanley, married the daughter of Thomas Smith, Esq., of Weald Hall, Essex, and was the father of Edward Smith Stanley, who succeeded as twelfth earl.

This Edward, a memorable member of the Derby family, was

appointed Lord-Lieutenant of his county in 1776, and held that office for fifty-eight years. In him the hereditary tastes of the Derbys seems to have undergone some modification. He did not take any very prominent part in political life, but made himself famous as a patron of the "turf." He founded the "Derby" race in 1780, and was fond of the "sport" of cock-fighting, which was then prevalent among country gentlemen. But in the gratification of his tastes, such as they were, he always acted with fairness, and he was widely known as an honourable and generous man. His first wife was Lady Elizabeth Hamilton, daughter of James, Duke of Hamilton and Brandon, by whom he had Edward, Lord Stanley, afterward thirteenth earl, and two daughters. But his first wife having died in 1797, the Earl contracted an alliance which drew upon him the attention of the whole country. He led to the altar Miss Elizabeth Farren, a fascinating actress, and at that time perhaps the chief attraction of Drury Lane. That the proudest earl in England, the representative of the illustrious Stanleys, the companions and the peers of kings, should mate with one occupying such a very different position in life occasioned no little surprise. But the Earl was not a man to be influenced by the class of considerations that affect ordinary minds. He could afford to act independently of the conventionalities that restricted smaller men, and the result proved the wisdom and the judiciousness of his choice. Miss Farren belonged to a family historical for histrionic talent, and she had the usual advantage of having had ancestors of note; she herself was a woman of education and high culture. In all the relations of life she showed herself a perfect gentlewoman; and when she assumed the position of Countess of Derby, she seemed to accept a condition of things which in her case was only natural and appropriate. The remarkable elevation in her social rank was one of the probable contingencies of her career—an incident which she regarded with complacency and accepted without elation.

Edward Stanley, the thirteenth earl, succeeded on the death of his father in 1834. He rendered himself noteworthy for the interest he took in natural history, and his collection of books and of mammals at Knowsley had a reputation throughout Europe. He was the founder of a very extensive museum, which he bequeathed to the town of Liverpool, and which now forms an attraction of the Free Library of that town. He died in 1851, and was succeeded by his son,

Edward Geoffrey Smith Stanley, the fourteenth earl, who, though

not the first of his race who has evinced high literary tastes, has probably won more distinction as a statesman and as an author than any of his predecessors. His political career has been conspicuous from the commencement—his life was in the eye of the public. He was born in 1799, and was for some years representative in Parliament for the northern division of Lancashire. During a part of the Goderich Administration he was Under Secretary for the Colonies; he was Chief Secretary for Ireland from 1830 to 1833; Secretary of State for the Colonies at different periods; and Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports in 1852 and 1853. He was elected Lord Rector of Glasgow University in 1834. His elevation to the peerage took place in the same year. He succeeded to the government in 1852, as Premier and First Lord of the Treasury for a short time, and he again came into power in 1866, but again resigned it in 1868. His eloquence and efficiency as a speaker and debater have seldom been surpassed. His speeches were remarkable for a certain vehemence and brilliant dash that bore down all but the very stubbornest opposition. For this quality of fiery impetuosity in attack and in retort he was named by Lord Lytton "the Rupert of Debate." He died in 1869, and was succeeded by his son,

Edward Henry Stanley, the fifteenth and present Earl of Derby. He was born at Knowsley Park in 1826, graduated (first-class in classics) at Cambridge in 1848, and entered Parliament for Lynn Regis in the same year. He was Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs in 1852; Secretary of State for the Colonies in 1858; Secretary of State for India, 1858-9; and in 1866 he became Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, retaining that office till the resignation of the Conservative party in 1868.

The principal members of the Stanley family have now been noticed, in the present sketch and in that of "Lathom House;" but in an ancient stock so widely connected there were many notable men who bore the name and who rendered themselves conspicuous. Of these James Stanley, son of the first earl, was a man of military instincts and of a free and liberal nature. He was destined for the Church, and, though not specially suited to the sacred profession, he was an efficient member of it. He was elected Bishop of Ely. On the eve of the "Battle of Flodden," when the whole of Lancashire was astir with the summons to rise for the defence of the country, the Earl of Surrey sent his message, among others, to the Bishop of Ely. The Bishop was not slack in answering the

call. He mustered his large contingent, and would have led them to the field himself had not his calling and the infirmities of old age forbidden him.

This Bishop, James Stanley, had his failings. It is of him that Fuller quaintly remarks : " I blame not the Bishop for passing the summer with his brother, the Earl of Derby, in Lancashire, but for living all the winter at Somersham with one who was not his sister, and who wanted nothing to make her his wife save marriage." The result of this connexion was the birth of Sir John Stanley, who led the Bishop's force at the battle of Flodden, and gained a high reputation on that field. He entered a monastery in 1528 and died in the cloister. His wife, " Dame Margaret," had intended to enter a nunnery at the same time that her husband gave up the world and became dead to the law by entering the monastery, but the dame seems to have thought better of it, and comforted herself for the loss of one husband by marrying another. Her second lord was Sir Urian Brereton, and by him she had a family, through which the Honford estates were transmitted to her descendants for many generations.

This Sir John Stanley, who commenced life as a soldier and ended it as a priest, seems to have been of a naturally subdued disposition. His character was the opposite of that of his father, the jolly Bishop. Sir John loved the preacher's motto, " All is vanity," and where he could, he liked to inscribe it openly. This natural tendency to melancholy was deepened and increased by the stigma of his birth, which he could not forget. The stain on his father's life and his death excommunicated—for the Bishop had died under the ban of the Church, owing to his connexion with the lady who was *not* his sister—would not let him call the Bishop by the name of father, nor does he use this expression in his letters.



Lea Hall.—Sir Hugh Calveley, one of the Heroes of Froissart.

Lea Hall, an old timber mansion, surrounded by a moat, and for many generations the seat of the famous Calveleys, of Lea, is in the township of Lea-cum-Newbold, about six miles from Chester. The manor was held in the earliest times by the Barons de Montalt. Robert de Montalt died seised *inter alia* of Lea,

holding that part of it on the north side of Lea Brook. Robert de Morley, heir of Robert de Montalt, who died in 1277, conveyed it to Queen Isabel, with remainder to John of Eltham, and King Edward III. That monarch granted the estate to William, Earl of Salisbury about 1337. From the Earl of Salisbury the manor was purchased by Sir John Wingfield, who settled it in 1354 upon his daughter Maud, wife of David de Calveley. After the death of this David, Lea was held by his wife Maud, or Mabella, and by her transmitted to her son, Hugh Calveley, and his heirs. In the possession of this ancient and noble family the manor remained until the death of Hugh Calveley, the last heir male, in 1648. On the death of the last female heir, Dame Mary Calveley, in 1714, the Calveley estates were partitioned, when Lea, with the lands north of the brook, became the property of Sir Thomas Cotton, Bart. ; while those south of the brook went to the Leghs of Lyme.

The hall has been replaced by an ordinary farmhouse. The moat is the only remaining feature which seems to suggest that this plain tenement was at one time the home of the flower of English knighthood.

For the pedigree of Calveley is graced with the name of one of the most distinguished warriors of his time, the first Sir Hugh Calveley, of Lea, Knight, eldest son of David Calveley, of Lea, by his first wife Johanna. This stout knight makes his first distinguished appearance in history as one of a company of thirty English combatants who engaged an equal number of Bretons in mortal strife for the settlement of some differences that had arisen out of the reprisals made by the English in the year 1351. The English were unfortunate in having their ranks broken by a Breton horseman, who burst through them and caused confusion and misdirected action. After the English phalanx was broken the combat went against them. Most of them perished on the field. The "Battle of Thirty" was a grim game of war, a tournament in which the antagonists fought to the death and neither asked nor gave quarter. Prizes of valour were awarded to those knights—the Lord of Tinteniach on the Breton side and Croquart on the side of the English—who had borne themselves with the greatest bravery and success. Of the English survivors Croquart, Calveley, and Knolles were captured and confined in the prison of Josselin. The field on which this terrific encounter took place is known to this day as "Le champ des Anglais."

We next find Calveley, a few years after the "Combat of Thirty,"

entrusted with the command of a division of the English forces at the battle of Auray, in which the English, under Sir John Chandos, won a brilliant victory over the French. The conduct of Sir Hugh Calveley at this battle is minutely described by the invaluable Froissart, to whom the character of the English knight seems to have appeared so gallant and every way worthy, that he never refers to him without placing him conspicuously in the foreground of his picturesque sketches. The following account of Sir Hugh, at the battle of Auray, is in the quaint but suggestive words of the old chronicler just named :—

“ Sir John Chandos formed three battalions and a rear-guard. He placed over the first Sir Robert Knolles, Sir Walter Huet, and Sir Richard Burley. The second battalion was under the command of Sir Oliver de Clisson, Sir Eustace D’Ambreticourt, and Sir Matthew Gowning. The Earl of Montfort had the third, which was to remain near his (Chandos’s) person. There were in each battalion five hundred men-at-arms and four hundred archers. When Chandos came to the rear-guard he called Sir Hugh Calveley to him, and said, ‘ Sir Hugh, you will take the command of the rear-guard of five hundred men, and keep on our wing without moving one step, whatever may happen, unless you shall see an absolute necessity for it : such as our battalions giving way, or by accident broken ; in that case you will hasten to succour those who are giving way, or who may be in disorder ; and assure yourself you cannot this day do a more meritorious service.’ When Sir Hugh heard Sir John Chandos giving these orders, he was much hurt and angry with him, and said, ‘ Sir John, Sir John, give the command of this rear-guard to some other, for I do not wish to be troubled with it.’ He then added, ‘ Sir Knight, for what manner of reason have you thus provided for me ? and why am I not as fit and proper to take my post in the front rank as others ?’ Sir John discreetly answered, ‘ Sir Hugh, I did not place you with the rear-guard because you were not as good a knight as any of us ; for, in truth, I know that you are equally valiant with the best, but I order you to that post, because I know you are both bold and prudent, and that it is absolutely necessary for you or me to take that command. I therefore most earnestly entreat it of you ; for, if you will do so we shall all be the better for it, and you yourself will acquire great honour ; in addition I promise to comply with the first request you may make me.’ Notwithstanding this handsome speech of Sir John Chandos, Sir Hugh refused to comply, consider-

ing it as a great affront offered him, and entreated, through the love of God, with uplifted hands, that he would send some other to that command; for in fact he was anxious to enter the battle with the first. This conduct nearly brought tears to the eyes of Sir John. He again addressed him, gently saying, 'Sir Hugh, it is absolutely necessary that either you or I take this command; now, consider which can be most spared.' Sir Hugh, having considered this last speech, was much confused, and replied, 'Certainly, sir, I know full well that you would ask nothing from me which could turn out to my dishonour, and since it is so, I will very cheerfully undertake it.' Sir Hugh Calveley then took the command called the rear-guard, entered the field on the wing of the others, and formed his line. It was on Saturday, 8th October, 1364, that these battalions were drawn up facing each other in a handsome plain, near to Auray, in Brittany. I must say it was a fine thing to see and reflect on; for there were banners and pennons flying, with the richest armour, on each side; the French were so handsomely and grandly drawn up, it was great pleasure to look at them."

Meantime negotiations to bring about peace were being carried on. We give the result only. The war had been undertaken by the Count of Montfort to establish his claim to the Dukedom of Brittany, then held by Charles of Blois, nephew of the King of France. While the two armies were drawn up on the field of Auray messengers passed frequently between the camps with instructions from the hostile and rival commanders respecting the proposed treaty of peace. At last what seemed to be a final message was delivered from the camp of the French, and Chandos went to communicate it to the Count of Montfort. "How goes on the treaty?" asked Montfort. "What does our adversary say?"

"What does he say?" replied Chandos. "Why, he sends word by the Lord de Beaumanor, who has this instant left me, that he will fight with you whatever may happen, and remain Duke of Brittany, or die in the field."

This answer was made by Sir John in order to excite the courage of Count Montfort.

"Now, consider what you will determine to do," suggested Chandos; "whether you will engage or no."

"By St. George!" answered Montfort, "engage will I, and God assist the right cause. Order our banners to advance immediately!"

With the details of the battle, romantic though they be, and narrated with great spirit by Froissart, we have little to do in writing about Sir Hugh Calveley. The post assigned to him was far from being an inglorious one; for in more than one emergency the timely support which his rear-guard afforded sustained the failing forces of the English, and preserved their line unbroken till victory was declared—a victory in the glory of which Sir Hugh had no small share.

To his high romantic sense of honour and chivalric jealousy of his reputation, the Knight of Lea must have united a dash of the roving disposition, for we next find him a Captain of the Free Companies, which were composed partly of disbanded soldiers, and partly of banditti, who had enlisted in the service of Henry of Trastamare against his brother, Pedro the Cruel, King of Spain. The position of captain of a band of unscrupulous desperadoes, who were ready at any moment to exchange the “trade of war” for that of robbery, was scarcely the one in which we should expect to find an English knight of high descent and spotless honour. He probably accepted the post without knowing what it really was, certainly he did not remain long in it; for as soon as the Black Prince declared for Henry of Trastamare, Calveley placed himself again under his old general, Sir John Chandos, and fought under his prince, covering himself with glory by many feats of valour at the sanguinary battle of Navarette.

In 1377 Sir Hugh was appointed Governor of Calais by the English King, “for the safe keeping of that town as deputed there.” “Coming one morning to Bullongne,” says Holinshed, “he burnt certein ships, which laie there in the haven, to the number of six-and-twentie, besides two proper barks, and, having spoiled and burnt the most part of the base (lower) towne, returned to Calis, with a rich bootie of goods and cattell.” This exploit proves that, in the words of the chronicler, Sir Hugh “slept not at his business.” In the following year he “spoiled the towne of Estaples, the same daie the fair was kept there,” and in the next spring, he, as Admiral of England, conveyed the Duke of Brittany to the haven of St. Maloes, and repelled with the most dauntless bravery a sudden attack made by the French vessels. But his adventures were not all prosperous. The expedition to Brittany, of 1380, was struck by a tremendous storm, and in great part destroyed. Sir Hugh was one of eight who took to the rigging of his vessel, and was cast ashore.

In the crusade against the Clementines, as the supporters of the Pope of Avignon, Clement VII., were named, in contradistinction to the Urbanists, or supporters of Pope Urban VI. of Rome, Sir Hugh obtained many successes, but was eventually foiled by superior numbers. He retained the government of Guernsey with which he had been invested, as well as the care of the royal castle and the park of Shotwick, till the time of his death, which occurred on the feast of St. George in 1394. He had accumulated immense wealth, and he used it munificently—establishing an hospital at Rome, and founding the college of Bunbury in Cheshire. In the chancel of this college the remains of the renowned warrior rest. On his tomb, one of the most sumptuous in the country, lies an armed effigy. He left no issue, and indeed it is probable that he never was married.

YORKSHIRE.

Rokeby and its Lords.

This celebrated estate, situated at the junction of the rivers Tees and Greta in a picturesque part of the North Riding of Yorkshire, is of ancient as well as modern renown. In this district may be traced the works of our Roman conquerors, and the remains of an ancient priory. The lords of Rokeby were famous as soldiers and statesmen, from the Conquest to the reign of Charles I., when the family suffered grievously in the cause of that monarch. In Rokeby, with its enchanting views and its wild traditions, Sir Walter Scott found—

“A stern, and lone, yet lovely road,
As e'er the foot of Minstrel trode;”

And the readers of that poem, who have visited the spot from which it takes its name, must be struck with the skill with which Scott has introduced the most interesting objects in the neighbourhood (Barnard Castle), “Eglestone’s gray ruins,” “Mortham Tower,” and the “Roman Legion.” In passing from Yorkshire to Durham, over the modern arch, called “Abbey Bridge,” we look down on a rocky ravine, through which the Tees forces its passage amidst irregular masses of rock, in the crevices of which trees and shrubs have taken root. Through the arch of the Abbey Bridge, on the left are seen the ruins of the Præmonstratensian Priory of Eglestone.* The founder is unknown. It is, however, supposed to have been Ralph de Multon, in the beginning of the reign of Richard I. The church was the place of the interment of the Rokebys, and formerly contained the tombs of members of that family, as well as those of Bowes and Fitzhugh. Scott alludes to the present state of the ancient fabric, and the injuries it sustained from republican fury, with the feelings of a poet and an antiquary :

* The *Præmonstratensian* canons were those who followed certain rules laid down by St. Norbert, in 1120. They declared that their founder received his rules bound in gold from the hands of St. Augustine, whose apparition came to him in the night ! After this distinguished visit, it was alleged that St. Norbert received another from an angel, who showed him the meadow in which he was to build his first monastery ; from which circumstance it was called *Præmonstratus* (or Premonstre), meaning *Foreshewn*.

"The reverend pile lay wild and waste,
 Profaned, dishonoured, and defaced:
 Through storied lattices no more
 In softened light the sunbeams pour,
 Gilding the Gothic sculpture rich,
 Of shrine, and monument, and niche.
 The civil fury of the time
 Made sport of sacrilegious crime;
 For dark fanaticism rent
 Altar, and screen, and ornament;
 And peasant hands the tombs o'erthrew,
 Of Bowes, of Rokeby, and Fitz Hugh."

The ancient castle of Rokeby, says Scott, stood exactly upon the site of the present mansion, by which a part of its walls is enclosed. It is surrounded by a profusion of fine wood. Dr. Whitaker renders the word *Rokeby*, as the dwelling *near the Rock*.

A curious record of the Rokeby family has reached the public eye, by means of the practice now popular of printing old family Diaries.—In the diary of Sir Thomas Rokeby, Justice in the Court of Common Pleas in the reign of William III., occurs the worthy valetudinarian's doctor's bill for only two months, October and November, 1697:—"Purging pills, 2s.; leeches, 6d.; aperitive ingredients, 1s. 6d.; hystericke water, 2s.; a purging bolus, 1s. 6d.; purging pills, 1s.; Gascan powder, 4s.; vermifuge pills, a box, 3s. 4d.; a purging bolus, 1s. 6d.; purging pills, 1s.; cephalick drops, 2s. 6d.; an hystericke julep, 3s. 6d.; hystericke pills (eighty-five), 6s. 8d.; a vomitive potion, 2s. 6d.; a stomachick cordial, 2s.; a cordial potion, 1s. 8d.; vomitive salts (three doses,) 1s. 6d.; the hystericke julep, 3s. 6d.; mithridate, 1s.; the vomitive potion, 2s. 6d.; vomitive salts, 1s. 6d.; the hystericke pills, 6s. 8d.; the hystericke julep, 3s. 6d.; sal ammoniac, 6s.: 2l. 17s. 10d." Spite of this drenching to which Sir Thomas had to subject himself, he lived to the age of sixty-seven.

Murder of the Monk of Whitby.

Whitby, a seaport of great antiquity, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, seems to have arisen originally from the neighbourhood of an abbey, founded by Oswy, King of Northumberland, in 867; but both abbey and town were utterly destroyed by the Danes, and lay in ruins until after the Norman Conquest, when the restoration of the edifice was begun by a humble individual named Reinfrid, in the year 1074. This man was one of three monks who, in the year preceding, set out from Evesham Abbey on a kind of pilgrimage to the north to restore monastic institutions in Northumbria. They travelled on foot,

with a little ass to carry their books and priestly garments. Having collected a goodly number of followers, Reinfrid, with his share, travelled southward to Whitby, to revive the ancient monastery of St. Hilda. Reinfrid, we are told, had formerly been a soldier in the army of William the Conqueror, and as such had been known to William de Percy, Lord of Whitby, who readily granted him and his fraternity the site of the ancient abbey. The monastery obtained its principal endowments from the Percy family, ancestors of the Dukes of Northumberland, and other branches of the noble family of Percy. The son of William de Percy, Alan, endowed it with the whole of that extensive territory now denominated Whitby Strand. The present ruins overlook the sea at the height of 240 feet. The beautiful central tower fell in 1830; the existing ruins consist of the choir, the north transept, nearly entire, and part of the west front.

In the fifth year of the reign of Henry II. (1159), the Lord of Uglebarnby, then called William de Bruce, the Lord of Sneaton, called Ralph de Percy, with a gentleman and freeholder, called Allatson, on the 16th day of October, appointed to meet and hunt the wild boar, in a certain wood or desert place named Eskdale-side, belonging to the Abbot of Whitby, whose name was Sedman. These three gentlemen met as above, with their hounds and boar-staves, and there found a great wild boar; the hounds ran him well near about the chapel and hermitage of Eskdale-side, where lived a monk of Whitby, who was a hermit. The boar being very sorely pursued, and dead run, fell down at the chapel-door, and presently died. The hermit succeeded in shutting the hounds out of the chapel, and kept himself within at his meditations and prayers, the hounds standing at bay without. The gentlemen in the thick of the wood, being just behind their game, followed the cry of their hounds, and so came to the hermitage, calling on the hermit, who opened the door and came forth, and within they found the boar lying dead; for which the gentlemen in great fury, because their hounds were put from their game, most violently and cruelly ran at the hermit with their boar-staves, whereby he soon after died. Thereupon the gentlemen, perceiving and knowing that they were in peril of death, took sanctuary at Scarborough. But at that time the abbot being in very great favour with the King, removed them out of the sanctuary, whereby they came in danger of the law, and not to be privileged; but likely to have the severity of the law, which was death for death. Still, the hermit being a holy and devout man, and at the point of death, sent for the abbot, and desired him to send for the gentlemen who had wounded him. They accordingly came, when the hermit being very sick and

weak, said to them, "I am sure to die of those wounds you have given me." The abbot answered, "They shall surely die for the same." But the hermit answered, "Not so, for I will freely forgive them my death, if they be content to be enjoined the penance I shall lay on them for the safeguard of their souls." The gentlemen being present, bid him save their lives.

"Then," said the hermit, "you and yours shall hold your lands of the Abbot of Whitby and his successors in this manner: that upon Ascension Day, you or some of you shall come to the wood of the Stray Heads, which is in Eskdale-side, the same day at sunrising, and there shall the abbot's officer blow his horn, to the intent that you may know how to find him; and he shall deliver unto you, William de Bruce, ten stakes, eleven stout stowers, and eleven yethers, to be cut by you, or some of you, with a knife of one penny price. And you, Allatson, shall take nine of each sort to be cut as aforesaid, and to be taken on your backs and carried to the town of Whitby, and to be there before nine of the clock, if it be full sea, your labour and service shall cease; and if low water, each of you shall set your stakes to the brim, each stake one yard from the other, and so yether them on each side with your yethers, and so stake on each side with your stout stowers, that they may stand three tides without removing by the force thereof; each of you shall do, make, and execute the said service and at that very hour, every year except it be full sea at that hour; but when it shall so fall out, this service shall cease. You shall faithfully do this, in remembrance that you did most cruelly slay me, and that you may the better call to God for mercy, repent unfeignedly of your sins, and do good works. The officer of Eskdale-side shall blow—Out on you, out on you, out on you, for this heinous crime. If you or your successors shall refuse this service, so long as it shall not be full sea at the aforesaid hour, you or yours shall forfeit your lands to the Abbot of Whitby, or his successors. This I entreat and earnestly beg, that you may have your lives and goods preserved for this service: and I request of you to promise by your parts in heaven, that it shall be done by you and your successors as is aforesaid requested, and I will confirm it by the faith of an honest man."

Then the hermit said, "My soul longeth for the Lord; and I do as freely forgive these men my death, as Christ forgave the thieves on the cross." And in the presence of the abbot and the rest, he said moreover these words [in Latin] "O Lord, into thy hands do I commit my soul, for from the chains of death hast thou redeemed me, O Lord of truth. Amen." So he yielded up the ghost, the eighth day of December, Anno Domini 1159, whose soul God have mercy upon. Amen.

In the year 1129, a priory was founded here by Robert de Brus, for canons of the order of St. Austin, the importance of which, in the days of its prosperity, may be conceived from the assertion of a manuscript in the Cottonian Library, that the prior kept a most pompous house, "in-somuch that the towne, consystringe of 500 householders, had no lande, but lived all in the Abbey." Of this building a very small portion remains, near the east end of the town.

At Guisborough, near Whitby, alum was first made in England. It appears that towards the close of the sixteenth century, Thomas Chaloner (afterwards Sir Thomas), while travelling in Italy, examined some alum-works of the Pope's, and finding that it was only want of experienced workmen which prevented his working the alum on his estate near Guisborough, he endeavoured to persuade some of the Pope's workmen to accompany him to England. He succeeded; and in order to smuggle them away, he put two or three of them into casks, and in this manner conveyed to a ship which was ready to sail. The enraged Pope then thundered a curse against him, which curse is to be found in Charlton's *History of Whitby*, word for word the same as that read by Dr. Slop. Sterne also used continually to stay with his friend, John Hall Stevenson (the liegeman of his story), at Skelton Castle, near Guisborough, and there, of course, became well acquainted with the curse in question, which is familiarly known to every man in the neighbourhood. Chaloner's works have long been discontinued, and the manufacture has been transferred to Whitby.



Scarborough Castle.

The peculiarities of the locality of Scarborough attracted to it inhabitants at a very early period: its name, implying a fortified rock, is of Saxon derivation, and there is reason to suppose that it was previously a Roman settlement. It is situated in the recess of a bay, whence it rises in an amphitheatrical form to the summit of a cliff, or *scar*, from which it derives its name. The harbour is made by a pier forming the sweep of a large circle:

"Shooting through the deep,
The Mole immense expands its massy arms,
And forms a spacious haven. Loud the winds
Murmur around, impatient of control,
And lash, and foam, and thunder—vain their rage;
Compacted by its hugeness, every stone
With central firmness rests."

The bay is protected on the north and north-east by the high and steep promontory, with an ancient Castle on its summit. Scarborough has, step by step, and street by street, crept up the acclivity, the oldest streets having been formerly a part of the sands. The town itself was in ancient times defended by strong walls, a moat, and earthen mounds; and the Castle must, before the application of artillery, have been absolutely impregnable to all attacks of open violence. The ruins of this fortress are elevated more than 300 feet above the level of the sea, having at the summit an area of nineteen good green acres, terminating on three sides in a perpendicular rock, and the fourth side towards the town and bay, being a steep rocky slope.

The Castle was built in the reign of King Stephen, by William le Gros, Earl of Albemarle and Holderness, and has been the scene of many events remarkable in our history. In 1272, Edward I. kept a splendid Court at Scarborough. Piers Gaveston, the favourite of Edward II., sought in the Castle refuge from the exasperated barons in 1312. The Earl of Pembroke besieged Gaveston here, but several of his assaults were repulsed with great bravery; and it was the want of provisions only which compelled him, after a noble defence, to surrender himself, and he was beheaded. In 1318, Robert Bruce reduced Scarborough to ashes. In 1377, a daring Scottish freebooter, named Mercer, being committed prisoner to Scarborough Castle, his son entered the harbour, and carried away a number of merchant-vessels in triumph. In 1484, a battle off Scarborough was fought between the French and English fleets, when several ships were taken by the former. Richard III. twice visited Scarborough Castle, and made the town a county of itself, a privilege discontinued very soon afterwards. In 1536, Robert Aske, with his fanatical army, in their "Pilgrimage of Grace," made an attack upon Scarborough Castle, but was obliged to abandon the enterprise with confusion and disgrace. During Wyatt's rebellion, Thomas, second son of Lord Stafford, surprised and took the Castle by the stratagem of introducing a number of soldiers disguised as peasants; but three days afterwards it was retaken by the Earl of Westmoreland, and Stafford and three other of the leaders were executed for treason: hence the origin of the phrase, "a Scarborough warning—a word and a blow, and the blow comes first." During the Civil Wars the Castle underwent two sieges by the Parliamentary forces, the first of which lasted twelve months. It was then, like many other fortresses, dismantled by order of the Parliament.

In the neighbourhood are Castle Howard, built by Vanbrugh; and the ruins of Rivaulx Abbey, supposed to have been the first Cistercian

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monastery founded in Yorkshire, its remains being of considerable extent and unusually perfect.

In Scarborough Castle was imprisoned above twelve months, for his religious opinions, George Fox, the first of the people called Quakers: his sufferings here were very great; he was released September 1, 1646. ✓

Middleham Castle.

The most interesting feature of the town of Middleham, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, is its ancient Castle, built by Robert Fitz-Ranulph, younger brother of Allan, Earl of Bretagne, to whom the whole of Wensleydale was given by Conan, Earl of Bretagne and Richmond. It is remarkable that, in 1469, each of the rival kings was under durance at once—Edward IV. at Middleham, and Henry VI. in the Tower, whilst the Nevilles were wavering between the two. Both places of the royal captivity are scenes in Shakspeare's *Third Part of King Henry VI.*: Scene V., a Park near Middleham Castle; and Scene VI., A Room in the Tower. Edward IV. was confined for a time at Middleham by Warwick, after he had been taken prisoner at Wolvey: he was—

“Committed to the Bishop of York,
Fell Warwick's brother.” ✓

“Edward,” says Rapin, “behaved so obligingly to that prelate, that he had leave, with a small guard, to hunt now and then in the park. This first step being taken, he prevailed with one of his guards to deliver a letter to two gentlemen of the neighbourhood, wherein he pointed out to them what course they should take to free him. The gentlemen, overjoyed at the opportunity to do the King so great a service, privately assembled their friends, and lying in ambush near the park, easily carried him away.” The planning of this escape occupies Scene V. in Shakspeare's play. Edward gave Middleham Castle to his brother the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III. ✓ Here the eldest of the monarch's natural children, Richard Plantagenet, was born: and of him the following traditional story is related:—When Sir Thomas Moyle was building his house at Eastwell, in Kent, he observed his principal bricklayer, whenever he left off work, to retire with a book. This circumstance raised the curiosity of Sir Thomas to know what book the man was reading, and at length found it was Latin. Upon entering into further conversation with his workman, Sir Thomas learnt from him

that he had been tolerably educated by a schoolmaster with whom he boarded in his youth; and that he did not know who his parents were till he was fifteen or sixteen years old, when he was taken to Bosworth Field, and introduced to King Richard; that the King embraced him, and told him he was his son, and moreover promised to acknowledge him in case of the fortunate event of the battle; that after the battle was lost he hastened to London, and that he might have means to live by his honest labour, put himself apprentice to a bricklayer. Upon learning this story, Sir Thomas is said to have allowed him to build a small house for himself upon his estate, and there he continued till his death, which, according to the register of the parish of Eastwell, took place in the year 1550, when he must have been eighty or eighty-one years of age. King Richard is said to have knighted his natural son at York; but Mr. Riley thinks that this alludes to the fact that at York, in 1483, Richard elevated his legitimate son Edward to the rank of Prince of Wales, with the insignia of the wreath and golden wand.

Here, also, according to Stow, the Bastard of Falconbridge was beheaded: he was admiral of the navy of Warwick, the King-maker,* when Henry VI. was restored. He, in May, 1471, attempted to seize the Tower, where Edward's Queen and young family resided; being repulsed from London, he lived awhile by piracy, having at one time a fleet of near fifty ships at Sandwich, but was at last captured and executed at Middleham.

Richard is believed to have passed his early years at Middleham Castle, associated with the flower of English chivalry, practising exercises, bold and athletic, or sportive, with "hawk and hound, seasoned with lady's smiles," and forming early friendships, which lasted through life. One of Richard's most devoted associates at Middleham was the young Lord Lovell, whose attachment to Gloucester in after times led him into many tragical vicissitudes: he accompanied the Prince in most of his military campaigns; during the Protectorate he held the lucrative office of Chief Butler of England; bore one of his swords of justice, and walked on the King's left hand, at his coronation. After attending him to the battle of Bosworth, he is supposed to have been starved to death at his own seat, Minster Lovell, in Oxfordshire; the skeleton of a man seated in a chair, with his head reclining upon a table, being

* Warwick feasted daily thirty thousand persons in his castle halls: he could rally thirty thousand men under his banner, and carry them, like a troop of household servants, from camp to camp, as passion, interest, or caprice dictated.

accidentally discovered there in a chamber underground, towards the close of the seventeenth century. The Lord Lovell probably took refuge in this place of concealment after his defeat at the battle of Stoke, a large reward being offered for his apprehension; and his melancholy end is supposed to have occurred from neglect on the part of those who were entrusted with his secret.—*Lingard*.

Hardly anything else is known of the history of Middleham Castle, excepting that it was inhabited in 1609 by Sir Henry Linley. Tradition says that it was reduced to ruins by Cromwell, but there is no historical evidence to prove it. The remains stand on a rocky eminence near the town. The Castle was formerly moated round, by help of a spring in the higher ground, from which the water was conveyed.

An interesting memorial of Richard III. may be described here. This is a pyramidal structure over "King Richard's Well," in a meadow on the southern slope of Bosworth Field, about two miles and a half south by south-west of the town of Market Bosworth. It is twelve feet square, and about ten feet high, and is built of rough-hewn dark stone with wide mortar joints. It permanently marks a spot of deep historical interest, being associated with an event of memorable and great national importance; for it covers a little pool of water, of which, according to tradition and the Latin inscription contained on a stone slab (two feet two inches long by one foot one inch deep, built in the recess), both the unfortunate Monarch and his charger (and doubtless many other combatants) partook in the fight before making his last infuriated personal attack upon Henry, in which last dash of desperate bravery Richard III. fell, overpowered by numbers. This was doubtless his last draught.

The water, which tastes brackish, is only about a foot deep, reached by two steps, and does not appear to be a "well," either in the popular or scriptural sense, but may be simply a reservoir of rain-water. If it is a spring, however, it never seems to overflow and run away, although near is certainly some indication of a former channel. The stone opposite the entrance may be ancient, and was probably used to put vessels to contain the water on, and as a seat.

On the ridge above the hedge fine views may be obtained of the tower and spire of Bosworth Church and Bosworth Hall, the seat of Sir Alex. B. C. Dixie, Bart., with its park of deer and magnificent forest of oak. At the hall, and in Leicester Museum, are still seen memorials of the celebrated struggle of which this somewhat eccentric structure

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acts as an humble and lonely memorial. The Latin inscription, which is said to be the production of the pen of Dr Parr, runs thus:—

AQVA. EX. HOC. PVTEO. HAVSTA
SITIM. SEDAVIT
RICHARDVS. TERTIVS. REX. ANGLIAE
CVM. HENRICO. COMITE. DE. RICHMOND
ACERRIME. ATQUE. INFENSISIME. PRÆLIANS
ET. VITA. PARITER. AC. SCEPTRO
ANTE. NOCTEM. CARITVRVS
XI. KAL. SEP. A. D. MCCCCI. XXXV.

which may be thus translated:—"With water drawn from this well Richard III., King of England, assuaged his thirst (when) fighting in the most desperate and hostile manner with Henry, Earl of Richmond, and about to lose before night his life, together with his sceptre, August 22, A.D. 1485."

York Castle.

As a proof of the Roman origin of the city of York we may mention that one of the angle towers, and a portion of the old wall of *Eboracum* are preserved to this day. About five-and-twenty years ago, a portion of the Roman wall, (comprising the remains of two towers, and the foundation of one of the gates of the station,) was found buried within the ramparts; and numerous remains of monuments, coffins, urns, baths, temples, and villas, have from time to time been brought to light. Numberless tiles bearing the impress of the Sixth and Ninth Legions; fragments of Samian ware; inscriptions, and coins, from the age of Cæsar to that of Constantine, render indisputable the fact of the Roman origin of the renowned city of York, which contains more ancient relics than any other city in the kingdom.

✓ The famous Multangular Tower, situated in the gardens of St. Mary's Abbey, is of very peculiar construction. The outside to the river is faced with a very small stone of about four inches thick, and laid in levels, like our modern brickwork; the length of the stones is not observed, but as they fell out in hewing. From the foundation, twenty courses of these small stones are laid, and over them five courses of Roman bricks, some laid lengthwise and some endwise in the wall. After these five courses of bricks, other twenty-three courses of small square stones are laid, and then five more courses of bricks; beyond which the wall is imperfect, and capped with modern building. In all this height there is no casement or loophole, but one entire and uniform wall. Since this description was written, a considerable portion of the

* * * * *
 20 Towers "Castles" etc. in 30 - which does show

old Roman wall, connected with this tower, has been discovered in wonderful preservation; as, also, a monumental stone, 21 feet long and 11 feet wide, bearing the legible inscription, "Genio loci feliciter."

Of the four Bars or Gates of York, Micklegate is the finest: it has a well-preserved Roman arch, and supports a massive pile of Gothic turrets, &c. This gate was, in all probability, erected full 1600 years ago. In the vicinity of Micklegate Bar is another very curious relic, "the greatest and most remarkable," says Drake—namely, the Sepulchral Monument of the Standard-bearer of the Ninth Legion. A Castle at York is said to have been erected by Athelstan, but it is very doubtful.

Of St. Leonard's Hospital, founded by King Athelstan, about 936, there remain the ambulatory, the chapel, and entrance-passage. The beautiful ruins of St. Mary's Abbey include the Hospitium, belonging to the Anglo-Saxon, the Anglo-Norman, and other periods. Here are preserved Roman tessellated pavements: the largest was removed in 1857, from the estate of Sir George Wombwell, Bart., at Oulston: it had evidently been the floor of a corridor in a Roman villa of considerable extent.

York, from its foundation, has never ceased to have the appearance of a fortified city. The walls of the Roman station, Eboracum, were wholly on the north bank of the Ouse. What changes they underwent in the succeeding British, Saxon, and Danish times, cannot now be ascertained. In the time of the Conqueror, they enclosed two Castles; one, as is thought, on each side of the river; but this is very doubtful. The walls are not characteristic of any particular age; but the archway of the gates appears to belong to the Norman period. The barbicans, which were, probably, added in the reign of Edward III., have been removed from three of the gates. The Castle has long since been converted into the county prison, and the courts of justice for the county. The keep, known by the name of Clifford's Tower, the Cliffords having been the ancient wardens of the castle, is generally supposed to have been built by the Conqueror, but the architecture indicates a somewhat later age. It occupies a high artificial mount, thrown up with prodigious labour, and surrounded with a massive stone wall. It corresponds with the Old Baile, on the opposite side of the Ouse; and it is generally thought to be of Roman or Saxon origin. The tower was formerly defended by a deep moat, drawbridge, and palisades; the former is circular; it terminates in machicolations, and has its outer walls strengthened with circular turrets. The Lords Clifford were, in ancient times, called castelans or keepers of this tower; and it is certain that, either on this or some other title, the family claimed the

right of carrying the city sword before the King whenever he visited York. Richard II. is recorded to have taken his sword from his side, and given it to be borne before the mayor of York, on whom he conferred the additional title of "lord," which that officer still assumes. York was governed by a mayor as early as the time of Stephen. The neighbourhood of York was the scene of some of the bloody conflicts in the War of the Roses; and the lofty gates of the city exhibited the barbarous spectacle of the heads of Lancastrians and Yorkists alternately, as either party was victorious. The citizens were favourable to the cause of Edward, who was honourably received by them on his way to the north, whither Henry VI. and his queen had retired after the sanguinary battle of Towton: and on his return, after the battle of Hexham, he was crowned again with great solemnity, with the royal cap called "Abacot," which had been found in the spoils of his rival.

Clifford's Tower in time fell to decay; and Leland found it in a ruinous state in the reign of Henry VIII. But on the commencement of the civil wars between Charles I. and his Parliament, this tower was completely repaired and fortified. The royal arms and those of the Cliffords were placed over the entrance. On the top was made a platform, on which several pieces were mounted; a garrison was appointed for its defence, and Colonel Sir Francis Cobb was its governor during the siege of the city. Among the batteries then opened was one of Lamel Mill Hill, from whence four pieces of cannon played incessantly on Clifford's Tower and the castle. After the surrender of the city in 1644, it was dismantled of its garrison, except this tower, of which Thomas Dickenson, the Lord Mayor, a man strongly attached to the Parliamentary interest, was constituted governor. In 1683, Sir John Reresby was appointed governor of the Castle by Charles II. In the following year, on the Festival of St. George, April 23, about ten in the evening, the magazine took fire, and blew up, when the tower was reduced to a shell, as it remains to this day. Whether this explosion took place accidentally or by design is unknown; but the demolition of the "Minced Pie" was at that time a common toast in the city; and it was observed that the officers and soldiers of the garrison had previously removed their effects, and that not a single man perished by the explosion. Within the tower is a well of excellent water; and in its crumbled remains may be traced a dungeon which was so dark as not to admit the least ray of light. The outer walls, or shell of the fortress, remains, and the woody mantling of the mound reminds us of peaceful nature, however the frowning tower may call up recollections of its importance in a long succession of warlike ages. Few

scenes are, however, more impressive than such a contrast as the crumbling walls of Clifford's Tower and the flourishing verdure of the mound suggest to the reflective mind.

The Grey Palmer : a Yorkshire Legend.

Eight miles from the city of York, amidst picturesque scenery, on the banks of the River Wharfe, was anciently the site of a Convent of Nuns of the Cistercian order. There was a contemporary monastery of monks at Acaster Malhis; and tradition relates, that a subterranean passage afforded the inmates of these establishments access to each other. In the year 1281, the Lady Abbess of Nun Appleton called upon the Archbishop from Cawood, and the nuns of St. Mary's Abbey, to chant high mass on the Eve of St. Mark, to lay at rest the wandering spirit of Sister Hylda, which had haunted the convent, the monastery, and adjacent country, during seven long years. The peasants, adds the narrative, fled from that district, for the spirit appeared to them in their houses, or floated over their heads in passing the Wharfe.

A tempest, with loud, dismal, and portentous howlings, shook the high, craggy cliffs above Otley: fierce and more fierce it whirled along the river, and sent levin bolts and red meteors over the cloisters of Nun Appleton; showers descended like rolling sheets of water; and the Wharfe, swelling over its banks, washed rocks from their base, and lofty trees from their far-spreading roots. The holy Archbishop stood, in sacred stole, before the altar—the veiled sisters of St. Mary's stood by the choir, and the monks of Acaster Malhis waited the solemn call of the bell to raise their voices in hymns of supplication—the walls resounded with knocking at the convent gate—the portress told her beads, and crossed her breast as she said to herself, while advancing to the portal, "Here come other pilgrims of Palestine, foretold by the dreary ghost of Sister Hylda."

She turned the lock with difficulty: it seemed to deny admission to the stranger, but gave way to the arm of the portress, and a Palmer, clad in grey weeds of penitence, strode within the threshold. The thunder burst over his head, the lightnings flashed around his gigantic figure, and in a hoarse sepulchral voice, he thanked the portress for her gentle courtesy.

"By land, by sea," said the Palmer, "I have proved all that is terrible in danger, or awful in the strife of war. My arm wielded the truncheon

with gallant Richard, the chiefest knight of the Holy Rood; and the Paynims of Acre, with their mighty Soldan, have quaked in the tumult of our crusaders. The storm of the Red Sea and the rage of open ocean have rattled in mine ear. I have crossed burning sands, and met the wild lords of the desert in harness of steel; but never was my soul so appalled as by the rage of elements this horrible night. To the sinner naught is so fearful as the workings of Almighty wrath in our lower world. I have visited every shrine of penitence and prayer to purge the stains of crime from this bosom: I have trodden each weary step to the Holy Sepulchre in Palestine; I have knelt to the Saints of Spain, of Italy, and of France; I have mourned before the shrine of St. Patrick, and every saint of Ireland; in Scotland I have drunk of every miraculous fount, and holy well; and but for the swollen waters of Wharfe, I had sought the grey towers of Cawood, or the fair Abbey of Selby, to crave prayers from the pure in heart for the worst of transgressors. At holy St. Thomas's tomb, my pilgrimage ends. But for the wicked there can be no rest. The pelting hailstorm, the dark red flashes of lightning and the flooded Wharfe, opposed my course. I wandered through the dark wood—the thunder roared among the groaning oaks—the ravenous wolf rushed from his den across my path, with open jaws, ready to devour me. A spectre, more fell than the savage beast, drove him away; the croaking raven and hooting owl sung a death-warning; and the spectre shrieked in mine ear, "Grey Palmer, thy bed of dark, chill, deep earth, and thy pillow of worms, are prepared. Thy childless bride waits to embrace thee!"

Deeply sounded the bell. "Haste thee, haste thee, holy Palmer," said the portress; "the spectre of Sister Hylda bade the Lady Abbess expect thee. Haste thee to join the choral swell. Why quakes thy stately form? Haste thee, the bell hath ceased its solemn invocation."

Scarcely had the Palmer entered the chapel, when the seven hallowed tapers, which burned perpetually before the altar, expired in blue hissing flashes—the swelling choir sunk to awful silence—a gloomy light circled round the vaulted roof—and Sister Hylda, with her veil thrown back, revealed her well-known features; but pale, grim, and ghastly as she stood by the Palmer, who was recognised as Friar John.

The Archbishop raised his expressive eyes in prayer; the cold dew of horror dropped from his cheeks; but in aspirations of prayer, his courage returned, and in adjurations by the name of the Most High, he demanded of the spectre why she broke the peace of the faithful. With fearful agitation she replied: "In me behold Sister Hylda, dis-

honoured, ruined, murdered by Friar John, in the deep penance vault. He stands by my side, and bends his head lower and lower in confession of his guilt. I died unconfessed, and for seven years has my troubled, my suffering spirit walked the earth, when all were hushed in peaceful sleep but such as the lost Hylda. Your masses have earned grace for me. Seek the middle pavement-stone of the vault for the mortal relics of a soul purified and pardoned by the blood of the Redeemer. Laud and blessing to his gracious name for ever !”

Fountains Abbey.

“Yet still thy turrets drink the light
Of summer evening’s softest ray,
And ivy garlands, green and bright,
Still mantle thy decay;
And calm and beauteous, as of old,
Thy wandering river glides in gold.”
Alaric Watts.

Among the most attractive scenery of Yorkshire is Studley Park, the seat of Earl de Grey and Ripon, in the grounds of which stand the magnificent remains of Fountains Abbey, originally founded for monks of the Cistercian order, a branch of the Benedictine, which was the most ancient of all the monastic orders.

The history of the foundation of Fountains Abbey is curious. It appears that the Cistercian abbey of Rieval, in Yorkshire, attracted great attention from the sanctity of its inmates, when some monks of the Benedictine monastery of St. Mary’s, at York, became desirous of adopting the same rules, and of withdrawing from their convent; which was strongly opposed by Galfridus, their abbot, as implying a reflection on his government. After appealing to Thurstan, Archbishop of York, and experiencing considerable annoyance from the Abbot, who laid his complaint before the King, the monks at length, in the year 1132, had certain lands assigned to them by the Archbishop, about three miles west of Ripon, for the purpose of erecting a monastery on a site called Skell Dale, from a rivulet of that name which runs through it. Having chosen Richard, the prior of St. Mary’s, for their Abbot, they retired to this wilderness in the depth of winter, without any house to cover them, or certainty of provisions to subsist on. In the midst of the vale stood a large elm, on which they placed a thatch of straw: under this they are said to have “slept, ate, and prayed, the Archbishop for some time supplying them with bread, and the stream with drink.” Some cleared a small spot for a garden; others formed a humble

shed, to serve as a chapel; but it is supposed that they shortly quitted the shelter of the elm for that of seven yew-trees, growing on the south side of the spot where the Abbey now stands. They were of extraordinary size, the trunk of one being upwards of 26 feet in circumference at the height of three feet from the ground; we may hence infer their great age, and the probability, according to the common tradition, of their having served the purpose of a shelter for the monks. At the close of the first winter the Cistercians found their number increase, and with it their privations, they being reduced to the necessity of eating the leaves of trees and wild herbs, boiled with a little salt; yet they neither despaired nor withheld their charity. It is recorded that one day, when the store for all the monks was only two loaves and a-half, a stranger begged a morsel of bread; and the Abbot ordered one of the loaves to be given to him, saying, "God wou'd provide for them"—a hope soon realized by the unexpected arrival of a cartload of bread, sent them by Eustace Fitz-John, owner of the neighbouring Castle of Knaresborough. For a few years they suffered severe hardships, and were on the point of leaving the place, when Hugh, Dean of York, desired that after his death his body and all his wealth should be carried to the Abbey of Fountains. This important addition to their resources was soon followed by the assignment of the whole property of Serlo and Tosti, two canons of York. Benefactions then poured in from other quarters; the Abbey was endowed with various privileges by Kings and Popes, and greatly increased both in the extent of its possessions and the number of its monks. Another account states, that the Abbey was originally built in the time of Henry Murdac, during whose rule it was destroyed by an invasion of soldiers from York; but it was afterwards restored.

In 1140, it was consumed by fire; but its restoration was commenced in 1204, when the foundations of the church were laid; and in less than forty years from that time the fabric, of which the present are the remains, was completed, John de Casacia (of Kent) being Abbot. The Abbey frequently received large donations from the great northern barons, among whom were the ancient and noble family of Percy; particularly Lord Richard de Percy, who had distinguished himself in the barons' wars in the reign of King John. He was buried in Fountains Abbey, as well as his great-nephew, Lord Henry de Percy, one of the principal commanders under King Edward the First, in his wars in Scotland. The Percy family were considered the hereditary patrons and benefactors of the Abbey. From the small beginning described above this establishment became extremely rich in land, plate, and cattle; and

when visited in 1537, previously to the dissolution of the religious houses, was found to be one of the most opulent in the country. At that time great complaint was made against Thirske, the 37th Abbot, for misconduct; and he was afterwards executed at Tyburn, in company with some other persons concerned in an insurrection in Yorkshire. Marmaduke Brodelay, or Bradley, the last Abbot, surrendered the Abbey in the year 1540, and had a pension of 100*l.* allowed him.

The Abbey, with its appendages, when complete, covered twelve acres of ground, two of which are occupied by the present ruins, perhaps the largest of the class in the kingdom. At the Dissolution, the site, with a large portion of its estates, was sold by Henry the Eighth to Sir Richard Gresham; after which they passed through various hands, till purchased by William Aislaby, Esq., of Studley Royal, who annexed the ruins to his pleasure-grounds. The Studley estate, including Fountains Abbey, devolved in 1808 to his descendant, Miss Laurence.

No depredation appears to have been wantonly committed on this venerable pile; and time has spared many traces of its former beauty and extent. The length of the church is 358 feet; the great tower at the north end of the transept is 166 feet high. There has been a central tower, which has long since fallen into decay. In addition to the church are the chapter-house, over which was formerly the library and *scriptorium*, or writing-room, the refectory, on one side of which is the reading-gallery, where the Scriptures were read to the monks during meals; the cloisters, 300 feet long, and the dormitory over them; the kitchen, with its two fireplaces, each 15 feet wide; and the cloister-garden, 120 feet square, planted with shrubs and evergreens. The cloisters, divided by columns and arches, extend across the rivulet, which is arched over to support them; and near to the south end is a circular stone basin, 6 feet in diameter. This almost subterranean solitude is dimly lighted by lancet windows, which are obscured by oaks, beeches, and firs; and the gloom is heightened by the brook beneath, which may be seen wending its way through the broken arches. Besides these large ruins, there are found among the trees and shrubs many fragments of the appendages to this celebrated monastery.

It is not known with certainty why this Abbey received the name of *Fountains*. Two reasons have been assigned: first, that the celebrated founder of the Cistercian order, St. Bernard, having been born at Fountaines, in Burgundy, it was so called in honour of him. But Dr. Whitaker, an excellent authority, derives the name from *Skell*, the rivulet which flows near it, which signifies a *Fountain*; and he adds

that the first name by which the house was known was the Abbey of Skeldale. The monks who wrote in Latin termed it *De Fontibus*, or *Of fontaine*; and the latter title was preserved.

Of late years a discovery has been made at Fountains Abbey, which is not so satisfactorily explained as its name. Several earthenware vessels have been found in removing the earth and stones from the floor: one was a brown jug, buried in the stone basement of the now destroyed choir-screen; it contained a considerable quantity of a dark substance like burned wood. These jars were laid in mortar on their sides, and then surrounded with the solid stonework, the necks extending from the wall like cannon from the side of a ship. One conjecture is, that these jars were used to burn incense; but their mouths must have been hidden when the stalls were standing. Another conjecture is, that they were intended to receive the ashes of the heart, or some other portion of the body, in case a canon attached to the church should will that any part of his remains should be so deposited. Another supposition is, that the vessels were acoustic instruments, to assist the sound; and such have been found in the walls of the Coliseum, and other ancient buildings. The more probable explanation is, that the jars were used as depositories for human remains, and were closed round with masonry and concealed.

Henry Jenkins, that remarkable instance of longevity, was often at Fountains Abbey during the residence of the last Abbot; and (according to a paper copied from an old household book of Sir Richard Graham, Bart., of Norton Conyers) Jenkins, upon going to live at Bolton, was said to be about 150 years old; and the writer of the above paper had often examined him in his sister's kitchen, when he came for alms, and found facts in chronicles agree with his account; he was then 162 or 163. He said he was sent to North Allerton with a horse-load of arrows for the battle of Flodden Field, with which a bigger boy went forward to the army, under the Earl of Surrey, King Henry VIII. being at Tournay; and he (the boy) believed himself to be then eleven or twelve years old. This was in 1513, and four or five persons of the same parish, each said to be 100, or near it, declared Jenkins to have been an old man ever since they knew him. He gave evidence in court to six score years in a tithe cause, 1667, between the Vicar of Catterick and William and Peter Mawbank, wherein he deposed that the tythes of wool, lambs, &c., mentioned in the interrogatories, were the Vicar's, and had been paid, to his knowledge, 120 years, or more. The writer was present at another cause, when Jenkins gave evidence to 120 years. The judge asked him how he

lived. He said, by thatching and salmon-fishing, that he was thatching a house when served with a subpoena in the cause, and would dub a hook with any man in Yorkshire. The writer went to see him at Ellerton-upon-Swale, and met him carrying a pitcher of water upon his head. He told him he remembered the Dissolution, and that great lamentation was made; that he had been butler to Lord Conyers, of Hornby Castle; and that Marmaduke Brodelay, Lord Abbot of Fountains, did frequently visit his lord, and drink a hearty glass with him; and that his lord often sent him to inquire how the Abbot did, who always sent for him to his lodgings; and after ceremonies, as he called it, passed, ordered him, besides wassel, a quarter of a yard of roast beef for his dinner (for that the monasteries did deliver their guests meat by measure) and a great black jack of strong drink. Jenkins was the only one who, in the time of Charles II., survived to tell the tale of the Dissolution of Monasteries.



Bolton Priory.

The picturesque remains of this once magnificent monastic establishment are situated in the West Riding of Yorkshire, on the banks of the river Wharfe, about six miles from Skipton. The melancholy event that led to the foundation of the monastery is related by Dr. Whitaker, in his *History of the Deanery of Craven*, and is likewise the subject of a beautiful poem by Wordsworth.

A priory was founded at Embassy, about two miles from Bolton, by William de Meschines and Cecilia, his wife, in the year 1121, for canons regular of the order of St. Augustine. On the founders' death, they left a daughter, who adopted her mother's name, Romille, and was married to William Fitz Duncan, nephew of David, King of Scotland. They had two sons; the eldest died young; the youngest, called from the place of his birth, the Boy of Egremont, became the last hope of his widowed mother. In the deep solitude of the woods between Bolton and Barden, four miles up the river, the Wharfe suddenly contracts itself into a rocky channel little more than four feet wide, and pours through the fissure with a rapidity proportioned to its confinement. The place was then, as it is now, called the Strid, from a feat often exercised by persons of more agility than prudence, who strode from brink to brink, regardless of the destruction that awaited a faltering step. Such was the fate of young Romille, the Boy of Egremont, who inconsiderately bounding over the chasm, with a greyhound in his leash, the animal

hung back, and drew his unfortunate master into the foaming torrent. When this melancholy event was communicated to his mother, she became overwhelmed with grief, which only yielded to her devotional feeling:

"And the lady prayed in heaviness
That looked not for relief;
But slowly did her succour come,
And a patience to her grief."

To perpetuate the memory of this event, she determined to remove the priory from Embassy to the nearest convenient spot, and accordingly, erected a magnificent priory at Bolton. This establishment was dissolved June 11, 1540. Part of the nave of Bolton priory is now used as the parish church; the transept and choir are in ruins; the tower and fine east Perpendicular window are of later date than any other part of the edifice, and may be said to be the expiring effort of this species of architecture previous to the Reformation. It was in the course of erection at the dissolution of the priory; the last prior having intended to erect a splendid western entrance, and he had proceeded to the height of the ancient buildings, when the Reformation divested him of his office. The remains of the church of the priory, being surrounded by bold and majestic high grounds, are scarcely seen until the tourist arrives at the spot. They stand on a bend of the Wharfe, on a level sufficiently elevated to protect it from inundation. Opposite to the east window of the priory church the river washes the foot of a rock nearly perpendicular, from the top of which flows a stream forming a beautiful waterfall.

Dr. Whitaker relates that it was long a tradition among the aged people in the neighbourhood of Bolton Priory, that not long after the dissolution of the monasteries, a white doe continued to make a pilgrimage from Rylstone over the fells of Bolton, and was constantly found in the priory churchyard, near the grave of its former owner, during divine service; after the close of which the doe returned home as regularly as the rest of the congregation.

The grave was the burial-place of Emily, the only daughter of Richard Norton, of Rylstone, who fell in the Roman Catholic insurrection in the reign of Elizabeth. When yet a child, the young doe had been given to Emily by her brothers, and it had grown up under her endearment, making a return for her affection in its own mute gratitude. Her father and eight brothers being taken, were all executed, and their fate being told to the broken-hearted Emily, she assumed the garb of a pilgrim, and long wandered far from the scenes of her child-

hood, till tired with the blank of things abroad, she returned home, and was immediately recognised by the grateful doe. Upon this strange story, Wordsworth has founded his romantic poem of "The White Doe of Rylstone."

Bolton Castle.

In Wensleydale, in the neighbourhood of Leybourn, are the ruins of Bolton Castle, famous as the possession of the family of Scrope; the last who resided here was Emanuel, thirteenth Lord of that name, and Earl of Sunderland, who died in 1630. In the great Civil War of the seventeenth century, this Castle was a garrison for the King; and was long and gallantly defended against the arms of the Parliament, by a party of Richmondshire cavaliers, who held it until reduced to eat horseflesh, when it capitulated, November 5, 1645, and the garrison marched to Pontefract. The Committee at York ordered this fortress to be made untenable in 1647, but it does not appear that the order was carried into effect; yet from that period it has been neglected, and falling into greater dilapidation. The north-eastern tower, which had been most damaged by the fire of the besiegers, fell suddenly to the ground in 1649. Four or five families now reside in the Castle: the south-west tower is occupied from turret to basement. Close to this tower is the room in which, tradition says, "the beauteous hapless Mary of Scotland" was confined. It has two narrow windows through the thick wall: it was through the west window that she made her escape, being lowered from it by an attendant, to the ground beneath. The room has a mortar-floor, now partly broken up. The chimneys not in use are covered up, to keep out the jackdaws. One or two of the turrets are occupied by farmers. No one who has ever witnessed it can forget the magnificent prospect of hill and dale seen from the roof of Bolton Castle.

In the *Diary of Bishop Cartwright*, printed for the Camden Society, in 1843, is this entry: "I was received by the Noble Marquess (i.e., of Winchester) with all kindness imaginable at dinner, from one at noon till one in the morning; Sir Richard Shuttleworth, Mr. Dean of Ripon, Mr. Darcy, and others there." This sitting at table for twelve hours, says the Editor, is to a certain extent a confirmation of the account which Granger gives from some contemporary memoirs of the singular style in which this nobleman lived at his castle of Bolton, during the reign of James the Second: "He went to dinner at six or seven in the evening, and his meal lasted till six or seven the next morning, during

which time he eat, drank, smoked, talked, or listened to the music. The company that dined with him were at liberty to use or amuse themselves, or take a nap whenever they were so disposed; but the dishes and bottles were all the while standing upon the table. A contemporary, Abraham de la Pryme, in his manuscript *Ephemeris*, says that he "pretended to be distracted, and would make all his men rise up at midnight, and would go a-hunting with torchlight." This mode of living is said to have been affected by him in order that he might be thought unfit for public affairs at a time when things were going in a manner of which he did not approve. The Marquis put off his folly, and appeared in his true character of a man of some spirit when there was a prospect of saving the country from the effects of James's policy.

It may be interesting to know that a chest of ancient documents relating to Bolton Castle, dating from the period of its foundation, is preserved at Bolton Hall, the Yorkshire residence of the present Lord Bolton.



Kirkstall Abbey.

At a short distance from Leeds, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, and in a beautiful vale, watered by the river Aire, are the picturesque remains of Kirkstall—a fragment of the monastic splendour of the twelfth century. It was of the Cistercian order, founded by Henry de Lacy, in 1157. It is now in sad decay. The gateway has been walled up, and converted into a farm-house; the roof of the aisle is entirely gone; places for six altars appear by distinct chapels; the length of the church was 224 feet; the tower, built in the time of Henry VIII., remained entire till January 27, 1779, when three sides of it were blown down, and only the fourth remains, with part of an arched chamber, leading to the cemetery, and part of the dormitory. The former garden of the monastery is still cultivated, but cells and cavities are covered with underwood; and there is a staircase to one of the turrets, from which the monks of Kirkstall feasted their eyes with the charming scenery of the district. The site of the monastery, together with some of the circumjacent estates, were granted by Henry VIII. and Edward VI., in exchange, to Archbishop Cranmer and his heirs; and were by that prelate settled upon a person named Peter Hammond, in trust for his grace's younger son. It is not supposed that the Archbishop himself ever visited this part of his acquisitions; nor is it recorded how the whole, so soon afterwards, passed out of his family. That

this did happen, however, is certain; for in the twenty-sixth year of Elizabeth we find the property granted by the Queen to Edward Downynge and Peter Asheton, and their heirs for ever. At a later period, but at what precise time neither Dr. Whitaker nor others have ascertained, the site and demesnes of Kirkstall, together with the adjoining manor of Bramley, were purchased by the Savilles of Howley; and since then they have passed, by marriage, with the other estates of that family, through the Duke of Montague, to the Brudenells, Earls of Cardigan; in whose possession the ruins, and part of the annexed grounds, now continue.

Richmond Castle.

To Alan Rufus, son of Hoel, Count of Bretagne, a kinsman of William the Conqueror, who accompanied him in his expedition to England, is generally attributed the foundation of both the Castle and town of Richmond; though by some authorities the town is said to have been in existence prior to the Conquest. William conferred on Alan the title of Earl of Richmond, and the estates of the Saxon earl Edwin, embracing nearly 200 manors and townships, and a jurisdiction over all Richmondshire, about a third of the North Riding. In the situation of his Castle, Earl Alan selected not only an eligible residence, but also a place of defence: its foundation was laid upon an almost perpendicular rock, on the left bank of the Swale, about 100 feet above the bed of the river. To the original buildings of the fortress additional walls, towers, and outworks were erected by the successors of the founder. The Earls of Richmond enjoyed these possessions till they fell to the Crown, on Henry, Earl of Richmond, becoming King of England by the title of Henry VII. Charles II. bestowed the title of Duke of Richmond on his son, Charles Lenox, in whose descendants the dignity continues. The walks round the Castle present a succession of varied and romantic scenery. Swaledale is in many parts skirted with bold rocks, almost covered with trees and shrubs. From the hills north-west of the town, the Castle and town seem to be situated in a valley: the ruins are still majestic; the bold Norman keep is almost entire; the walls are nearly 100 feet high and eleven feet thick. The dilapidations seem to be solely owing to the neglect of repairs.

Queen Margaret (1st Vi)
attacked on 182 Sandal Castle

Sandal Castle, and the Battle of Wakefield.

About two miles from the town of Wakefield, on the left bank of the Calder, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, in the large village of Sandal (*Magna*), there are the ruins of a Castle, built by the last Earl Warren, about 1320. A few years after (1333), Edward Baliol resided here, while an army was raising to establish him on the Scottish throne.

The Castle afterwards became the property of Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, who, aspiring to the Crown during the feeble reign of Henry VI., fell in battle before its walls. Queen Margaret, who had none of the timidity of her husband, and not much of the gentleness of her sex, seeing her son, the Prince of Wales, dispossessed of his inheritance, proceeded to the north of England with the Prince, and rallied round her the friends of the House of Lancaster. In order more effectually to raise an army, she proclaimed that all who joined her standard should have leave to plunder the country to the south of the Trent. By this means she assembled an army of 18,000 men. The Duke of York, on the other hand, left London with only four or five thousand men. As he advanced to the north, he received the mortifying news of the Queen's success, and on reaching Wakefield, he retired to Sandal Castle, there to await the arrival of his son, the Earl of March, with another army from Wales. The Queen advanced with her troops, but did not succeed in forcing the Castle. She then placed troops in ambush, on each side of Wakefield Green, under the command of Lord Clifford and the Earl of Wiltshire. She next appeared before the walls of Sandal with the main body of her army, led by the Dukes of Somerset and Exeter, provoking her enemy to battle, sometimes by menaces, at others by defiance and insults, observing, that it was disgraceful to a man who aspired to the Crown to suffer himself to be thus shut up by a woman! The Duke of York, stung by the taunts of the Queen, resolved to march out of the Castle, and drew up his men on Wakefield Green, trusting that his own courage and experience would compensate for his deficiency of numbers. He had no sooner arranged his small army than he was attacked by the Queen's troops, who had greatly the advantage. While he was pressed in front by the main body of the enemy, he was surprised by the ambuscade, in which he and 1800 of his men fell victims; within half-an-hour they were routed, and the Duke himself slain, valiantly fighting hand to hand with his enemies. The spot where he fell was afterwards enclosed by a wall,

and on it was erected a cross of stone ; this was demolished in the Civil Wars between Charles I. and his Parliament.

The Duke's second son, the Earl of Rutland, who was only sixteen or seventeen years of age, in flying from the field of battle, was overtaken by Lord Clifford, who, with more than savage ferocity, plunged a dagger into the youth's breast, notwithstanding the earnest entreaties of his governor to spare the young Earl's life. Lord Clifford, afterwards, finding the body of the Duke, cut off his head, and setting upon it a paper crown, fixed it on the top of a lance, and presented it to the Queen, who ordered it to be placed on the wall of York. It was removed in February, 1461, and buried with his wife at Bisham, in Berkshire, where he had prepared a place of sepulture before the battle of Bloreheath. ✓ Drayton, in his *Queen Margaret*, speaks of Sandal as the place

"Where York himself, before his castle gate,
Mangled with wounds, on his own earth lay dead ;
Upon whose body Clifford down him sate,
Stabbing the corpse, and cutting off the head,
Crown'd it with paper, and to wreake his teene,
Presents it so to his victorious queene."

The circumstances of this event are very closely narrated in the Third Part of Shakspeare's play of *Henry VI.* The disparity of the forces—the malignity and cruelty of Clifford in murdering the youth—and the insult to the Duke by placing a paper crown on his head—are severally noticed. The battle is powerfully described in the fourth scene :

"*York.* The army of the Queen hath got the field :
My uncles both are slain in rescuing me ;
And all my followers to the eager foe
Turn back, and fly, like ships before the wind,
Or lambs pursued by hunger-starvèd wolves.
My sons—God knows what hath bechanced them ;
But this I know—they have demean'd themselves
Like men born to renown, by life or death.
Three times did Richard make a lane to me,
And thrice cried—' *Courage, father ! fight it out !*
And full as oft came Edward to my side,
With purple faulchion, painted to the hilt
In blood of those that had encountered him ;
And when the hardest warriors did retire,
Richard cried—' *Charge, and give no foot of ground !*
And cried—' *A crown, or else a glorious tomb !*
A sceptre or an earthly sepulchre ?'

Lord Clifford, whose father was slain at the battle of St. Albans by the Duke of York, had sworn that he would not leave one branch of the York line standing ; and he killed so many men in the battle of Wakefield, that he was ever afterwards called *the Butcher.*

Richard III. is said to have resided at Sandal Castle some time previous to his ascending the throne. In the time of the Civil Wars, the King had a garrison here, which surrendered after three weeks' siege, to Colonel Overton, in October, 1645; and in the following year the fortress was demolished by Parliament.

Pontefract Castle and Richard II.

Pontefract, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, is a town of great antiquity and historical importance; and for 600 years the Castle of Pontefract was the ornament and terror of the surrounding country. After the Conquest, Ilbert de Lacy received a grant of the place. Soon after he began to build his Castle, which partook of the features of castle, fortress, and palace. He is said to have named the town *Pomfrete*, from some fancied resemblance to a place so called in Normandy, where he was born. The Castle was built on a rock: it was not commanded by any contiguous hill, and could only be taken by blockade. The wall of the castle-yard was high, and flanked by seven towers. A deep moat was cut on the western side, where were also the barbican and drawbridge; there were other gates, which might be used as watch-towers, and some of them were protected by drawbridges. The dungeons were of a frightful nature: we read of one, a room 25 feet square, without any other entrance than a hole or trap-door in the floor of the turret; so that the prisoner must have been let down into this abode of darkness, from whence there could have been no possible mode of escape. The area covered and enclosed by this immense Castle was about seven acres.

Ilbert de Lacy's vast possessions were confirmed to his son, Robert de Pontefract, by William Rufus; in 1130, they passed by marriage to Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, who, in the quarrels between Edward II. and his nobles, was taken prisoner with many other barons, and brought to Pontefract Castle, which had fallen into the hands of the royal army. Here he was imprisoned for some time, tried and convicted by his peers, and hurried away to execution. He obtained the favour of dying on the block, whilst the barons, his adherents, were hanged.

Pontefract Castle was afterwards the scene of Richard the Second's imprisonment and death. The old account of the manner of his death adopted by our historians in the eighteenth century, has for some time been exploded. It is to the effect that King Richard was murdered by Sir Piers Exton, and his assistants, with battle-axes; who pursued

him about his prison, striking at him till they had despatched him, in spite of the heroic resistance of the King, who snatched a battle-axe from one of his assailants, and with it killed no less than four of them. In the year 1634, a pillar was still shown in the room which was supposed to have been the prison of Richard, in Pomfret Castle, which was hacked with the blows of the murderers, as the King fled round it.

M. Amyot has, however, satisfactorily shown that the above story is without foundation; and the contemporary historians of the death of Richard II. give a totally different account of that event. Of these Thomas of Walsingham, the Monk of Evesham, who wrote the *Life of Richard*, and the Continuator of the *Chronicle of Croyland*, all relate that Richard voluntarily starved himself to death, in his prison at Pomfret. To these must be added the testimony of Gower the poet, to the same effect, who was not only a contemporary, but had been himself patronized by Richard. Another version of this tragedy relates that his starvation was not voluntary. The Percys accuse Henry IV. of having caused Richard to perish "from hunger, thirst, and cold, after fifteen days and nights of sufferings unheard among Christians." Archbishop Scroop repeats the same charge; but the probabilities of the case appear to be strongly in favour of Richard's voluntary starvation. The story of Sir Piers Exton is disproved by there being no mark of violence visible on the skull of the body found in the tomb of King Richard in Westminster Abbey; but this testimony is of no avail, if, according to Mr. Tytler, the body buried first at Langley, and then in Westminster Abbey, is not that of King Richard; who, as he affirms, is interred in the Church of the Preaching Friars, at Stirling, in Scotland. This latter hypothesis, however, equally disproves the Exton fable. Mr. Tytler's relation is—That Richard escaped from Pomfret Castle, though the mode in which he did this is nowhere stated. That he travelled in disguise to the Scottish Isles, where he was discovered, in the kitchen of Donald, Lord of the Isles, by a jester, who had been bred up at his court. That Donald sent him to Robert III., King of Scotland, by whom he was supported as became his rank, so long as that monarch lived; that afterwards Richard was delivered to the Duke of Albany, by whom he was honourably treated; and that he finally died in the castle of Stirling, in the year 1419. This account is given by the continuator of Fordun's *Chronicle*, and a contemporary historian. But the strongest evidence in its favour is the entries in the accounts of the Chamberlain of Scotland, during the period in question, for the sums expended for the maintenance of the King for eleven years. Still, the story of Richard's escape from Pomfret, and subsequent deten-

tion in Scotland (for nineteen years), is disbelieved by the English historians, from Hall, Stow, and Holinshed, down to Rapin, Carte, and Lingard.

In 1478, Edward IV. was at Pontefract for a week. Here the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III., shed the blood, without any legal trial, of Earl Rivers and his companions to clear his way to the throne. While at Pontefract, news was brought to Richard of his nephew's death. In 1486, Henry VII. stayed a few days at Pontefract. In 1536, the fortress surrendered to Robert Aske, the rebel captain-general of the Pilgrims of Grace; he forced the Archbishop of York and others at Pontefract Castle, to take the oath; received the herald of the King in state; obliged all the northern nobility to join his standard; obtained a general pardon; was invited to court, but finally hung in chains at York. In 1540 Henry VIII. was at Pontefract for several days. In 1617, James I. was entertained here; and in 1625 and 1633, Charles I. In the Civil Wars, the Castle was frequently besieged and defended by Royalists and Parliamentarians: the garrison, after having been reduced from 600 men to 100, surrendered, in 1649, to General Lambert, having first proclaimed Charles II. successor to the throne of his father, and done all to defend it that a garrison of brave men could do. In this Castle, Colonel Morris struck the first silver coin of Charles II., who was proclaimed here directly after the death of his father. Shortly after, the fortress was dismantled by order of Parliament, and all the valuable materials were sold. Little of its ruins remain, and the area is now chiefly gardens and liquorice grounds; and the cakes bear the impression of the once famous Castle.

Sheffield Manor and Castle, and Mary Queen of Scots.

Sheffield, within the bounds of Yorkshire, but on the verge of Derbyshire, was originally founded at the junction of two rivers, the Sheaf and the Don; in the angle formed by which once stood the castle built by the Barons Furnival, Lords of Hallamshire. Three or four miles from this Castle, on the western hill, stood the town of Hallam, part of a district, the origin and history of which may be traced back to Saxon, Roman, and even British times, whilst the importance of the town of Sheffield is of comparatively recent date. The town was originally a mere village dependent on the Castle; but its mineral wealth led the early inhabitants to become manufacturers of edged tools, of which arrow-heads, spear-heads, &c., are presumed to have been a considerable

part; a bundle of arrows being at this day in the town arms, and cross arrows the badge of the ancient Cutlers' Company, in Sheffield. Hallam, when in possession of the Saxons, is said to have been destroyed by the Norman invaders, on account of their gallant resistance. The manor of Sheffield, however, appears in Domesday Book as the land of Roger de Bueli; but the greater part of it was held by him of the Countess Judith, widow of Waltheof the Saxon. Early in the reign of Henry I. it was in the possession of the Lovetot family, whose last male left an infant daughter, ward of Henry II. His successor, Richard, gave her in marriage to Gerard de Furnival, a young Norman knight, who, by that alliance, acquired the lordship of Sheffield. There is a tradition that King John, when in arms against his barons, visited Gerard de Furnival, who espoused his cause, and remained with him for some time at his Castle in Sheffield. Another only daughter, and another Maud, caused by her marriage the transfer of the lordship of Sheffield to the more noble family of Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury. William, Lord Furnival, died 12th April, 1383, at his house in Holborn, where now stands Furnival's Inn, leaving an only daughter, who married Sir Thomas Neville; and he, in 1406, died, leaving an only daughter, Maud, who married John Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, a soldier and a statesman of considerable reputation. The vicinity of Sheffield was formerly covered with woods, and the park of the Earls of Shrewsbury extended from the Castle eastward four miles to the present village of Handsworth; while on the nearest eminence, George, the fourth Earl of Shrewsbury, built the lodge called Sheffield Manor, and he there received Cardinal Wolsey into his custody soon after his apprehension. In this lodge, Cavendish tells us, Wolsey passed a day and night, in his hopeless journey from Cawood to Leicester; that here his illness increased, and that medicine was taken, which was supposed to have accelerated his death at Leicester Abbey.

The same place acquired a greater celebrity in the reign of Elizabeth, by the imprisonment of Mary Queen of Scots, who was committed by the Queen to the custody of George, sixth Earl of Shrewsbury. After being for some time confined in his castle of Tutbury, in Staffordshire, she was, in 1570, removed to Sheffield Castle, and shortly after to the Sheffield Manor House, or Manor Castle. She quitted Sheffield in 1584, after fourteen years of imprisonment in this neighbourhood. It was for the alleged intention of removing her hence, that Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, suffered on the scaffold; and it is remarkable that the grandson of this Duke of Norfolk, at whose trial and condemnation the Earl of Shrewsbury presided as high steward, afterwards married the

granddaughter of the Earl, and thereby became possessed of the Castle and estate.

Forty years ago little remained of Sheffield Manor House, besides a fragment of its northern end, consisting of two stories, the mere skeletons of their former state. The upper aperture was called Queen Mary's window; and it probably was so, from its commanding a fine view over the valley. The foundations to some extent were also to be traced: it appears to have been an extensive building, with a quadrangular area in the centre. Within memory, one of the towers at the entrance was standing, covered with ivy. One is, by this locality, brought into contact with the eventful history of two remarkable personages, and especially with that of Mary. In this fine country, and in such a domain, Mary was probably more at ease than she could have been among her semi-barbarous and turbulent subjects; and if religious bigotry had not stimulated a large party in this country to plot in her favour against the Protestant government, she might probably have died in peace at this place. Her barbarous death rendered her a martyr, and conferred an interest on her story which it could not otherwise have acquired. As the manor-house seems to have had no moat, and she passed much of her time there, it may be presumed that her detention was an affair of personal surveillance, rather than of coercive abstraction from the world. It is reported on the spot that the attractions of Mary raised a persecutor in the wife of her keeper (the Earl of Shrewsbury), and that the jealousy of the Countess exposed Mary to many inconveniences. This charge was so public, that the Earl, before his death, affixed his own monumental inscription in Sheffield Church, in which he exculpated himself in express terms from the accusation: the tablet remains, but is much obliterated. These details were obtained by Sir Richard Phillips when at Sheffield on his *Personal Tour*, published in the year 1828.

In the contest between Charles I. and his Parliament, Sheffield became on more than one occasion the theatre of war, and consequently experienced its casualties. Sir John Gell, with troops from Derbyshire, took military possession of the town and Castle; but the Duke of Newcastle, at the head of the royal army, having taken Rotherham by storm, and marching forward to Sheffield, the Parliamentarians fled into Derbyshire. The people of Sheffield submitted to the royal army, and a garrison was left in the fortress under the command of Major Thomas Beaumont, who held the town and Castle till, on the 1st August, after the battle of Marston Moor, in 1644, the Earl of Manchester despatched 12,000 Parliamentary infantry to attack the Castle of Sheffield. After a strong siege of some days, it was obliged to capitulate on the 10th

August. It was then demolished by order of Parliament, and though some attempts were afterwards made to restore it, there are no vestiges of it remaining above ground ; but names of Castle Hill, Castle Green, and Castle Folds, still denote the site. The manor did not suffer from these hostilities, but continued to be the occasional residence of its noble owner, and afterwards of his agent, till in 1706, Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, ordered it to be dismantled : the park ceased to be such except in name, its splendid and even far-famed timber was felled, and its wide range of undulating hill and dale divided into farms. The district, however, still retains its ancient names, and even a populous portion of the town itself on the east side of the river Sheaf is yet called "the Park." Of this historic ground and its associations, Mr. Holland, in his poem, *Sheffield Park*, has left this life-like picture :—

RUINS OF THE MANOR LODGE.

"This ruin may, great Talbot! to thy fame,
Outlast the marble's perishable claim :
Though worn by centuries, or by tempests rent,
Remain till Time's last wreck, thy monument :
But ne'er can pity, lingering near this scene,
Forget the wrongs of Scotia's beauteous Queen ;
Nor truth erase from her historic scroll,
How haughty Wolsey drain'd the poison'd bowl.
—No longer here *her* regal spectre glides ;
Nor *his* sad ghost in sullen terror strides :
Tall, rampant nettles skirt the rampart's base,
And swains at nightfall hasten past the place.

Lone wreck of ancient splendour! where are they,
Whose perish'd forms outstripp'd the slow decay?
No longer heard in this once princely haunt,
The festal merriment, or bridal chant ;
Through roofless chambers, and slow crumbling walls,
Viol and song unheard, and midnight balls ;
Now the patched cottage in the pile is seen,
And poverty resides where wealth has been ;
So with Palmyra's prostrate marble wrecks,
The wretched Arab his mean dwelling decks ;
Rich polish'd stones construct the mean abodes,
And caitiffs haunt the residence of gods.

There was—remembrance dimly paints its form,
A lofty tower, defying long the storm ;
Wrapt in a vest of ivy, proud it stood,
As some grey wreck that had survived the flood ;
There, angry winds in furious skirmish met,
Swept its green cloak and mouldering parapet ;
Seem'd as with fingers rude to mock at crime,
And pluck'd the wizard beard of hoary Time ;
The bat here claim'd hereditary right,
The owl, its tenant, scream'd unscared at night,
At last, like age, weigh'd down with years, it fell,
Nor left a vestige of its fate to tell."

See *Conisborough Manor & the*
Walter of Leeds (p. 225)
 190
 N.B. - The son of Katherine Knave-ton
 # Chas. II married a daughter of the
 Conisborough Castle. *Duke of Leeds*

This majestic fortress is, by some writers, considered an early British work; and by others the most important of the few remaining strongholds of our Saxon ancestors yet to be found in this country. In our time, Conisborough has acquired a new interest from its having been chosen by Sir Walter Scott for one of the principal scenes of his romance of *Ivanhoe*.

* The origin of the Castle, which is situated in the West Riding of Yorkshire, is unknown. Tradition assigns it to Early British times; whilst modern antiquaries attribute the foundation of the present structure to William, the first Earl Warren, to whom the surrounding estate was granted by William the Conqueror. It is, however, indisputable that a stronghold of some sort existed here during the times of the Saxons. Geoffrey of Monmouth, and some of our old historians, indeed, have carried back its origin to a period preceding the Saxon invasion of Britain. According to these writers, "Hengist, the first Saxon invader, being defeated in this neighbourhood, by the British commander, Aurelius Ambrosius, in the year 467, was obliged to take refuge in this castle, and hazarding a second engagement, was killed below its walls." Near the entrance to the Castle is a tumulus, which is said to cover the body of this chief; but Mr. Sharon Turner, the eminent historian of the Anglo-Saxons, as well as other writers of authority, are of opinion that he never, at any time, penetrated into the northern counties at all.

The Conisborough estate subsequently passed from the family of Warren to Richard Earl of Cambridge, who assumed the name of Richard of Conisborough, in consequence, it is said, of the Castle having been his birth-place. After his death, it passed into the hands of his grandson, King Edward the Fourth, and remained in the possession of the Crown for more than two centuries, when it was given by James II. to Lord Dover. It afterwards became the property of the family of its present possessor, the Duke of Leeds.

The plan of the Castle, which must have been of considerable extent and importance, is irregular, though inclining in form to an oval. The entire stronghold, which crowns the summit of an elevation, was surrounded by a fosse, or ditch, still in many places forty feet deep, but now destitute of water, and full of lofty oaks and elms. Before the invention of artillery, this fortress must have been almost impregnable; but in later times, in consequence of the superior height of the neigh-

Keel etc.
 # *... described to ... 3rd year ...*

bouring eminence on which the village of Conisborough is situated, it must have been greatly reduced in consequence, to which we may attribute its ultimate desertion. The remains, as far as they can be traced, extend about 700 feet in circumference; but the chief object of interest is the magnificent keep, or round tower, which is thus described in Gough's edition of Camden's *Britannia* :—

“At the corner of the area, which is of an irregular form, stands the great tower or keep, placed on a small hill of its own dimensions, on which lie six vast projecting buttresses, ascending in a steep direction, to prop and support the building, and continued upwards up the side as turrets. The tower within forms a complete circle, 21 feet in diameter, the walls 14 feet thick. The ascent into the tower is by an exceedingly deep flight of steep steps, $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet wide, on the south side, leading to a doorway, over which is a circular arch crossed by a great transom stone. Within this door is the staircase, which ascends straight through the thickness of the wall, not communicating with the room on the first floor, in whose centre is the opening to the dungeon. Neither of these lower rooms is lighted except from a hole in the floor of the third story; the room in which, as well as in that above it, is finished with compact smooth stonework, both having chimney-pieces, with an arch resting on triple-clustered pillars. In the third story, or guard-chamber, is a small recess with a loop-hole, probably a bed-chamber, and in that floor above a niche for a saint or holy-water pot.”

Thence there is a flight of twenty-five stone stairs to the summit of the tower, which commands a very fine prospect. The buttresses rise higher than the walls; three contain an alcove, and in another is a broad place resembling an oven, on a level with a passage, which seems to have run round the tower. The wall is here $10\frac{1}{2}$ feet thick, so that it diminishes 18 inches at every floor. The total height of the buttresses is 86 feet.

The village of Conisborough is of very high antiquity: by the Britons it was called *Caer Conan*, and by the Saxons *Cyning*, or *Conan Burgb*, both signifying a royal town. It must have once been a place of importance, as it is handed down that it was of a civil jurisdiction which comprised twenty-eight towns. This picturesque village lies about six miles south-west of Doncaster, in a rich and wooded country, watered by the river Don. The Castle was of old reported to have in its neighbourhood six large market-towns, 121 villages, three stone bridges, 40 water-mills, 6 noblemen's seats, 60 seats of gentlemen, 50 parks, and two navigable rivers.

* In one in a descent (T.M.)

Skipton Castle, Londesborough.—Clifford Family.

This ancient castle, for a long time one of the principal seats of the Clifford family, is in the West Riding of Yorkshire, near Knaresborough. It was brought by the marriage of the daughter and heiress of Romeli with William Fitz-Duncan, Earl of Murray, into the possession of the latter family; but through failure of male issue it passed again by marriage to William le Gros. It once more devolved by marriage of heiresses to Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, who was beheaded for high treason in the reign of Edward II. Skipton now fell to the Crown. In 1330 Edward III. granted the lordship and castle to Robert, sixth Lord Clifford.

During the Civil Wars between Charles I. and the Parliament, Skipton Castle was held for the King, and the strong garrison frequently made distant predatory excursions, and for some time held the whole of this district of the country in awe. The inevitable result followed. It was besieged and compelled to surrender in 1645; and in the following year it was ordered by the Parliament that it should be rendered untenable as a stronghold, and hence, forth should be used only as a family residence.

Margaret, daughter of Lady Anne Clifford, married John Tufton, the second Earl of Thanet, and brought the castle and lordship of Skipton into that family, who still remain its possessors.

This old house is placed on a gentle eminence and commands pleasing views. Its capabilities for ornamentation are great, but as the noble proprietors now seldom make it their residence, neither the house nor its environs have been much improved or decorated. The vale of Skipton is one of the finest and most fertile in England.

The barony of Clifford, created in the last year but one of the thirteenth century, still survives, indebted for its long endurance, like most of the few other existing English peerages of great antiquity, to the circumstances of its being, as a barony by writ, descendable to and through females. By this arrangement for its transference from generation to generation the honour is rendered almost indestructible; while its continuance in the original line, or at least under the same paternal name, is rendered so precarious as almost to be impracticable.

The Cliffords are said to be sprung from an uncle of William the Conqueror, William Ponce or Poncius, younger brother of the father of the Conqueror. This Poncius, who was Earl of Arques

and Toulouse, came over with the Norman invading force. His third son, Richard, married Maud, daughter and heiress of Ralph de Toni, of Clifford Castle, in Herefordshire, and the second son by this marriage, succeeding to the estates, assumed, as was the fashion of the period, his mother's name of Clifford, and became the founder of the race of Norman Cliffords. He was the father of the famous Fair Rosamond, of whom fiction has so much and history so little to say. His great-grandson Roger married Isabel, one of the two daughters and co-heirs of Robert de Vipont, and by this alliance acquired the inheritance of the Viteriponts or Viponts, Lords of Brougham Castle, in Westmoreland. The first of the Cliffords summoned to Parliament was Robert, son by this marriage, who appeared in answer to a writ of 1299.

Thomas, eighth Baron Clifford, fell with the red rose in his cap at the battle of St. Albans, the first contest of the wars of the houses of York and Lancaster. His son John, called the Blackfaced Clifford, a man of fierce disposition and violent passions, was the baron who murdered the young Earl of Rutland, brother of Edward IV., at or immediately after the battle of Wakefield. The story is told with admirable graphic power by the old writer Edward Hall, and the following is its outline:—

While the battle was still going on, the Earl (Rutland), being "scarce of the age of twelve years, a fair gentleman and a maiden-like person," was gently and secretly led away from the field by his chaplain and schoolmaster towards the town; but before they could gain a house in which to conceal themselves the two were espied by the Lord Clifford, who was stationed with his band or company of followers near the way they took, and who instantly set in pursuit of them. When they were brought before him, seeing the richness of the boy's apparel, Clifford asked him sternly who or what he was. "The young gentleman, dismayed, had not a word to speak, but kneeled on his knees, imploring mercy and desiring grace, both with holding up his hands and making dolorous countenance, for his speech was gone for fear. "Save him," said his chaplain, "for he is a prince's son, and peradventure may do you good hereafter." With that word the Lord Clifford marked him and said, "By God's blood, thy father slew mine, and so will I do thee and all thy kin." And the inhuman baron drawing his dagger struck it to the heart of the speechless boy, and bade the chaplain bear the earl's mother and brother word what he had done and said. Rutland's father, Richard, Duke of York, lay already among the

slain. In this act, adds Hall, "the Lord Clifford was accounted a tyrant and no gentleman." Nor was this the only atrocity which this "no-gentleman" indulged in at the moment of his triumph. "Not content with this homicide or child-killing, cruel Clifford came to the place where the corpse of the Duke of York lay, caused his head to be stricken off and set on it a crown of paper, and so fixed it on a pole and presented it to his Queen, saying, 'Madam, your war is done; here is your king's ransom.' At which present was much joy and great rejoicing; but many laughed then that soon lamented after."

Clifford himself did not laugh long. He was slain at the battle of Towton—struck in the throat by a headless arrow—three months after his murder of the unarmed "maiden-like" boy who pleaded in silent agony for his life.

The defeat at Towton crushed for a time the fortunes of the Red Rose, and proved the utter ruin of the house of Clifford. The lands of the Blackfaced Baron were seized by the Crown, and divided among the local rivals and old enemies of the now fallen family. His principal manor was given to Sir William Stanley, the same who afterwards rose high in the estimation of the Yorkists, but deserted their cause and joined Henry of Lancaster on the night preceding the battle of Bosworth. The barony of Westmoreland, formerly vested in the Cliffords, was reserved by King Edward for his brother Richard, afterwards Richard III.

But the Blackfaced Baron left a family of a daughter, whose subsequent marriage is almost the only fact recorded of her, and two sons, one of whom died a short time afterwards in the Netherlands. The history of the remaining son forms one of the most interesting and beautiful episodes among the fine traditions of the north.

Lady Clifford, widow of the last lord, fearing that the lives of her boys might be sacrificed in vengeance for the blood of the murdered Rutland, perceived that they were to be saved only by immediate concealment. The younger she despatched to the Netherlands, where, as we have seen, he died; the elder, aged seven, she carried with her to her father's estate of Londesborough in Yorkshire, and placed him there in the keeping of a shepherd who had married one of her inferior servants (an attendant on the boy's nurse). Here young Clifford, his name and parentage laid aside, was brought up among the moors and hills as one of the shepherd's own children.

Lady Clifford afterwards became the wife of Sir Lancelot Threlkeld, who differed from her former husband in two particulars—he was a kind-hearted man and a Yorkist. When the high-born shepherd boy had reached the age of fourteen, a rumour arose and spread to the Court that the Blackfaced Clifford had a son living in concealment in Yorkshire. The mother, naturally alarmed, had the boy immediately removed to the vicinity of the village of Threlkeld in mountainous Cumberland. Here, as the wife of Sir Lancelot Threlkeld, she enjoyed the great privilege of sometimes seeing her son ; though it is doubtful whether she made known her relationship to him, or whether indeed the shepherd-lord had any distinct idea of his lofty lineage. That a complete separation between mother and child took place seems to have been the tradition of this part of Cumberland, and receives credit from the following lines in the "Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle," by Wordsworth, with whom the story of the shepherd-lord was an especial favourite :—

" Now who is he that bounds with joy
On Carroch's side, a shepherd boy?
No thoughts hath he but thoughts that pass
Light as the wind along the grass.
Can this be he who hither came
In secret, like a smothered flame?
O'er whom such thankful tears were shed
For shelter, and a poor man's bread !
God loves the child ; and God hath willed
That those dear words should be fulfilled,
The lady's words, when forced away,
The last she to her babe did say,
'My own, my own, thy fellow-guest
I may not be ; but rest thee, rest,
For lowly shepherd's life is best.' "

The scenery of the district in which young Clifford spent his boyhood is thus described by the same poet :—

" And see beyond that hamlet small,
The ruined towers of Threlkeld Hall,
Lurking in a double shade,
By trees and lingering twilight made !
There at Blencathara's rugged feet,
Sir Lancelot gave a safe retreat
To noble Clifford ; from annoy
Concealed the persecuted boy.
Well pleased in rustic garb to feed
His flock, and pipe on shepherd's reed,
Among this multitude of hills,
Craggs, woodlands, waterfalls, and rills."

Amidst these wilds and under the direct sway of all the influences

of nature the heir of the Cliffords spent not only a part of his boyhood, but all his youth until he fully arrived at man's estate.

After the battle of Bosworth, where the house of York was finally crushed, and the triumph of the Red Rose definitively achieved, Henry VII. ascended the throne. He was not slow to reward those who had supported his cause against the Yorkists; and among his other acts of recompense he restored young Clifford to his birth-right and to all the possessions that his distinguished line of ancestors had won. This historic fact is established by an act of the Legislature of this date, granting the necessary powers. The whole story is rounded off and finished as if its incidents were the plastic material upon which the poet worked, and not the necessary sequence and result of a certain series of events in England's history. As if to give finished completeness to the whole, his mother (who it is ascertained survived till 1493), lived to witness the restoration of her son, and his instalment in the halls of his fathers.

For the ascertained character of Clifford, it is in vain to look in the pages of Wordsworth. The poet has made use of the licence to which all the brethren of the tuneful guild have a prescriptive right; and in his poems he has chosen rather to embody the traditions concerning him that have floated about the Cumberland hills for centuries than to have sought his authorities in early records and among the dry materials of antiquarians and the compilers of county histories. After all, it is fairly questionable whether the poet, following his own plan, has not come nearer the truth than the grubbers among ancient records. The following description of Clifford in his disguise and of his employments forms not only a beautiful poetic creation, but is valuable as crystallizing, so to speak, the traditions respecting him that prevailed in the district where he spent his lonely youth:—

“ His garb is humble ; ne'er was seen
Such garb with such a noble mien ;
Among the shepherd grooms no mate
Hath he, a child of strength and state !
Yet lacks not friends for solemn glee,
And a cheerful company,
That learned of him submissive ways ;
And comforted his private days.
To his side the fallow deer
Came, and rested without fear ;
The eagle, lord of land and sea,
Stooped down to pay him fealty ;
And both the undying fish that swim
Through Bowscale-Tarn did wnit on him,

The pair were servants of his eye
 In their immortality ;
 They moved about in open sight,
 To and fro, for his delight.
 He knew the rocks which angels haunt
 On the mountains visitant ;
 He hath kenned them taking wing ;
 And the caves where fairies sing
 He hath entered ; and been told
 By voices how men lived of old.
 Among the heavens his eye can see
 Face of thing that is to be ;
 And if men report him right,
 He could whisper words of might."

Of authentic fact concerning the shepherd-lord little more than the following items are ascertained :—His descendant Anne Clifford, Countess of Pembroke, describes him as " a plain man, who lived for the most part a country life, and came seldom either to Court or London, excepting when called to Parliament, on which occasion he behaved himself like a wise and good English nobleman." Notwithstanding his alleged unwarlike disposition and habits—

" In him the savage virtue of the race,
 Revenge and all ferocious thoughts were dead ;
 Nor did he change ; but kept in lofty place
 The wisdom which adversity had bred.
 Love had he found in huts where poor may lie,
 His daily teachers were the woods and rills—
 The silence that is in the starry sky—
 The sleep that is among the lonely hills—"

we find that he was entrusted with a military command, both in 1495 and again in the war with Scotland in 1513. In the latter year he was present at the battle of Flodden. He was twice married, and had children by both wives. He first wife was nearly related to King Henry VII. He died in 1523, at the age of nearly seventy.

"The good Lord Clifford," as the shepherd-lord is said to have been named, was succeeded by his son, called Wild Henry Clifford, from the irregularities of his youth. In his maturer years he seems to have sobered down. He was a favourite at Court, was created Earl of Cumberland in 1525, and was decorated with the Garter.

The second earl, who succeeded in 1542, married Lady Eleanor Brandon, daughter of the famous Charles, Duke of Brandon and Mary, the French Queen and sister of Henry VIII. His son George succeeded as third earl in 1569. He distinguished himself as a gallant, as the most accomplished horseman and tilter of his time, and as an able and enterprising naval commander and voyager.

Lady Anne Clifford, of Skipton Castle.

“ Courteous as monarch the morn he is crown'd,
 Generous as spring-dews that bless the glad ground,
 Noble her blood as the currents that met
 In the veins of the noblest Plantagenet.”

Sir Walter Scott.

This pious, accomplished, and munificent heiress of the Cliffords was born at Skipton Castle, on the 30th of January, 1589. She was the daughter and only surviving child of Henry, fifth Earl of Cumberland, and nearly related to the royal family of England, by the marriage of her grandfather with the niece of Henry VIII.

Under the eye of her good and amiable mother, Margaret, Countess of Cumberland, she enjoyed every advantage which precept and example could afford, and no daughter was ever more sensible of the obligations which she owed to her maternal care. She never, indeed, throughout her long life spoke of this parent but in terms of veneration for her virtues and talents, and usually with the epithet of *My blessed mother*. So much did she revere the memory of this excellent parent, that after her death, which took place in 1616 (when the subject of this sketch had become, by her marriage, Countess of Pembroke), she erected a pillar on the road between Penrith and Appleby, with a suitable inscription to commemorate their last interview, and left an annuity of four pounds to be distributed to the poor on that spot annually for ever. Rogers thus alludes to this bequest in his *Pleasures of Memory* :—

“ Most then through Eden's wild-wood vales pursued
 Each mountain scene majestically rude ;
 Nor there awhile, with lifted eye, revered
 That modest stone which pious Pembroke rear'd ;
 Which still records beyond the pencil's power,
 The silent sorrow of a parting hour ;
 Still to the musing pilgrim points the place,
 Her sainted spirit most delights to trace.”

She married, first, Richard, Earl of Dorset, to whom she was much attached ; and some years after his death, which took place in 1624, she united herself to Philip, Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, an union which caused her much sorrow and anxiety, as he was a nobleman profligate in his private habits, and unprincipled in public life.

Lady Anne was in her second widowhood, which commenced in 1649, when she began that career of munificence, hospitality, and utility, which has thrown such splendour and veneration round her memory. She

had now the means of carrying her plans into execution ; and taking up her abode in the north, she set about the work of repairing the Castles of her ancestors with an enthusiasm which nothing could repress. The Castles of Skipton, Brougham, Appleby, and Pendragon, again reared their dismantled heads, and upon each of these buildings she placed a suitable inscription, ending with a quotation from Isaiah lviii. 12—“Thou shalt raise up the foundations of many generations, and thou shalt be called the repairer of the breach, the restorer of paths to dwell in.”

The liberal and munificent spirit of the Countess, however, was not confined to the restoration of her Castles ; she had frequently declared that she would not “dwell in ceiled houses whilst the house of God laid waste,” was as diligent in repairing the churches, as the fortified mansions of her ancestors. It is said that no less than seven of these ecclesiastical structures rose from their ruins under her care and direction. She also endowed two hospitals, and might be considered, indeed, as through life, the constant friend and benefactress of the industrious poor.

With these pleasing features of charity, philanthropy, and beneficence was mingled an uncommon share of dignity and firmness of spirit ; for whilst she conversed with her almswomen as her sisters, and with her servants as her humble friends, no one knew better how, in the circle of a Court, or the splendour of a drawing-room, to support due consequence, and with dauntless independence of mind she could repel the encroachments of corrupt power.

She died on the 22nd of March, 1676, in the eighty-eighth year of her age, and was buried, by her express desire, by the side of her beloved mother, in the church of Appleby. Dr. Rainbow, Bishop of Carlisle, preached her funeral sermon from that very appropriate text in the Proverbs of Solomon, “Every wise woman buildeth her house.” He tells us that she could discourse with virtuosos, travellers, scholars, merchants, divines, statesmen, and with good housewives in any kind : insomuch that a prime and elegant wit, Dr. Donne, is reported to have said of this lady, that ‘she knew well how to discourse of all things, from predestination to shea-silk!’—meaning that, although she was skilful in housewifery, and in such things in which women are conversant, yet her penetrating wit soared up to pry into the highest mysteries. Although she knew wool and flax, fine linen and silk, things appertaining to the spindle and the distaff, yet ‘she could open her mouth with wisdom,’ and had knowledge of the best and highest things, such as ‘make wise unto salvation.’ If she had sought fame rather than wisdom, possibly she might have ranked amongst those wits and learned

of that sex of whom Pythagoras, or Plutarch, or any of the ancients have made such honourable mention. But she affected rather to study with those noble Bereans, and those honourable women who searched the Scriptures daily ; with Mary, she chose the better part, of learning the doctrine of Christ."

Skipton Castle, Camden states, was originally built by Robert de Romillé, one of the followers of the Norman Conqueror. "Of the original building," says Whitaker, "little, I think, remains besides the western door of the inner castle ; but as that consists of a treble semi-circular arch supported upon square piers, it can scarcely be assigned to a later period. The rest of Romillé's work, besides a bailey and lodgings about it, must have consisted, according to the uniform style of castles in that period, of a square tower with perpendicular buttresses, of little projection at the angles, and of single round-headed lights in the walls. Every vestige, however, of such an edifice has perished, with the single exception mentioned above ; and the oldest part of Skipton Castle, now remaining, consists of seven round towers, partly in the sides, and partly in the angles of the building, connected by rectilinear apartments, which form an irregular quadrangular court within. The walls are from twelve to nine feet thick ; yet when the Castle was slighted by ordinance of Parliament in the last century, they were demolished in some places, as appears, half-way ; and in others, almost wholly to the foundation. This part was the work of Robert de Clifford, in the beginning of Edward the Second's time ; for, according to his descendant, Lady Pembroke, 'he was the chief builder of the most strong parts of Skipton Castle, which had been out of repair, and ruinous from the Earl of Albemarle's time. But the eastern part, a single range of buildings, at least sixty yards long, terminated by an octagon tower, is known to have been built by the first Earl of Cumberland, in the short space of four or five months, for the reception of the Lady Eleanor Brandon's grace,' who married his son in the twenty-seventh year of that reign. This part, which was meant for State rather than defence, was not slighted (demolished), with the main part of the Castle, and remains nearly in its original condition, as the wainscot, carved with fluted panels, and even some of the original furniture, serve to prove. The upper windows, only, appear to have been altered by the Countess of Pembroke. The 'Lady Eleanor's grace' appears to have been received by the family—who no doubt were proud of such an alliance—with the honours of royalty ; and a long gallery was then considered as a necessary appendage to every princely residence."

Knarborough Castle, and Eugene Aram.

Knarborough, eighteen miles west of York, is noted for its fortress, occupying a very elevated situation, and, on the accessible side formerly defended by a vast fosse, with strong works on the outside; the scattered ruins still showing it to have been of great extent. The Castle was founded by Serlo de Burgh, one of the followers of the Conqueror; and he was succeeded in his possession by Eustace Fitz John, the great favourite of Henry I. It afterwards came into the possession of the Crown, for King John granted it to William de Estoteville, for the service of three knights' fees. In the succeeding reign it was bestowed on the Great Justiciary Hubert de Burgh on payment of 100*l.* per annum into the Exchequer. In the reign of Edward II., it was in the family of the Vaux, or de Vallibus, but bestowed by that Prince on his favourite, Piers Gaveston, whom he created Earl of Cornwall. On his death it reverted to the Crown, and continued attached thereto till 1571, when the Castle, manor, and honour of Knarborough, were granted by Edward III. to his fourth son, John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster.

Lord Lytton has conferred fresh notoriety upon the place by making it the scene of his ingenious romance, *Eugene Aram*. "You would be at a loss (says he) to recognise now the truth of old Leland's description of that once stout and gallant bulwark of the north, when 'he numbrid 11 or 12 toures in the walles of the Castel, and one very fayre beside in the second area.' In that Castle, the four knightly murderers of the haughty Becket (the Wolsey of his age) remained for a whole year, defying the weak justice of the times. There, too, the unfortunate Richard II.—the Stuart of the Plantagenets—passed some portion of his bitter imprisonment. And there, after the battle of Marston Moor, waved the banner of the loyalists against the soldiers of Lilburn. It was made yet more touchingly memorable at that time, as you may have heard, by an instance of filial piety. The town was straitened for want of provisions; a youth, whose father was in the garrison, was accustomed nightly to get into the deep dry moat, climb up the glacis, and put provisions through a hole, where the father stood ready to receive them. He was perceived at length; the soldiers fired on him. He was taken prisoner, and sentenced to be hanged in sight of the besieged, in order to strike terror into those who might be similarly disposed to render assistance to the garrison. Fortunately, however, the disgrace was spared the memory of Lilburn and the republican arms. With great difficulty, a certain lady obtained his respite; and

after the conquest of the place, and departure of the troops, the adventurous son was released.

“The Castle then, once the residence of Piers Gaveston, of Henry III., and of John of Gaunt, was dismantled and destroyed. It is singular, by the way, that it was twice captured by men of the name of Lilburn, or Lilleburne, once in the reign of Edward II., once as I have related. On looking over historical records, we are surprised to find how often certain great names have been fatal to certain spots; and this reminiscence that we boast (at Knaresbro’) the origin of the English Sibyl, the venerable Mother Shipton. The wild rock at whose foot she is said to have been born, is worthy of the tradition.”

At the time *Eugene Aram* gave an all-absorbing interest to Knaresborough, Dr. Granville wrote these interesting remarks on St. Robert’s Cave, hard by, “where chance had lately brought to light an excavation two feet deep, and in shape like the inside of a stone coffin, made in the solid rock, with hollows at the bottom, to receive certain projecting parts of a human body—such a one having been found in a state of decay at the time of the discovery. In tossing up the earth, by which the tomb was encumbered, a small silver coin was brought to light, which none of our party could decipher, as the inscription was not very legible. The coin would probably have informed us respecting the age of this sepulture. Had such mortal remains been discovered at the period when Eugene stood arraigned for murder, no doubt he would have made good use of the circumstance in his extraordinary and very clear defence, in practically exemplifying his line of argument, that the bones found in St. Robert’s Cave need not have been those of the murdered Clark, but rather might have been those of some recluse anchoret, who there perished in due course. But ‘blood will have blood;’ and Providence willed it that the discovery which would have supplied an argument to the arraigned schoolmaster, too strong even for the law to withstand (when circumstantial evidence alone directed the jury), and which would have snatched guilt from condign punishment, should not have taken place until long after that punishment had been inflicted; and, it is hoped, after it had had time to operate salutarily by its example.

“The most successful effort made to excite sympathy in behalf of the culprit’s memory is that of Norrison Scatcherd, Esq., who, in two well-written works, endeavoured to place the history of Aram in its proper light. The author’s remarks on that interesting girl, ‘Sally Aram,’ the favourite and only affectionate child of Eugene, who followed him to Lynn, and clung to him in York Castle, whither, with a devo-

tion and fidelity, characteristic of her sex where a beloved object is concerned, Sally had attended her father, are pathetic indeed. The author concludes with a moral, deduced from the sad lesson he has composed, and does not, like a certain learned physician at one of the meetings of the Medical Section of the British Association, exclaim against the injustice of a sentence contended by the latter to have been little short of a legal murder. And why? because upon a skull deemed to be that of Eugene Aram, upon no *direct* evidence whatever,—upon evidence, indeed, which Dr. Fife, of Newcastle, said to be an able supporter of phrenology, considered to be neither moral nor loyal—certain particular manifestations were found present, and others wanting. The latter reasons, which," says Dr. Granville, "I perfectly well recollect, but being adduced sympathetically at the time, it is but justice to add, the learned author has disclaimed. But assuming even that the skull is genuine, and taking its phrenological developments to be as there stated, no ruffian was ever more deservedly hung than Eugene Aram."

The Dropping Well, in the neighbourhood of Harrogate, rises at the foot of a limestone rock, on the river Nid. After running about twenty yards towards the river, it spreads itself over the top of a crag about thirty feet high, from whence it falls in a shower, dropping perpendicularly very fast, and making a pleasing sound. The water is very cold, and has a petrifying quality, being impregnated with spar and other earthy matter. It soon incrusts everything on which it falls; and visitors may be supplied with petrified wood, eggs, birds'-nests, and even wigs. Leland, who travelled in England in 1536, describes this "well of a wonderful nature called the Dropping Well, for out of the great rocks by it, distilleth water continually into it. This water is cold, and of such a nature that what thing soever falleth out of the rocks into this pit, or is cast in, or groweth about the rocks, and is touched of this water, groweth into stone; or else some sand or other fine ground that is about the rocks cometh down with the continual dropping of the things in the rocks, and cleaveth on such things as it taketh, and giveth it by continuance the shape of a stone."

* Cawood Castle.—The Fall of Wolsey.

✓ At Cawood, a small town in the West Riding of Yorkshire, the Archbishops of York had a palace, or rather Castle, as early as the tenth century. Wulstanus, sixteenth Archbishop, comprehended Cawood in his diocese, A.D. 941. The first prelate who resided here

* Located on W. bank of Beck, 10 m. from York

was William de Grenfeld, Lord High Chancellor, 1305 (32 Edw. I.), who died at Cawood, and was buried in the Chapel of St. Nicholas, in York Minster, where his monument yet remains, with his effigies on brass upon it. He built the west end of the Castle about the year 1306. The Hall was erected by Archbishop Bennet; and the Gatehouse, which is the only part remaining, was built by Cardinal John Kempe, Lord High Chancellor, about the year 1426. He endorsed it with his arms: 1. three wheat-sheaves without a border; 2. three, with a border nubile; 3. three without a border, ingrailed, indented; 4. cross keys and mitre; 5. English and French arms, supported by two stags, a lion on the crest; 6. arms, as the third article; 7. arms of Canterbury; 8. the first article; 9. wheat-sheaves ingrailed as the third.

The Castle of Cawood was situate on the south bank of the Ouse, and about ten miles distant from York. Wolsey had been residing at Cawood for some months, when he was arrested on a charge of treason by Percy, Earl of Northumberland. After all his pomp and prosperity—his vast accumulations of wealth—his piles of plate, and heaps of cloth-of-gold and costly apparel, Wolsey, in March, 1530 (judging from a State manuscript of the reign of Henry VIII.), was reduced to the necessity of obtaining a loan of 1000 marks; this, too, to carry him to his exile in Yorkshire, whither his enemies had, by this date, induced the fickle, selfish, and luxurious King to banish his former favourite.

Of Wolsey's residence at Cawood, we find the following in the MS. already referred to: it is in the possession of Sir Walter le Trevelyan, Bart., F.S.A., a junior member of whose family was one of the chaplains to King Henry. Through him it may have found its way to the venerable seat at Nettlecombe, in the county of Somerset, where this MS., relating to domestic expenses and payments, has, for some centuries, been deposited. The entry is as follows:—"Item to David Vincent, by the King's warrant, for his charge, being sent to Cawood, in the north contric, at suchie time as the cardenall was sick." As the sum charged was considerable—namely, 35*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* (more than 200*l.* present money), we may infer, perhaps, that the messenger, whom Cavendish styles his "fellow Vincent," made some stay there, watching the progress of Wolsey's illness, and sending intelligence to the King, who was more anxious for the death than the life of his victim, in order that he might seize upon the remains of his moveables. It is quite evident that the Cardinal was not, at this period, so destitute as many have supposed, and that he had carried with him a very large quantity of plate, of which the King possessed himself the moment the breath

was out of the body of its owner. Among the payments for January, 22 Henry VIII., we read, in the Trevelyan MS., that "*two persons were employed three entire days in London, weighing the plate from Carwood, late the Cardinalles.*" Such are the unceremonious terms used in the original memorandum, communicating a striking fact, of which we now hear for the first time.

The scene of the arrest is thus described by Cavendish:—"The Cardinal was at dinner when Northumberland arrived; the bustle occasioned by his admittance reached Wolsey's ears, who came out of the dining-room on to the grand staircase to inquire the cause. He was there met by the Earl, who drew him aside to a window, and showed his commission, exclaiming, 'My Lord Cardinal, I arrest you in the name of King Henry.' The Cardinal assumed a lofty air and tone, appealing to the Court of Rome, whose servant he declared himself to be, and consequently not amenable to temporal arrest. In reply, quoth the Earl, 'My Lord, when you presented me with this staff (showing his staff of office), you then said that with it I might arrest any person beneath the dignity of a sovereign.' Wolsey's countenance immediately fell, while he soberly subjoined, 'My Lord, I submit, and surrender myself your prisoner.'"

Although prevented by Percy from taking leave of his domestics, Wolsey was followed by expressions of sorrow and attachment from many of his household, who forced their way into the apartment where the Cardinal was, and fell on their knees before him. Throughout the town of Cawood he was also hailed with cries of commiseration, and of vengeance upon his enemies.

From Cawood, as is well known, Wolsey was brought to the Earl of Shrewsbury's seat, at Sheffield Park; and thither messengers were unexpectedly sent to convey the Cardinal to the Tower of London. The above State MS. shows that Sir William Kingston, Captain of the Guard, was sent to arrest the Cardinal, and that forty pounds were paid to Kingston in November, 1530, for the expense of the journey, as follows:—"Item, to Sir William Kingston, Knight-captain of the Kings garde, sent to Merle of Shrewsbury with divers of the King's garde, for the conveyance of the Cardinal of Yorke to the Tower of London, in prest for their charges—xl." The Cardinal was taken ill on the road. The Earl of Shrewsbury encouraged him to hope for recovery, but Wolsey replied, that he could not live, and discoursed learnedly about his ailment, dysentery, which he said, within eight days, if there were no change, would necessarily produce "excoriation of the entrails, or delirium, or death." This was on the eighth day, when he

confidently expected his death; and he expired after the clock had struck eight, according to his own prediction; "the very hour," says Shakspeare, "himself had foretold would be his last." He had reached Leicester three days previously—as we shall describe in our account of Leicester Abbey.

Wolsey's misfortunes, and the conversation of some devout and mortified Carthusians, appear to have awakened the first sense of pure religion in his mind. During his retreat at Cawood, while the King was persecuting him with one refinement of ingenious cruelty after another, he was calm and composed; and here, for the first time, he seems to have exercised, or even comprehended, the character of a Christian bishop. He reconciled enemies, he preached, he visited—nay, he was humble. But this character he was not long permitted to sustain. He was preparing to be enthroned at York with a degree of magnificence which, though far inferior to his predecessors, was yet sufficient to awaken the jealousy of Henry. The final arrest at Cawood ensued.

Legend of Mother Shipton and her Prophecies.

One of the recent editions of the *Prophecies of Mother Shipton*, printed in 1662, contains a woodcut referring to the well-known alleged story, found in all the chap-book copies of *Mother Shipton*, of Wolsey being shown York Minster from the top of a tower, and his vow of vengeance against the witch who had prophesied that he should never get there. The earliest piece on the subject that we are acquainted with appeared in the year 1641, under the title of "The Prophesie of Mother Shipton fortelling the Death of Cardinall Wolsey and others, as also what should happen in insuing Times."

It is well known that prophecies in the Middle Ages were used as political instruments, and that they became abundant in times of great political excitement. Thus they were very numerous in the reign of Richard II., in that of Henry VI., and again in that of Henry VIII., and especially in the latter; while at most of these periods laws were made against them. They were published under feigned names, generally those of some celebrated magicians or witches, and Mother Shipton was one of these; and the older prophecies which go under her name appear to have been published about the reign of Henry VIII., when, according to the popular legend, she is said to have lived. This legend appears to have been published in the seventeenth century.

In a rude woodcut, Mother Shipton appears holding in her left hand a staff terminating in the head of a bird, bringing to mind the *gom* of the

ancient Egyptians, the implement in both instances having a mystic signification. The wand seems to have been regarded as essential to the craft of the magician from the era of the Pharaohs to long subsequent to the time when Shakspeare placed it in the hands of Prospero. But turning from the sceptre of augury to the habit of the witch, we have to notice her long loose gown, narrow white neckband or collar, and strange head-gear like a turban, with high cornuted crown, bending forward somewhat after the manner of the *cornu ducale* of the Venetian Doge and bonnet worn by Punchinello. But, though this cap be pointed, it differs essentially from that generally seen on the head of the British prophetess, which has a regular steeple crown and broad brim, as she has been depicted in old tavern signs. In the *Gentleman's Magazine*, November, 1831, is a remarkable ivory carving, which was probably set in the cover of a conjuring box, and on which is displayed Friar Bacon and his brazen head, Dr. Faustus (?), and Mother Shipton; the latter wearing a conical hat, somewhat less elevated than usual, but still of orthodox fashion. And so closely has the *copatain*, or peaked hat, become connected with the fame of the Yorkshire seer, that it is looked upon almost as an attribute of the black art, and may be seen on the head of a sister riding through the air on her besom, in a curious print in a tract entitled, *The Witch of the Woodlands, or the Cobler's New Translation*.

Mother Shipton, as already stated, is generally believed to have been born at Knaresborough. Though during her lifetime she was looked upon as a witch, she yet escaped the witch's fate, and died peaceably in her bed at an extreme old age, near Clifton, in Yorkshire. A stone is said to have been erected to her memory in the churchyard of that place, with the following epitaph:

" Here lies she who never lied,
Whose skill often has been tried :
Her prophecies shall still survive,
And ever keep her name alive."

Among those who consulted her was the Abbot of Beverley, to whom she foretold the suppression of the monasteries by Henry VIII.; his marriage with Anne Boleyn; the burning of heretics in Smithfield; and the execution of Mary Queen of Scots. She also foretold the accession of James I., adding that, with him,

" From the cold North
Every evil should come forth."

Although other places claim to have been Shipton's birthplace, her residence is asserted, by oral tradition, to have been for many years a cottage at Winslow-cum-Shipton, in Buckinghamshire. One of her

most popular books is entitled—"The Strange and Wonderful History and Prophecies of Mother Shipton, plainly setting forth her Birth, Life, Death, and Burial. Chapter I. Of her birth and parentage. II. How Mother Shipton's mother proved with child, how she fitted the Justice, and what happened at her delivery. III. By what name Mother Shipton was christened, and how her mother went into a monastery. IV. Several pranks played by Mother Shipton in revenge of such as abused her. V. How Ursula married a young man named Tobias Shipton, and how strangely she discovered a thief. VI. Her prophecy against Cardinal Wolsey. VII. Some other prophecies of Mother Shipton relating to those times. VIII. Her prophecies in verse to the Abbot of Beverley. IX. Mother Shipton's life, death, and burial."—(Partly from a paper, by Mr. Halliwell, F.S.A.)

"The Old Hall" at Waddington.—Capture of Henry VI.

At Waddington, in Mytton, West Yorkshire, stands a pile of buildings known as "the Old Hall," once stately, but now much indeed despoiled of its beauty, where for some time the unfortunate King Henry VI. was concealed after the fatal battle of Hexham, in Northumberland. Quietly seated one day at dinner, in company with Dr. Manning, Dean of Windsor, the King's enemies came upon him by surprise; but he privately escaped by a back door, and fled to Bungerley Steppingstones (still partially visible in a wooden frame), where he was taken prisoner, his legs tied together under the horse's belly, and thus disgracefully conveyed to the Tower of London. He was betrayed by a monk of Abingdon. The ancient house or hall is still in existence, but now converted into a building for farming purposes. Near the village of Waddington there is a meadow still known by the name of "King Henry's Meadow."

The particulars of the King's capture are thus related in Warkworth's *Chronicle*: "Also, the same yere Kyng Henry was takene bysyde a howse of religione [*i.e.* Whalley], in Lancashire, by the mene of a blacke monke of Abyngtone [Abingdon], in a wode called Cletherwode [the wood of Clitheroe], besyde Bunger-hyppyngstones, by Thomas Talbot, sonne and heyre to Edmund Talbot of Basshalles, and John Talbot, his cosyne, of Colebry [*i.e.* Salebury, in Blackburn], withe other moo; which discryvide [him] beyng at his dynere at Wadynton halle: and [he was] carryed to London on horsebacke, and his leges

bownde to the styropes." It is also stated that the Talbots and some other parties in the neighbourhood, formed plans for his apprehension, and arrested him on the first convenient opportunity, as he was crossing the ford across the river Ribble formed by the hyppynstones at Bungerley. Waddington belonged to Sir John Tempest, of Bracewell, who was the father-in-law of Thomas Talbot. Both Sir John Tempest and Sir James Harrington, of Brierley, near Barnsley, were concerned in the King's capture, and each received one hundred marks reward; but the fact of Sir Thomas Talbot being the chief actor is shown by his having received the larger reward of 100*l.* The chief residence of the unhappy monarch during his retreat was at Bolton Hall, where his boots, his gloves, and a spoon, are still preserved. Sir Ralph Pudsey, of Bolton, had married Margaret, daughter of Sir Thomas Tunstal, who attended the King as esquire of the body.

A grant of lands was also made by King Edward IV. to Sir James Harrington "for his services in taking prisoner, and with holding as such in diligence and valour his enemy Henry, lately called King Henry VI." This grant, which was confirmed in Parliament, embraced the castle, manor, and domain of Thurland; a park called Fayret Whyte Park, with lands, &c., in six townships of the county of Lancaster; lands at Burton in Lonsdale, co. York; and Holme, in Kendal, co. Westmoreland, the forfeited lands of Sir Richard Tunstell, and other "rebels." Mr. Henry Harrington states that the lands were afterwards lost to his family by the misfortune of Sir James and his brother being on the wrong side at Bosworth Field; after which they were both attainted for serving Richard III. and Edward IV., "and commanding the party which seized Henry VI., and conducted him to the Tower." After "the meek usurper" was deprived of his throne, he saw his friends cut off in the field, or on the scaffold; he suffered exile and a tedious imprisonment himself, and he died at last in confinement in the Tower about the month of May, 1471. His death has usually been ascribed to violence, but it was more probably owing to grief at the capture of his wife and slaughter of his son at Tewkesbury shortly before. But though Edward might silence the tongues, he could not control the thoughts or the pens of his subjects; and the writers who lived under the next dynasty not only proclaim the murder, but attribute the black deed to the advice, if not the dagger, of the youngest of the royal brothers, Richard, Duke of Gloucester. "It is a curious fact," observes Miss Strickland, "that the weapon said to have been employed in the perpetration of this disputed murder was preserved, and long regarded in the neighbourhood of Reading as a relic."

"The warden of Caversham," wrote John London, "was accustomed to show many pretty relics, among which was the holy dagger that killed King Henry." His body was exposed in St. Paul's, and then buried with little ceremony at Chertsey Abbey, but by Henry VII. was removed to Windsor, and interred in St. George's Chapel, where he was worshipped by the name of "Holy King Henry," whose red hat of velvet was thought to heal the headache of such as put it on their heads.

The Lords of Wensleydale.

In the reigns of the second and third Edward, Henry Scroop, a lawyer, founded a family of Peers, and built a home in Wensleydale, which, with a Castle built by his successor, were transmitted to a noble posterity in a direct line for 300 years; afterwards, through marriage, to the Paulets, Marquises of Winchester, and Dukes of Bolton Castle, and Wensleydale. Henry Scroop, in the second year of Edward II., was one of the Justices of Common Pleas; and in the tenth year of the said reign was made Chief Justice of the King's Bench. In the first year of Edward III. he was degraded for political reasons; but, says the chronicler, "paid his court so well to the new sovereign, that in three years he was re-instated in the highest office, and in seven years after, when he died, so well had he employed his opportunities, that he was possessed of many manors. His successor was Lord Scroop, Chancellor and Keeper of the Great Seal, builder of Bolton Castle. His son was Richard Scroop, Archbishop of York, beheaded in the Wars of the Roses; when the executioner was so appalled by the dread of decapitating an Archbishop, that he did not sever the head until after five strokes of the axe.

The Scroops were now married into the family of the Nevilles, the King-makers. Sir John Neville, of Wensleydale, kinsman of the Earl of Warwick, had Edward IV. in keeping at Middleham in the Dale, when, on pretence of hunting, Edward escaped by the help of his brother Gloucester. When Edward IV. was in the ascendant, and Henry VI. a fugitive, the latter wandered on the moors between Wensleydale and Bowland, finding shelter with the family of the Lindseys, and longing in his soliloquies that he were a shepherd:

" Oh God I methinks it were a happy life
To be no better than a homely swain,
To sit upon a hill as I do now—
To carve out dials quaintly point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run."

On the same moors, and on the fells of Cumberland, the second gene-

ration following, the successor to "the bloody Cliffords" of the York and Lancaster wars, was secreted as a shepherd, and only emerged from obscurity after twenty-five years of pastoral life. When he was aged sixty, the Scotch invaded England, to be overthrown on Flodden Field. An old metrical history tells of the gathering of his forces by this Henry Clifford, the shepherd, thus:—

"From Pennighent to Rendle Hill,
From Linto to Long Andinghame,
And all that Craven coasts did till,
They with the lusty Clifford came ;
All Stainforth hundred went with him,
With striplings strong from Wensleydale,
And milk-bed fellows, fleshy bred,
From Longstratts eke and Littondale."

In the next generation Wensleydale held within the grim walls of Bolton Castle a fair captive, marvellous in beauty, marvellous in her misfortunes, Mary Queen of Scots. She was allowed to join the chase; but at the cataracts far up the dale, met a disguised stranger more than once—the chivalric Duke of Norfolk—who fain would carry her out of captivity and Wensleydale. But the royal hawk of England heard of this, and ordered her prisoner to be removed to safer custody in Staffordshire.

Marvels in a Chronicle of Meaux Abbey.

In the East Riding of Yorkshire, about six miles north of Hull, was founded in the year 1150, the Cistercian abbey of Melsa, or Meaux, by William le Gros, third Earl of Albemarle and Lord of Holderness. In the British Museum is a folio volume, on vellum, written in Latin, at the end of the fifteenth century, which contains annals of the monastery and a chronicle of events connected with it, from its establishment to the reign of Henry VI. In this MS. are recorded certain marvellous events, somewhat in the manner of Sir Richard Baker, in his *Chronicle*.

Thus, in the reign of Stephen, who died four years after the foundation of the Abbey, "a certain soldier, by name Oswey, chanced to have obtained admission into St. Patrick's purgatory; and upon his return he gave an account of the joys and pains which he had witnessed there."

In the tenth year of Henry II. we learn that at "about the first hour there appeared in the sky three circles and two suns; and a dragon of immense size was seen in St. Osyth (Osey Island, co. Essex), sailing the air so close to the earth, that divers houses were burnt by the heat which proceeded from him."

In the twenty-third year of King Henry, "the bodies of Arthur,

some time king of the Britons, and of Wenevere his wife, were found at Glastonbury, between two stone pyramids formerly erected in the sacred cemetery. They were hidden by a hollow oak, lay about fifteen feet deep in the ground, and were distinguished by the most unmistakeable marks; for Arthur's thigh-bone, when examined, exceeded by three fingers in length the tallest man's thigh-bone that had ever been found, when measured down to the knee. Moreover, the space between his eyebrows was of the breadth of the palm of a man's hand."

Of a London fog, which occurred *circa* 1224, the chronicler says:—"While the Bishop of London (Eustace de Fauconberg, Lord Treasurer) was officiating in St. Paul's, there came on suddenly such a thickness of the clouds and darkness of the sun, accompanied by thunder and lightning and a most foul stench, that the people departed, leaving only the bishop there with one attendant."

Circa 1250:—"While Ottoboni, the Pope's legate, was passing through Oxford, the scholars did attack certain of his attendants to such purpose that Ottoboni was perforce compelled to take refuge in the church tower of Osney until evening, when he was released by some of the king's servants who were despatched from Abingdon. Hence followed excommunication and suspension of the University, until the abbot and monks of Osney, accompanied by the regent masters of Oxford, appeared before the legate in London barefooted and meanly clad; and even then with difficulty obtained pardon for their offence."

The following astronomical notice may be interesting as making mention of what is probably the comet which is said to return periodically at intervals of three hundred years:—"A.D. 1264 so remarkable a comet appeared as no man then living had ever seen before. Rising from the east with great brilliancy, it dragged its glittering tail to the midst of the heaven, towards the west." With this phenomenon the writer connects the death of Pope Urban IV., which happened in the same year.

The following will be read with interest, as forcibly illustrating the superstitious prejudices of the period:—"A certain Jew at Tewkesbury fell into a cesspool on his Sabbath day, and would not allow himself to be taken out, from honour to the Sabbath. For a similar reason Richard de Clare, Earl of Gloucester, would not permit him to be dragged forth on the following day, being Sunday, out of reverence to *his* Sabbath, and so the Jew died there."

Again:—"A.D. 1307," says the author, "the Templars in France were dispersed on account of their crimes and heresies;" one charge

being that they invoked boldly and worshipped the devil and evil spirits; and another, that "they have in their possession the head of a certain Saracen, who was, as they believe, formerly the Master of their order, and the introducer of their impious ceremonies. Now this head, on the first day of their general chapter, is placed before midnight in front of an altar in a certain chapel, and adorned with very costly robes. It is then worshipped, first by the Master, then by the brethren. These latter being then solemnly asked by the Master if they believe it to be their Saviour, they answer that they do. Then the mass is sung, and terminated before morning."

In the year 1349 occurred one of those three destructive epidemics which visited this country and many other parts of Europe during the reign of Edward III. The community at Meaux Abbey suffered so severely upon the above occasion, that, as we are informed by the chronicler, the Abbot (Hugh Leven), thirty-two monks, and seven *conversi* died, the majority being carried off during the month of August; and there were only ten monks left.

"At the commencement of 1349, during Lent, six days before Easter Sunday, there occurred an earthquake throughout the whole of England, so great that our monks of Melsa, while at vespers, on arriving at the verse 'He hath put down the mighty,' in the gospel hymn, were by this same earthquake thrown so violently from their stalls that they all lay prostrate on the ground."

It appears that the monastery was not always free from the intrigues of ambition and party feeling any more than were secular communities outside its walls; for we read that in the year 1353, William de Drynghowe, the Abbot, was deposed under the following circumstances. John de Ryslay, the cellarer, having conceived a jealousy against his superior, and having determined, if possible, to supplant him, adopted the following device. He preferred a charge against the Abbot of maladministration, and also of receiving a horse that had been stolen; and he succeeded so effectually in fixing the crime upon him that he induced the judges, who were the Abbots of Fountains and Louth Park, and one Hugh de Sancto Lupo, a monk of Citeaux, to pronounce him guilty and degrade him from his office. The cellarer was then appointed Abbot in his stead; but the injustice of the case was so evident that he found it more convenient to resign. William de Drynghowe was afterwards reinstated under the title of the seventeenth Abbot.

About the year 1360, the monastery lost considerable tracts of land, owing to inundations of the Humber and encroachments of the sea. A whole town, which then stood in the parish of Easington, and was called "Ravensci-Odd," was utterly destroyed.

Calverley Manor.—A Ruined Life.

Calverley Manor, the residence of the ancient family of Calverley for six centuries, and memorable as the scene of a domestic tragedy, the dramatic form of which is sometimes attributed to Shakspeare under the designation of the "Yorkshire Tragedy," is situated near the town of the same name in Yorkshire. Of the hall itself, a magnificent mansion when the family was in its prime, and when this residence was its chief one, the centre and one wing remain, but only in a condition of partial dilapidation. It is a structure of the reign of Henry VII., and still shows the architectural characteristics of that period. It is now inhabited by a number of manufacturers and others who make use of portions of it as separate tenements.

The story of Walter Calverley, or Calverley of Calverley, as he was generally called from the name of his chief manor, is one of the most dreadful in the whole records of crime. There is a thrilling horror in the tale which gives it a prominence and individuality even amongst the most atrocious of the stories of crime recorded in the *causes célèbres* of Western Europe. Indeed the pitiless ruin and havoc superinduced by the natural black-heartedness or the fitful madness of the central character of the story are of themselves absolutely revolting, and were the human being sent into this world merely to gratify taste, and to look upon "the Beautiful and the Good" alone, it would clearly be an act of moral delinquency to give the tale publicity at all. But "we are bound by heavy laws;" one is obliged to confront evil as well as good. To escape this fate is impossible, even to the most delicate, sensitive, and most highly privileged man. Such a person may resolve to shut his eyes to the crime of the world, to seek with the timid poet a lodge in some vast wilderness where rumour of oppression and wrong might never reach his ear. He may scrupulously avoid reading the police reports and the great criminal trials that fill so large a space of every day's newspaper; he may shut his ears to tales of suffering, and enact that no man shall ever pronounce in his hearing "the abhorred name of Death;" but he will only thus attempt to fly from a still pursuing spectre, and try to exclude him by bolted doors and drawn curtains. His precautions will be in vain. The grim vision will rise ghastly at his side, even in his most secret retreats—at his feasts—in his library—in his

studio. Evil cannot be banished from the outer world while it lives in the inner heart. There are seeds of crime and premonitions of death in all living, and it is merely weakness not to confront these both in the heart and in the world. Far bolder and braver and better the man who gazes on the evil which the everyday events of life bring him in contact with, and who thereby is braced for good, corrected in error, and strengthened against temptation, than he who shuts his eyes to crime that he may escape a nervous shock.

The following story of a former owner of Calverley is, unfortunately for the doctrinaires and valetudinarians amongst us, only "too true." Its tragic, even terrific conclusion and catastrophe, took place 5th August, 1604; and the whole facts of the case—which we here throw into a narrative form—were evolved at the public trial of the chief person concerned, and will be found recorded in the pages of Whittaker, the careful historian of Leeds.

Although it is more than two centuries and a half since the tragedy here recorded was enacted, and the story has, so to speak, suffered decay from age, yet in all its bolder, more prominent, and more important features, it has come down to us undefaced.

Walter Calverley having, while still young, had the misfortune to lose his father, was placed under the care of a guardian, an old friend of the family, and a gentleman of unquestioned worth and honour. The young heir was fairly accomplished, well-formed, and of a grave, silent, and apparently solid manner. From his steady character his friends augured that he would be a credit to his ancestors and an honour to his country; among those, however, who were unbiassed by relationship to the youth, there were some who seem to have considered him deficient in candour and frankness, if they did not actually suspect him of hypocrisy.

The youth was really independent of criticism. He was heir to 800*l.* a year, and was thus in a position to command friends and admirers, male and female, wherever he went. "It fell out," says the old chronicler of this life history, "that he was the invited and welcome guest to a gentleman of chief note in his country." The name of this gentleman, the chronicler, so minute in other particulars, omits. It was probably reserved at the time of Calverley's trial for private reasons, and has not since that time crept into the narrative. As occasion to mention this "gentleman of chief note" will recur, let us give him, for the sake of keeping the narrative clear, the name of Sir John. This gentleman had one daughter, Emily,

who, like the young gentleman then her father's guest, was in the spring-time of life, that time when the youthful fancy "lightly turns to thoughts of love." A country home, a young girl pretty and sensitive as a flower, country walks, garden lounges, dances in the evening—what was to be expected?

The two young people being thus in love, Calverley took occasion to speak to Sir John, Emily's father, upon the subject. After giving his general approbation to Calverley's views and hopes, Sir John objected that his young friend was not yet able to act for himself, not being of age.

"I shall be in six months," returned Walter.

It was then agreed that Walter should bring his visit on this occasion to a conclusion, that he should understand his suit was favourably considered, and that if, when he had attained his majority, he still remained of the same mind, he might return at once and welcome.

But ere he parted from his beloved he exchanged troth with her, and they bound themselves to each other for ever. The old writer, waking up over the romantic parting of the young people, becomes gay upon the subject. He tells us—though how he could have known is a puzzle; however, we must go by our authorities—that "the virtuous gentlewoman danced a *loth to depart* on his contracted lips," a mighty pretty phrase, which, being interpreted, means that the girl kissed her departing betrothed—the *loth to depart* being a popular tune in the olden time, and often used by our earlier dramatists to express an unwilling separation.

Calverley set out for London. He had not been three weeks there when he renounced his allegiance to Emily once and for ever. A new saint filled the shrine which the Yorkshire maiden has so lately consecrated. Philippa Brooke was the name of the young lady with whom he now fell desperately in love, giving up his Rosalind for the new Juliet as suddenly as Romeo himself. The good-looking young squire was as prosperous in his second as he had been in his first suit, and Philippa agreed to become his wife. The marriage was hastened and consummated, for the impatient youth would not bear delay when he had any gratification to indulge. Had he delayed, and delayed for ever, it would have been well for Philippa Brooke.

Even in those ages, before mail-trains or telegraphs were dreamed of, evil news travelled fast. Emily, in her lonely Yorkshire retreat, heard of the unfaithfulness and the base untruth of her betrothed,

the touch of whose lips she still felt. The news of his death would not have struck her so cruelly. After such a blow she might have lived. His loss alone she could have borne ; but the loss through his own treachery, unmanliness, and falsehood of the being whom she had considered perfect, was too much for her. In her solitude there was nothing to divert or relieve her sorrow and her hopeless weariness of all the earth. "I entreat of God," she said, "to grant prosperous health and fruitful wealth both to him and her, though I am sick for his sake." Her sickness increased and she sank into her grave.

Calverley and his wife Philippa left London after their marriage, and a week later took up their abode in Calverley Hall. For a time all went smoothly. Philippa was charmed with the beauty of the scenery and the fresh delights of country life. Her husband was not content with the simple pleasures of nature, however, and he soon betrayed symptoms of restiveness. Then, by degrees giving way to the unlimited gratification of his desire for exciting pleasures, he plunged into excesses and extravagances of all kinds, mortgaged part of his estates, incurred debts, and finally, when his own name had sunk so low in worldly estimation that it would no longer obtain him credit, involved a number of his best friends in his difficulties.

To this degree of disgrace, however, he did not sink at once. He had material to go upon to begin with, and it was four years before, having practically ruined himself, he began to think of measures which involved the ruin of others. At this point, however, he was brought up with a tight rein. His extravagance came to an end—he had no means of gratifying it further. There was no rioting and revelling now ; the tributary rills that formerly contributed to his affluence were now dried up, and poverty was upon him. But the enforced temperance to which he was now subject had not the effect of softening his heart, steadying his hand, or so simplifying and purifying his nature that he could draw pleasures sufficiently engaging and satisfying from his own resources, from the society of his family and the pleasures and duties of a country life. The adversity, which on a better nature might have had such an effect, told in the opposite direction with this singular man. He became sullen, morose, and even savage, much to the grief of his wife, who, in spite of his follies—followed, as all folly inevitably is, by neglect of the duties both of home and the world—still loved him. For a long time fear restrained her, and she watched her husband

becoming more and more savage and bitter in silence. At length she ventured to try to soothe him. Her success was not great; her attempt resulting in this, that her rapacious husband, availing himself of the gentle affection of his wife, obtained possession of all her jewels, and then insisted that she should sell her dowry also.

One singular feature in his character at this stage is specially worthy of note. In obtaining his wife's jewels, &c. he made no attempt to convince her that he wanted money for a useful purpose; on the contrary, he plainly avowed that he loved his own pleasures beyond any other consideration, and intended to employ the money obtained through her in contributing to and maintaining them.

Calverley's wife understood clearly that in selling her dowry she was invading the rights and interests of her children; yet, possibly with some vague notion that her generosity and self-sacrifice might have some influence in turning her husband's heart towards her, she left Yorkshire for London, for the purpose of converting it into money.

Meantime, when the wife was attempting to prop up the fallen fortunes of Calverley, the husband was doing what little he could to render re-establishment impossible. Philippa's jewels had been converted into gold. The fellow-revellers and boon companions of his early and affluent days flocked back again to his table as soon as they understood it to be well furnished. The riot was too furious to last. Again his resources were drained, and again his enforced abstinence had only the effect of hardening and embittering his disposition—perverting his mental vision and blunting and dulling his moral sense. He now cursed his wife for her protracted absence. So unbridled had this man's passions become that his indifference to his wife, which first deepened into positive aversion, now seemed to have become a settled and persistent hatred; and now, worse than all, that hatred had extended to his children as well as to his wife. Thus the ulcers of the mind, once allowed to establish themselves, daily spread and increase in virulence. So intense became his aversion to his whole family that he was now no longer able to throw a decent veil over it, but found himself impelled to proclaim it to the world; and on one occasion his abuse of his absent and innocent wife led to a duel with a gentleman of the neighbourhood who had the courage to defend the absent and rebuke the slanderer. In this encounter Calverley was severely

wounded in the arm, and he had scarcely regained the free use of it when his wife returned from London.

On arriving in town Philippa had naturally directed her steps to the house of the uncle who had acted as her guardian. The old man received her with unabated affection, but was shocked to find the ward who had left him a blooming girl, now a pale, thin, and faded woman.

He inquired whether her husband used her well, and was answered "Yes;" for the faithful wife to the last endeavoured to screen her husband's faults. The question of Calverley's debts was next discussed, and the uncle volunteered to see his creditors, to settle with them, and to reinstate Philippa's husband in a position equal to that of "the best of his ancestors." With this good news Philippa returned to Yorkshire.

When Calverley found that after all his waiting his wife had returned only with good news and without any money—her dowry, which consisted in land, not having been sold—an access of passionate fury seized him. The kindness, forbearance, and pleading gentleness of his wife seemed only to increase his rage. His violence knew no bounds. He raved and swore in the most violent and cruel manner, and at last told her that before he would put his head under her belt, to be at the beck and call of her great friends in London, he would kill her with his own hand.

During this interview between husband and wife a gentleman from Cambridge called and desired to see Calverley alone. This announcement stopped Calverley in his whirlwind of passion, and possibly prevented his carrying out his threat of murder there and then. As it was, the fiend struck his wife a parting blow, so violent as to fling her against the opposite wall with the blood spurting from her face.

The visitor, a fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, had come on the part of Calverley's younger brother, who had become security for Calverley in a bond for one thousand pounds. The bond being forfeited, the creditor had flung the youth—a promising and highly esteemed young gentleman—into prison. Unless released immediately his prospects would be blasted.

Calverley was now driven mad; the crisis of his life had come. He could not release his brother—it might be months before his own affairs were settled.

With an effort he asked his visitor to wait for him in the grounds while he himself attended to "what was necessary in this

business." Being quit of his visitor, he retired to a distant gallery to compose his mind and think what it were best to do.

What was passing in that volcano-like brain can never be known, but only conjectured from events that immediately followed. His eldest son was playing in the gallery, to which came this man, frantic with disappointment and with passion that ever fed upon itself. He looked upon his boy. What he thought and said remains with the Eternal; what he did was to plunge his dagger through his young child's heart.

Taking up the child, already dead and covered with blood, in his arms, Calverley now rushed to Philippa's room, where his wife lay asleep from exhaustion. A young maid-servant, who watched for the lady's awakening, was nursing a younger son by the fire. Seeing her master enter covered with blood and with the dead body in his arms, she started up with a cry of horror. Dropping the dead body, Calverley flung his maid downstairs and seized and stabbed his second child, who now fell moaning on the floor. By this time his wife, awakened by the first noise of struggle, caught up the wounded child. A struggle for the boy now commenced between the mother and the father, the latter slashing recklessly with his dagger, of which his wife received several gashes intended for the boy. The poor woman then fell in a swoon from exhaustion and loss of blood.

Calverley now seeming to recollect that he had a child at nurse at a distance of about ten miles, resolved to exterminate that also. He rushed downstairs, but was confronted at the bottom by a servant whom the noise had brought there.

"Oh, sir! what have you done?" exclaimed the man.

"That which you will never live to see me repent of," answered Calverley, aiming a blow at the man with his dagger. This blow the servant parried, and closing with Calverley was thrown, and was so much torn and mangled by the squire's spurs during the wrestling that, once down, he could not get up again.

On went Calverley to the stables, meeting on his way thither the gentleman from Cambridge, who, perceiving that something unusual must have taken place, said he "hoped nothing unpleasant had happened."

"Oh, *that*," replied Calverley, with a wild, disordered manner, "that is as men shall see and understand things; for look you, sir, what shall make some laugh shall make others weep, and, again, that which some shall deem well and wisely done shall to others be as a sin and a stumbling-block. But beseech you, sir, go in, where

I have taken orders for my brother's business, and will presently resolve you of that and all necessary matters."

So saying Calverley pressed on to the stables, leapt on his horse, and urged him at his topmost speed to where his remaining child, doomed to death, lay at the nurse's breast.

Meantime the collegian had entered the house and had been made acquainted with the full horror of the situation. The serving-man in the hall lay groaning unable to rise, while upstairs the floor was covered with blood ; the eldest son, the first victim of his father's rage or despair, lay dead, and the mother and remaining child lay as if they also had been murdered. It was some time before the natural shock he experienced permitted the collegian to think what it was best next to do. He then advised that Calverley should be pursued to prevent further mischief. His advice was acted upon at once.

On his deadly mission Calverley was providentially stopped. When near his destination his horse stumbled, and the rider was thrown and fell heavily. The affrighted horse started away rapidly, and Calverley, severely bruised, attempted to continue his journey on foot. This accident gave his pursuers the advantage, and as he was halting along they overtook him and carried him before Sir John Howley, one of the magistrates of the West Riding.

During his examination before the magistrate Calverley seems to have preserved a sullen demeanour. Requesting an interview with his wife, he was escorted to Calverley. What occurred at this interview it is impossible at this date to discover. From this time forth, however, the murderer seems to have been a softened and a sane man. He regarded the last few years of his life as a dream, but mourned over the sad realities it had left behind.

He was tried at York, but refused to plead to his arraignment. It was in vain that the judge explained to him the horrible penalty of the *peine forte et dure*—crushing to death under a weighted press—which the law at that period affixed to such contumacy. To the remonstrances of the judge he replied :

"I am familiar with everything you can urge, my lord ; I know full well that I shall die under lingering tortures, being pressed to death beneath a load of stone or iron, but such pains are welcome to me ; they are the only atonement I can offer to man or Heaven."

He was executed forthwith—*pressed to death*—August 5th, 1604.

Castle Howard.

If the house of Howard is not as ancient as many another English family of whom noble representatives are still extant, such has been its history, the blameless character of its great chiefs, and the splendid alliances it has contracted, that its influence has grown from generation to generation until it came to claim precedence of rank over every other noble family of Britain with the exception of the Royal Family. The head of the Howards, the Duke of Norfolk, is Premier Duke and Earl, Hereditary Earl Marshal, and Chief Butler of England. And if the halls and domes of their mansion are lacking in that venerable antiquity which marks the buildings of the early Norman period, its proportions are imposing, its size magnificent, its appointments luxurious, and its gardens and grounds conceived and planted in the finest spirit of artistic taste. It is one of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Vanbrugh—he of whom the wit wrote—

“ Lie heavy on him, earth, for he
Laid many a heavy load on thee !”

and it is one of the best specimens of the architectural style that prevailed at the time of its erection.

“Castle Howard,” writes one entitled to be heard on the subject, “one of the most perfect of the dwellings that succeeded the castles and strong houses of our forefathers, with its gardens, grounds, lawns, plantations, woods, and all the accessories of refined taste, is a model of that repose which speaks of happiness and makes it.” It is finely situated in a well-wooded district, on a gentle eminence, and looks down on one side on an extensive and ornamental lake. It is about fifteen miles north and north-east of the ancient city of York, with the monastic ruin of Kirkham Abbey in the vicinity. The drive from the nearest railway station to this noble mansion is through a country rich in woods, and dotted with comfortable villages.

The south front of the building is most imposing. It is 323 feet in length, and its centre consists of a pediment and entablature, supported by fluted Corinthian pilasters, and with wings of lower elevation extending on either side. The north front consists of an elaborate centre of the Corinthian order, with a cupola rising from the top, and extensive wings on either side. From this front is the

entrance to the Great Hall, a beautifully finished apartment, thirty-five feet square, sixty-five feet high, and lighted by a dome, the top of which is one hundred feet above the floor of the hall. The fine old fireplace is of marble richly carved and sculptured. The walls and ceiling are enriched with allegorical paintings, and round the walls are the statues and busts of Roman emperors raised on pedestals. The Antique Gallery, 160 feet long, is stored with beautiful and valuable examples of Egyptian, Greek, and Roman art, and in the Museum are the collections gathered by successive Lords Howard, embracing a number of relics of Yorkshire and Northumberland.

Few manorial residences possess so many art treasures as Castle Howard. Among the pictures—many of the best of which were obtained by the Earl of Carlisle from the Orleans family when the Revolution convulsed France in 1789—are examples of Caracci, Titian, Correggio, Domenichino, as well as many by the best masters of the Venetian, Spanish, French, and Dutch schools.

In the gardens, which are very extensive and beautiful, there is a fine fountain, which, as a work of sculpture, takes high rank; and the terrace walks, the lake, the summer-house, and the Mausoleum amid embowering woods, as well as the memorial pillars, seen here and there in different parts of the grounds, and erected to commemorate some event in the annals of the Howard family, all combine to give an artistic interest to a scene already made lovely by nature.

To the great influence, native nobility, and high lineage of the house of Howard, allusion has already been made. Though they cannot be traced with certainty to a period earlier than 1297, yet the unblemished honour of the family, and the valued services they rendered to the throne, soon rendered them a highly esteemed sept, with whom the proudest families of England have allied themselves. The match of Sir Robert Howard with the heiress of Thomas de Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, raised the Howards to the first rank of the British aristocracy. They subsequently attained increased splendour and consequence by alliances with the houses of Bigod, Fitzalan, Talbot, and Dacres.

The Howards of Castle Howard, however, belong to what is known as the Carlisle branch of the family, and with this branch it is our business at present specially to deal.

The earldom of Carlisle was enjoyed originally, it is said, by Ranulph de Meschines; it was next conferred on Andrew de Harclaw

who was subsequently found guilty of treason and executed. Later, John Plantagenet, son of Henry IV., and his brother Richard, afterwards Richard III., were successive earls of Carlisle. The title was conferred on Sir James Hay in 1620, and inherited by his son, who dying without issue, the title again became extinct. It afterwards came to the Howards in the person of "Belted Will Howard," a Border hero of great renown and the terror of the moss-troopers of his time.

The earliest name by which Castle Howard was known seems to have been Hinderskelfe—the word meaning Hundred Hill. The old castle of Hinderskelfe was built in the reign of Edward III. by the baron of Greystock. Ralf, Lord Greystock, left an only daughter, Elizabeth, who married Thomas, Lord Dacre of Gilsland, in which family the property was continued till the marriage of Elizabeth, sister and co-heir of George, Lord Dacre, with Lord William Howard—"Belted Will." The ancient castle of Hinderskelfe thus came into the possession of the Howards.

When Elizabeth and "Will" were married their united ages were short of eight and twenty, and for a long period of their early married life these young people had much to grieve them; for during the whole of the reign of Elizabeth both William Howard and his brother Arundel were continually being subjected to charges of treason; and, never receiving any public employment, they were kept in a state of poverty. When James I. came to the throne the prospects of the family brightened. Lord William then received his appointment as King's Lieutenant and Lord Warden of the Marches—a most responsible position when we consider that at this time the northern shires of England were exposed to continual inroads of border caterans. He was fearless and rigorous in the discharge of his onerous duties. It was his boast that he would so act as warden that the "rush-bush should guard the cow;" and the means he took to arrive at that state of affairs was to send his prisoners straight to Carlisle, where, as a punishment for their depredations, they were "justified" in the promptest manner by the common hangman. The facility with which a cattle-lifter could be hanged at Carlisle at this time is attested in a quaint manner by Fuller. He says that "when in their greatest height, the moss-troopers had two fierce enemies—the laws of the land and Lord William Howard, who sent many of them to Carlisle, *that place where the officer does his work by daylight.*"

But Lord William was not of sternness and severity "all com-

pact." He was distinctly a man of literary culture and a lover of the refined pursuits of leisure and ease. With the courage and promptitude of the soldier he united the courtesy of the scholar; and though he "tamed the wild border" he was no cruel oppressor, but a model of chivalry, when no man was anything if not chivalric. He was succeeded in the estate by his grandson, Sir William Howard, who was in turn succeeded by his second son, Charles.

This Charles was the recipient of many royal favours for services rendered. He was created Baron Dacre of Gillesland, Viscount Howard of Morpeth, and Earl of Carlisle. He was succeeded by his son Edward, the second earl, who died in 1692, and was succeeded by Charles, the third earl. The ancient castle of Hindersele was burned down about this time, and the new building, Castle Howard, was raised on its site. Frederick, the fifth earl, who succeeded in 1758, was a gentleman of literary gifts and high attainments. He is the author of "Tragedies and Poems." He was the guardian of Lord Byron, and to him the "Hours of Idleness" were dedicated. The Hon. and Rev. William George, eighth earl, now holds the title and estates.

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Kiveton Manor.—The Osbornes, Dukes of Leeds.

KIVETON MANOR, near the southern border of Yorkshire, about ten miles from Sheffield, is worthy of notice as having been the residence of all the Dukes of Leeds in succession down to the year 1811, when the mansion, a brick building of no great beauty, which had been erected by the first duke, was levelled with the ground and another seat chosen.

Soon after the Conquest the manor of Kiveton passed into the family of Segrave, and the principal tenants at Kiveton under the Segraves, were a family who acquired as their hereditary name the name of this, their principal and perhaps only estate. The last of these was Nicholas Kiveton or Keeton, who lived in the reign of King Henry VIII. ✓

In the 27th year of Henry VIII. this Nicholas sold his estate at Kiveton to Sir William Hewet, of London, citizen and cloth-worker.

This Sir William Hewet, son of Edmund Hewet, of Wales (a township in the south of Yorkshire a few miles from Kiveton), was

one of the most successful merchants of the time. He was Lord Mayor in 1559, the first year of Elizabeth, and died on 21st January, 1566-7. He purchased lands at Barking, in Essex, and others at Wales, his native place, and Harthill—both near the south border of Yorkshire. From his relatives descended the Hewets of Shire-oaks, and other families of the name seated in Yorkshire and in Hertfordshire ; but he himself had only one daughter, his heir, who was aged twenty-three at the time of his decease.

Sir William Hewet's house and shop were on London Bridge, which at that time was covered from end to end with mansions and with the stores and dwellings of merchants. He was assisted in his business by a careful apprentice named Edward Osborne. This Osborne could judge of the value and quality of cloth almost as accurately as his master, and on occasion when it became necessary he could perform quite other feats with equal success. He was a type of the bold and shrewd London apprentices of the period.

On one occasion, while engaged at work in the shop, young Osborne was suddenly startled by hearing repeated shrieks coming from another part of the house. He rushed to the spot whence the sound seemed to proceed, and found to his horror the cause of the commotion. The maid whose duty it was to tend Hewet's daughter—then an infant in arms—had dropped her charge over the bridge into the water. Osborne immediately leaped into the river and, contrary to all expectation, succeeded in saving the child. Years rolled on, a deep attachment had grown up between Edward Osborne and the maiden, young Anne Hewet. The claims of the brave apprentice, who had also proved himself an excellent workman and gave promise of being a wealthy merchant in time, were not to be refused, and the knight, Sir William, gave his daughter in marriage to him who had saved her life.

Having married Sir William Hewet's heir, Osborne succeeded both to his possessions and his business. He made the best use of both. He rapidly amassed wealth, held the office of sheriff in London for seven years, and served the office of Lord Mayor in 1582. He was knighted in the year of his mayoralty, and in 1585 he was one of the representatives of London in Parliament. After a busy, prosperous, useful life, he died in 1591, and was buried in St. Dionis Backchurch, London.

The connexion of the Osborne family with commerce ended—perhaps also it had begun—with Sir Edward. Hewet Osborne, his

son and heir, married Joyce, daughter of Thomas Fleetwood, of London. This gentleman served under Lord Willoughby in France, in the army of Henry IV., and in Ireland under the Earl of Essex, who conferred upon him the honour of knighthood at Maynooth, in 1599. All accounts agree in representing him to have behaved with great bravery in that war ; and one account states that he was slain in Ireland, fighting valiantly at the head of his troops against the rebels.

Down to this point the Osborne family do not appear to have thought of settling themselves on their estate of Kiveton, which with the other possessions had been inherited from Sir William Hewet. After the death of Hewet Osborne, however, his widow must have resided in Yorkshire, for in the parish register of Wales—the cradle of the Hewet family—is the record of her second marriage with Sir Peter Freschville, of Staveley, knight, in 1604. Staveley is about seven miles from Wales.

Sir Edward Osborne, son of Sir Hewet Osborne, killed at the head of his troop in Ireland, as stated, was the first of his family who settled at Kiveton. The young Knight extended his property in this quarter by the purchase of another mansion and estate in the immediate vicinity in 1618. In 1620 Sir Edward was created a baronet. He married a daughter of Sir Thomas Bellasyse, afterwards Viscount Fauconberg, and thus connected himself with many of the principal families in the north of England. His lady, however, died in 1624, after having been but a year or two married, and left an only son. Sir Edward afterwards married a daughter of Thomas Walmeslath, in Lancashire, descended from the family of Danvers and of the Nevils, Lords Latimer.

A close intimacy and firm friendship subsisted between Sir Edward Osborne of Kiveton and his neighbour Sir Thomas Wentworth of Wentworth-Woodhouse (see Wentworth House—Earl of Strafford). Accordingly, when the latter, having been created a peer, was named Lord President of the Council in the North, he obtained the appointment of Sir Edward Osborne as Vice-President, an office of great trust, especially as the president himself was absent on the public service in Ireland. The appointment took place in 1629, and from this period to the outbreak of the Civil War Sir Edward resided partly at Kiveton and partly at “the Manor,” under the walls of York, a house at his command in virtue of his office in the northern council.

At the commencement of the Civil War, Osborne was one of a company of gentlemen in the north who contributed a large sum in support of the cause of the king. In 1641 he was appointed lieutenant-general of the forces raised for the defence of the county. In every capacity in which he was employed he acquitted himself with honour and credit. Sir Philip Warwick speaks of him as having distinguished himself by great loyalty, activity, and prudence, in the dangerous times and trying circumstances in which he was called upon to assume official responsibility.

Throughout his whole career Sir Edward Osborne seems to have had a desire to possess extensive landed property. In 1636 he largely increased his possessions by the purchase of the estate of the Sandford family at Thorpe Salvin, in the neighbourhood of the domains of which he was already lord. On this estate was an excellent mansion, built in the reign of Elizabeth, and the shell of which still remains. Here the Osbornes occasionally resided, and here in 1647, in the fiftieth year of his age, Sir Edward Osborne died.

His eldest son and heir-apparent had predeceased him. The story of the sudden and violent death of this boy, who seemed to have been born to greatness, is unusually touching. He was killed at the "Manor," York, by the falling-in of the chimneys and roof of the chamber in which at the time he happened to be sitting. The same casualty nearly led to the premature extinction of the whole Osborne family. The story is thus told in the memoirs of the Osbornes. "Sir Edward taking all manner of care for the education of his children, provided tutors early to teach the French tongue and other accomplishments to this his son and his eldest brother. Thomas was so young that he had a nurse to attend him to the chamber where his elder brother was; but setting him down in another room leading to it, and telling him he might go by himself, as knowing the way thither, he happened to light upon a cat there which he delighted to play with, and crept after her to catch her under a table in the room, covered over with a carpet hanging down quite to the floor. In the meantime there came a most terrible storm of wind, which, blowing down the roof of the chamber where his brother was, crushed him to pieces; the French tutor saving his life, but not escaping sore bruises, by hanging by the window out of which he happened at that juncture to look. The family being alarmed at this accident, the young gentleman heard one of ~~them~~ say 'They are both killed; and when a

servant found him out, and was going to hurry him out of the room, all the apprehension he had was the fear of the rod, and therefore he cried out, 'Do not whip me.' I have heard that his and the cat's picture was some time after ordered to be drawn in one piece, and that the same is kept still in the family in remembrance of so signal a deliverance."

The calamity of the loss of his eldest son forms the subject of a letter, beautiful in its elevated feeling, from Sir Edward Osborne to Wentworth then in Ireland, and written Nov. 10th, 1638, ten days after the sad accident occurred. "When I reflect," he writes, "upon this heavy visitation, I cannot but acknowledge to your lordship, with joy and thankfulness, that as the left hand of the Lord writ bitter things against me, at the same instant His right hand of mercy was stretched out for the preservation of my two surviving children, whose dead bodies (in all probability) had been added to the heap of these ruins had the fall stayed but half so long as your lordship hath been reading these last four lines, they being at that very time passing through the great chamber to their brother's. This was the Lord's doing, and it is wondrous in our eyes; and I hope shall never be forgotten while the sun and moon shine upon any member of my poor family."

The poor child—the crash of the fallen roof still resounding in his ears, a vague sense of calamity at his heart, an apprehension and fear of coming sorrow, and a knowledge of his own weakness and helplessness in his mind—himself in some remote and unknown manner linked with yet separate from the fate of his dead brother in the next room—murmuring in pitiful innocence and ignorance his petition not to be whipped, is probably one of the most profoundly pathetic incidents anywhere recorded in child-history.

The child Thomas, whose frolic with the cat kept him from danger while the Angel of Death passed over the house and struck the first-born, was a great man in his day, and was fortunate enough to carry his family up to the highest rank it has achieved. He had so much to do with the politics of the reign of Charles II. that, as Walpole observes, every page in the history of that reign relates to Sir Thomas Osborne, Earl of Danby. He was one of the principal instruments in bringing about the Revolution, and he obtained from King William the title of Marquis of Caermarthen, and finally Duke of Leeds.

This Sir Thomas Osborne married Lady Bridget Bertie, daughter of Montague, Earl of Lindsey, and grand-daughter of that stanch

old Royalist the Earl of Lindsey, who died of his wounds received at the battle of Edgehill. He entered Parliament at an early age, and his promotion in the service of the State was rapid. He owed his introduction to Court to the second Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, was appointed Treasurer of the Navy in 1671, member of the Privy Council in 1672, and Lord High Treasurer in 1673.

These offices were accompanied with titles of honour, one of which was that of Viscount Dumblain, of Scotland.

His advancement, however, had been too rapid to rest on a sufficient foundation, and in his elevation at the head of the king's counsels he had much opposition to encounter and was surrounded by enemies. He fell as rapidly as he had risen. Articles of impeachment were drawn up against him in 1678, and he was committed to the Tower, in which he was confined till 1684, when he was released under heavy bail. On regaining his freedom he retired to Kiveton, where he lived in retirement during the remainder of the reign of King Charles as well as that of his successor.

It was during his administration that the scheme for marrying the Princess Mary to the Prince of Orange had been effected, and this stroke of policy is said to have originated with him. He now looked to the Prince of Orange as the only source whence England's deliverance from Popery and arbitrary power could come. He kept up communication with Holland during the reign of James II. through his son Lord Dumblain, and we have his own authority for saying he made one at those conferences at which the plan of operations with regard to the Revolution was settled as respected the counties of York, Derby, and Nottingham. The original plan was that the prince should land in the Humber; but when the landing was effected in another part of the kingdom, the Earl of Danby still acted according to the plan which had been settled, and, seizing upon York, removed Sir John Reresby, the Governor, and put the Lord Dumblain in his place.

In the early years of the reign of William he was in high favour with the king, who soon conferred upon him the titles of Earl of Caermarthen and Duke of Leeds. During the reign of Queen Anne the Duke held no office at Court, but as a peer of Parliament was known as a strenuous promoter of all measures in support of Church and State.

He added extensively, by purchase, to his estates in Yorkshire. It was he who took down the old house at Kiveton. In its place

he erected one more spacious and more magnificent, which continued to be long the principal seat of his posterity. He died in 1712, in his eightieth year, while on his way to Kiveton, where he meant to spend his last days. He is buried in a vault which he constructed on the north side of the church of Harthill.

His third son, Peregrine, succeeded as second Duke of Leeds.

The magnificent ancestral estates of the Osbornes continue still to be possessed by that family in the person of the ninth Duke of Leeds.



Wortley Hall.—Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

WORTLEY LORDSHIP, a singularly interesting portion of South Yorkshire, forms about three-fourths of the parish of Tankersley, fourteen miles north-north-west of Sheffield, and is naturally divided by general topographical character into two portions of nearly equal extent—Wortley and Wharncliffe. The former is wholly cultivated land, though it has been opened in some places for the sake of the mineral riches, coal and iron, in which it abounds. Here the face of the country is studded with farmhouses and with hamlets, inhabited either by agriculturists or by persons to whom the mineral riches of the district give employment and support. Here also is Wortley village with its chapel, and a mile distant is Wortley Hall, with its outhouses, gardens, and park, on a site where from the first century after the Conquest the Wortley family, who without interruption have enjoyed this and other fair domains, have principally resided.

The other portion of the lordship is Wharncliffe, the favourite "chase" or hunting country of the lords of Wortley. A portion of Wharncliffe is open ground; but the greater part of the surface is covered with wood—remains of that primeval forest which once covered the whole of the southern parts of Yorkshire. But even in the cleared ground a few stubbed stocks of oaks, which are perhaps coeval with the earliest Wortleys, remain, showing what was once the prevailing character of the country. In Wharncliffe about two hundred head of deer are still running. In this wild uncultivated but wondrously picturesque tract, a "Lodge" was built by Sir Thomas Wortley, early in the reign of Henry VIII. This Lodge has been much altered by its successive proprietors, and

has been so enlarged and adapted to the views of modern convenience, that it has on many occasions served temporarily as the family residence. The Lodge was frequently the residence of Mr. Wortley Montagu, and it was at least once visited by the witty Lady Mary, who, though her tastes did not run strongly in the direction of the picturesque and romantic in nature, was really more deeply impressed by the rugged, masterful, and commanding scenery of Wharncliffe than she herself knew. On the occasion of her visit she described Wharncliffe Lodge as "a wild rural spot, which yet, I must own, I thought not disagreeable." But years after, when far from England, her heart answering her judgment more truly, she owned the magnificence of the sublime crags and cliffs and tumbled dells and glens of the "chase" in Yorkshire; and when she desired to commend the view from her own Belvedere at Avignon, she speaks of it as commanding the finest land-view she had ever seen *except* that from Wharncliffe Lodge.

The extraordinary scenery about and around the Lodge is thus vividly described by a graphic writer, quoted by the historian of South Yorkshire, and if we only consider as included the element of the overpowering sense of solitude which the scenes inspire, the picture may be taken as nearly perfect:—

"The ground contiguous to the Lodge is a circular area that must ever have bade defiance to cultivation and which no picturesque eye would wish to be otherwise. Grotesque old oaks, presenting amidst their dark-green foliage a black and leafless arm, or a bald and withered crown, starting from amidst the low grey rocks, that seemed thrown around in the most fantastic confusion; between whose interstices the fern grew in tufts of unusual size and height, forming a mimic wood beneath them; the whole intermingled with the shining hollies as old as the oaks, and groups of deer as wild as the roebucks.

"Over the house the distant country united its purple tint with the horizon, and had we proceeded no further we should have supposed the heathy outline was all the view it commanded—a house humble as to its exterior appearance, exceeding in grandeur of situation the palaces of kings—placed on the very verge of a line of perpendicular rocks, that sweep in circular pomp on either hand, and overhang a valley that lies many hundred fathoms below—the sides of its grand amphitheatre clothed with the richest mass of native woods that the kingdom presents. Below roll the dark waters of the Don, enclosed by its rocky banks, too far beneath

and too much shadowed by the overhanging woods to be seen from the heights above."

It is in scenes like these that traditions linger and superstitions are kept alive. It is believed that the deer-park at Wharncliffe was once strewed with innumerable bodies of persons who had perished in some great pestilence. This memory still haunts the wild "chase," and when sunset has burned itself out over the wilderness—

" Dark red the heaven above it glowed,
Dark red beneath the waters flowed—"

and the twilight has fallen, an "uncanny" atmosphere envelops this desert of the dead, and constitutes it in the eyes of the neighbouring peasant an awesome region to be penetrated on no consideration whatever.

It is also said that in former ages a town, which tradition names Stanfield, is said to have once stood near the top of Wharncliffe moor, and the remains of the foundations of buildings have been discovered and measured here. Querns have been found, and the ruins of a house called Lady House. According to the freside stories of the district, it was Sir Thomas Wortley who demolished these human dwellings and disfranchised the ancient freeholders, with the view of extending the limits of his chase and producing a solitude for himself and the deer. The old knight is said to have allowed neither life nor law to stand in the way of his "plesor to her the hartes bel." But his delight in hearing the deer "bell," which tempted him to ruin many homesteads and make the indwellers wanderers, led, according to tradition, to a sad result. It is said that before he died he became distracted and bellowed like a deer.

Another story is that of an unhappy maniac who had wandered, and perhaps perished, in this wild solitude. He reached Softley Crags and scrawled the following incoherences upon the rock :—

" O Dii ! dic mici, quo modo exeam ;
Seu fame, seu frigore ?
O Amici, valete ! sub vastis rupibus exeo."

As no traces or remains other than these lines were found, however, it may be supposed that the "maniac"—deranged, we suspect, only as to his Latinity—got safely out of the desert into a more hospitable region, and had many years before him for the cultivation of the classic tongue.

Taylor, the "water-poet," visited Wharncliffe, and has left an entertaining sketch of it. "Sir Francis" (Wortley), he says, "brought me to a lodge, the place is called Wharncliffe, where the keeper dwells, who is his man, and keeps all this woody, rocky, stony, vast wilderness under him, for there are many deere there, and the keeper were an asse if he would want venison, having so good a master. Close to the said lodge is a stone, in burthen at least a hundred cartloads; the top of it is four square by nature, and about twelve yards compasse. It hath three seats in the fourme of chairs, made by art as it were in the front of the rocke, wherein three persons may easily sit, and have a view and goodly prospect over large woods, towns, cornfields, fruitful and pleasant pastures, valleyes, rivers, deare, meat, sheep, and all things needful for the life of man, contayned in thousands of acres, and all, for the better part, belonging to that noble knight's ancestors and himself. Behinde the stone is a large inscription engraven, where in an old character is described the ancient memory of the Wortleys for some hundreds of years, who were lords and owners of the said lands and demaynes, which hee now holds as their right heire. And about a bowshot from thence, by the descent of as many rings of the ladder, his worship brought mee to a cave or vault in a rocke, wherein was a table with seats and turf cushions around, and in a hole in the same rock was three barrells of nappy liquor. Hither the keeper brought a good red-deer pye, cold roast mutton, and an excellent shooing-horn of hanged Martinmas beife, which cheer no man living would think such a place could afford; so after some merry passages and repast, we returned home."

The cave here described is a natural grotto about a quarter of a mile north from the lodge, now called the Dragon's Den, a name which it seems to have acquired since the time of Taylor.

The earliest known possessors of Wortley were Ulsi and Elric, two Saxon chiefs, in the time of Edward the Confessor. After the Conquest it was held of the king by Elric alone. How the land was apportioned immediately after the date of Domesday Book is not quite clear. It is, however, of little consequence of what superior Wortley was really holden, since the superiors must have placed a subinfeudatory here. This was done soon after the Conquest, and that subinfeudatory, whoever he was, was the progenitor of the lords who hold Wortley at the present time.

Alanus of Wortley, the first known progenitor of this great family, lived in the twelfth century; but his birth can hardly be

placed later than the era of the sons of the Conqueror. His son Nicholas was a witness to the charter of the foundation of the nunnery of Kirklees. From this Nicholas there sprang a series of lords of Wortley, all named Nicholas, and continuing in the lordship to the middle of the fourteenth century. Most of them were knights. They adopted coat-armour and enjoyed charter of free warren. These knights at first held Wortley as their single and sole possession; but by a series of fortunate marriages they, in time, added to it a number of important estates.

Sir Thomas Wortley, born about 1440, raised the family into high esteem. The author of the illuminated pedigree of the Wortleys says of him:—"He was unto Edward IV., Richard III., Henry VII., and some part in the tyme of Henry VIII., squier and knight for the body unto them. . . . He was shereffe of Yorkshire V several tymes and yeares. . . . Now to speak of his recreation. First he was *much given to showtinge in the long bowe*, and many of his men were cunning archers, and in them he did muche delite. Also he had muche delite in huntinge, that he did build in the myddest in his forest of Wharnclyffe a house or lodge, at which house he did lye at for the most part of the grease tyme; and the worshipfull of the cuntrye did there resorte unto hime, havinge there with him pastime and good cheare. Many times he would go into the forest of the Peake and set up ther his tent with great provision of vitales, having in his company many worshipfull persons. . . . The said Sir Thomas Wortley had such a kinde and brede of houndes, and their cunnynge in huntinge it was such that the fame of them went into Scotland, so that the Kynge of Scots did write his letters desieringe hime to have some of his houndes; at the which request he did send him X copple, with his own huntsman, which did remain ther 11 whole yeares. Thus I leave to speak of the worthye fame of this knight, omittinge many thinges worthy to be spoken off."

Sir Francis Wortley, the first baronet, was the entertainer of the water-poet, Taylor. He is described as "well learned in the Greek and Latin authors, of a ready quick wit, a good speaker, and well seen in poetry." He took the field for the King at the outbreak of the Civil War, was taken prisoner in 1644, thrown into the Tower, and his estates sequestrated. According to some accounts he died in the Tower—to others, he lived in the White Friars, near Fleet Street, being much in debt. The date of his death is unknown.

His daughter Ann married the Hon. Sidney Montagu, second

son of the Earl of Sandwich, who relinquished the name of Montagu and used that of Wortley only. The marriage was not a happy one. Mr. Wortley appears to have separated himself from the company of his lady, and in doing so to have forsaken the ancient Hall of Wortley. He built for one of his mistresses a sumptuous mansion at St. Ellen's Well, near Carlton, and suffered the hall at Wortley to fall into decay. The lodge in Wharncliffe chase, where before only the keeper had resided, he enlarged and improved, dividing his time between Wharncliffe and St. Ellen's Well.

With one room less than at present, Wharncliffe Lodge contained himself, Mrs. Catherine Wortley, his daughter, Mr. John Montagu, his younger son, the Dean of Durham, his brother, the Dean's chaplain, and their servants.

This Sidney Wortley is described at this time as "a large, rough-looking old man, wearing a huge flapped hat, speaking loud and swearing boisterously at his servants from his great chair; while Dean Montagu, a venerable figure, with silver locks shadowed by a black velvet cap, sits by in silence, sighing at every oath he heard, and sometimes meekly lifting up his eyes to heaven, as if asking forgiveness for his brother's offence."

The robust old squire died in 1727, and was succeeded by his son,

Edward Wortley Montagu, born 1678, and educated first in the country and afterwards at Trinity College, Cambridge; he went abroad for two years, and on his return entered into public life. He became a very active and efficient member of Parliament. He lived also in close intimacy with Addison and Steele, and mingled freely with the literary as well as the political celebrities of his day.

A man of bright intellect, ample fortune, and high rank, one chosen to carry out important international negotiations, Mr. Wortley Montagu has in his own right some claim upon the attention of posterity. But his name is now chiefly remembered for his having given it to a lady who was one of the chief beauties and one of the most entertaining wits of her day, Mary Pierrepont, daughter of Evelyn, Duke of Kingston, and best known to posterity as Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

The seat of the Pierrepont family was in Nottinghamshire, about thirty miles from Wortley. Ann Wortley, the sister of Mr. Wortley Montagu, was a friend and correspondent of Lady Mary

Pierrepont. It was at the tea-table of his sister that Mr. Montagu first saw Lady Mary. They were married in August, 1712.

Lady Mary states that her father was like Sir Thomas Grandison ; so that she seems to have thought his Grace too much a man of the world to be a very kind parent, and of course not over willing to regard his daughters in the light of grown-up women till he could keep them in the nursery no longer. Such men usually like their children but while playthings, and she used to relate this instance of his fondness for her and pride in her as a child. Always a leader of the fashion and a strenuous Whig in party, he was one of the original members of the Kit-cat Club. At a meeting of theirs to choose toasts for the year, he nominated her, then about eight years old, as surpassing in charms all the other ladies in the list. The club demurred because their rules forbade them to elect a beauty they had never seen. In the whim of the moment he answered they should see her, and sent orders home to have her finely dressed, and immediately brought to him at the tavern, where she was received with acclamations, her health drunk by every one present, and her name engraved in due form upon the glasses. The company consisting of the most eminent men in England, she went from the lap of one statesman, or patriot, or poet, to the arms of another, to be feasted with sweetmeats and overwhelmed with caresses. In short, she said that throughout her whole future life she never again passed so happy a day ; it was not pleasure but ecstasy. Her father carried on the frolic by having her picture painted for the club-room, that she might be enrolled a regular toast.

But the beautiful and witty Lady Mary did not continue to retain her father's admiration. As she grew up he began to neglect her. She ceased to be attractive when she ceased to be a curiosity. The estrangement gradually increased until it came to open rupture on the marriage of his daughter to Mr. Montagu—a match which the Duke of Kingston did not approve.

Mr. Wortley and his lady resided as much in Yorkshire as his political employments would permit during the first two or three years of their married life. Whenever they appeared in town, the lively, the beautiful, the accomplished wife of Mr. Montagu attracted great and general admiration. George I. had a very high admiration for her, and she soon became one of the circle of his most intimate friends. She was equally admired by the prince ; and when the quarrel took place between the king and his son, the

prince is said to have upbraided her sharply when he found his father invited her to his evening parties. To these parties she and the secretary Craggs were the only English admitted. The others were the Duchess of Kendal and a few German courtiers.

Mr. Montagu having been appointed to the Turkish embassy, he and Lady Mary set out for Constantinople in 1716. The family of the young people at this time consisted of only one son, an infant ; but shortly after their arrival in the north a second child, a daughter, afterwards Lady Bute, was born. In 1718 or 1719 they returned to England, and Mr. Sidney Wortley, Mr. Montagu's father, being still alive and comporting himself in the rough and ready manner already described, the Montagus could not go into Yorkshire, but finding a convenient spot at Twickenham, took up their abode at that famous spot. It was here that their acquaintance with Pope began.

But before going further it is necessary to recur for a moment to Lady Mary's brief sojourn in the East. At the time of her marriage this lady was, it is certain, remarkable for her beauty ; but she had not been married four years before she was attacked with small-pox. The fell disease marred her comeliness, and in particular destroyed her eyelashes. She owned she felt this a severe mortification. The Flavia of her Sixth Town-Eclogue was meant for herself, and expressed the bitterness of her own sensations on first recovering and dreading she should be wholly disfigured. The remembrance of these sensations made her resolve after her arrival in Turkey to introduce the practice of inoculation for the small-pox into England. Her only son, who was at that time the object of a parent's fondest solicitude, was the first Englishman on whom inoculation was practised. The successful introduction of the practice into England was the means of saving much suffering and many lives before this imperfect treatment was superseded by Dr. Jenner's great discovery.

In 1727, on the death of Mr. Wortley, senior, it was proposed that the Montagus should settle in Yorkshire upon the family estate. But the Hall had been suffered to fall to decay, the Lodge of Wharncliffe was too small, and the house at St. Ellen's Well—built for his father's mistress—Mr. Montagu could not endure, though Lady Mary would have been content to have resided in it. During the next twelve years the lady spent but little time in Yorkshire ; and in 1739 she left England and her husband and resided in France or Italy.

Mr. Wortley Montagu, who spent a considerable portion of his

time at Wharncliffe Lodge, began to rebuild Wortley Hall in 1743 ; but the works proceeded slowly. His son, who, even in early childhood, had manifested very extraordinary eccentricities, and had later absented himself twice from his father's house and engaged in low occupations, still continued to pursue a course of life disgraceful to his family. This conduct on the part of him who should have inherited his ample fortune and carried on his name and fame to later times interfered greatly with Mr. Montagu's comfort, robbed him of the enjoyments which his wealth placed within his reach, and dulled his enterprise. The works at Wortley went slowly on in consequence. His daughter, however, who married the Earl of Bute, seems never to have given a moment's uneasiness to either of her parents, and to her and her children Mr. Wortley decided to leave the bulk of his property and estates.

By this gentleman's will, which was drawn up six years before his death, he bequeathed to his son an annuity of 1000*l.*, to be paid him during the joint lives of himself and his mother, Lady Mary ; and after the death of the latter an annuity of 2000*l.* during the joint lives of himself and his sister Lady Bute. By the same will Mr. Wortley empowered his son to make a settlement on any woman he might marry not exceeding 800*l.* ; and to any son of such marriage he devised a considerable estate. The mass of his property, real and personal, and both were very large, he bequeathed to his only daughter the Countess of Bute.

Mr. Wortley died in 1761.

The interest in connexion with this family, however, by no means expires with the head of the house. Indeed, throughout the whole story of the Wortley-Montagus, Mr. Wortley cannot be said to play any very shining or conspicuous part. It is around the fair—we will not also add the “frail”—Lady Mary that the interest centres.

To this lady genius and beauty and an intuitive knowledge and command of “society” came by inheritance. Henry Fielding, upon a copy of whose “Tom Jones” she inscribed the words *ne plus ultra*, was her cousin ; George Villiers, the witty Duke of Buckingham, was her great-uncle ; and Beaumont, the dramatist, was descended on the mother's side, from a Pierrepoint of the same stock. She was still very young when she gave proof of her remarkable abilities. Mr. Wortley who, on his first acquaintance with her, was immediately captivated by her rare beauty and charmed with her sense and wit, was made a conquest of beyond all

recal when he discovered that she understood his favourite classics and could discuss with him the respective merits of, at least, the poets of Rome. Her reputation for learning was indeed much higher in her own day than in ours, and we are almost glad to be informed, on the authority of Lady Bute, that her mother (asserted by Dr. Dallaway to have received and profited by the "best classical education"), was wholly guiltless of accomplishment in the Greek tongue, while we find that when she herself must have been nineteen years of age, she writes to a friend stating that she is then trying whether it was possible to learn Latin without a master. She was a writer of fair poetry at the age of twelve, and though her earliest effusions are not equal to those of Pope at the same age, they evince a remarkable power of harmonious versification. At the age of fourteen she has found out the sad scarcity of sincerity in this fleeting world, and she bewails in a harmonious couplet that she has sought truth and found it not either in town, court, or sanctuary. At fifteen the dream of her life is to establish a nunnery in England, of which she herself will one day be lady abbess, and at twenty we find her corresponding with a bishop upon the injustice and neglect shown to women, and supporting her argument by an illustration in Latin from Erasmus.

And the natural precocity of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu was aided by intercourse at an early period of life with people of rank and distinction. Her very early years were passed for the most part in secluded leisure, chiefly at Thoresby, her father's mansion in Nottinghamshire, or at Acton, near London. She was, however, under the necessity of occasionally assuming a conspicuous place in society while very young. Her father, "Lord Dorchester," writes Lady Louisa Stuart, Lady Mary's grand-daughter, "having no wife to do the honours of his table at Thoresby, imposed that task on his eldest daughter as soon as she had bodily strength for the office, which in those days required no small share; for the mistress of a country mansion was not only to invite—that is, urge and tease—her company to eat more than human throats could conveniently swallow, but to carve every dish when chosen with her own hands. The greater the lady, the more indispensable the duty. Each joint was carried up in its turn to be operated upon by her, and her alone, since the peers and knights on either hand were so far from being bound to offer their assistance, that the very master of the house, posted opposite to her, might not act as her croupier; his department was to push the bottle after dinner. As

for the crowd of guests, the most inconsiderable among them—the curate, or subaltern, or squire's younger brother—if suffered, through her neglect, to help himself to a slice of the mutton placed before him, would have chewed it in bitterness, and gone home an affronted man, half inclined to give a wrong vote at the next election. There were then professed carving-masters who taught young ladies scientifically ; from one of whom Lady Mary said she took lessons three times a week, that she might be perfect on her father's public days, when, in order to perform her functions without interruption, she was forced to eat her own dinner an hour or two beforehand."

Lady Mary was not keenly susceptible of the tender emotions ; she had little of that profound truth and devotion which consecrates the lives of so many women. Even her gifts exposed her to the temptation of acquiring an unhealthy appetite for display and the exercise of her fine powers and fascinating graces beyond the safe verge of the domestic circle. Mr. Wortley had sense enough to perceive that from this source evil, as yet unforeseen, might arise, and with this cloud on his horizon, the time of his courtship was somewhat troubled. Though captivated by her beauty and liveliness, he seems by no means so blindly in love as to take everything for granted in her reception of his addresses. On the contrary, he hesitates and prudently sets before her his doubts of her affection for him, as well as the danger to their mutual happiness from her love of distinction and the admiration of other men ; and her ladyship, though too honest to take credit for sensibility she neither possesses nor approves of, with much cleverness and power of reasoning endeavours to reassure him. In reference to her own sex and their liability to be dazzled by display, Lady Mary thus writes to Mr. Wortley :—"There are some of us that despise charms of show and all the pageantry of greatness, perhaps with more ease than any of the philosophers. In contemning the world they seem to take pains to contemn it ; we despise it without taking the pains to read lessons of morality to make us do it. At least I know I have always looked upon it with contempt, without being at the expense of one serious reflection to oblige me to it. I carry the matter yet further : was I to choose of 2000*l.* a year or 20,000*l.*, the first would be my choice (!). There is something of an unavoidable *embarras* in making what is called a great figure in the world ; it takes off from the happiness of life," &c.

With respect to the enjoyment and relish which she had in the

society of men, and to the reports of mild flirtations of which the gay young *belle* was not wholly guiltless, Lady Mary thus writes to her thoroughly respectable but somewhat pragmatist lover :—"The pretty fellows you speak of, I own, entertain me sometimes ; but is it impossible to be diverted with what one despises ? I can laugh at a puppet-show, and at the same time know that there is nothing in it worth my attention or regard. General notions are generally wrong. Ignorance and folly are thought the best foundations for virtue, as if not knowing what a good wife is was necessary to make one so. . . . Perhaps I have been indiscreet ; I came young into the hurry of the world ; a great innocence and an undesigning gaiety may possibly have been construed coquetry and a desire of being followed, though never meant by me. I cannot answer for the observations that may be made on me. All who are malicious attack the careless and defenceless ; I own myself to be both. I know not anything I can say more to show my perfect desire of pleasing you and making you easy, than to proffer to be confined with you in what manner you please. Would any woman but me renounce all the world for one ? or would any man but you be insensible of such a proof of sincerity ? . . . One part of my character is not so good, nor t'other so bad, as you fancy it. Should we ever live together, you would be disappointed both ways : you would find an easy equality of temper you do not expect, and a thousand faults you do not imagine. You think, if you married me, I should be passionately fond of you one month, and of somebody else the next. Neither would happen : I can esteem, I can be a friend ; but I don't know whether I can love. Expect all that is complaisant and easy, but never what is fond, in me."

With so little affection to bestow, it was not probable that, from what she confesses of her own character and disposition, Lady Mary would make Mr. Wortley the very best of wives. Yet, judging from what has been clearly ascertained, it seems that the want of happiness and complete accord for which the married life of this strange pair was remarkable, was due quite as much to the imperfections of the husband's as of the wife's character. Wortley married Lady Mary in 1712, and for the first three years of their married life the lady seems to have discharged the duties of her position fully and satisfactorily, although during that time she had to suffer in a degree which might have injured a loftier character than she ever pretended to, from the selfish neglect of her husband. Wortley was then member for Huntingdon, and,

regardless of his wife's perhaps too keen appreciation of the pleasures of society, left her to pass her time in solitude in the country, while he, taking advantage of his parliamentary duties, spent his time for the most part in town. It often happened at this time that Wortley neither saw his wife nor the young son that had been born to him for five or six months together.

Yet in the midst of this neglect Lady Mary remained a dutiful and affectionate wife and an attentive mother. Had her affection met at this time with the return which she was entitled to expect, her character would probably have unfolded and developed into something very different from what we know it, or suspect it to have been. But Wortley's alienation from his wife continued to increase until, in the course of time, his wife's affection for him died a natural death from neglect and the want of legitimate nourishment of yearned-for kindness and generosity. In her letters the expressions of fondness for her husband gradually diminish, and after a while her communications assume that tone of quiet, careful respect with which she continues to write both of and to him to the end of his life.

After the death of Queen Anne, Mr. Wortley was appointed one of the Lords of the Treasury. He was then obliged to bring Lady Mary to Court, where her wit and beauty drew around her a brilliant circle of admirers. She now ranked Addison, Steele, Congreve, and Pope among the most intimate of her friends, and was honoured with the friendship of the King and the Prince of Wales; but that even now she was not engrossed with the caresses of princes and the flatteries of wits and poets is proved by the alacrity with which, on her husband's appointment to the Turkish embassy, she left the scene of her triumphs without regret—exchanging the pleasures of London for the gratification of beholding new countries and strange peoples.

In 1718 the Wortleys returned, and Lady Mary became again the great luminary of literary and fashionable circles. It now seems that she began to accept the adulation of her admirers too freely. The "pretty fellows" were about her in great force, and it is to be feared she permitted them to offer a homage more extravagant than can be accepted by ladies who *are*, and also wish to seem, perfectly prudent. She cultivated the sentiment of "friendship" with a freedom, if not with an ardour, that had in it something dangerous. Among others she inspired Mr. Pope with a feeling which from respect and admiration grew, not wholly perhaps without encourage-

ment, into a passion which she found herself obliged to crush. The manner in which she extinguished the poet's flame is not believed, even by such kindly writers as Leigh Hunt, to redound to her credit. Her own account of the affair was this, "that at some ill-chosen time, when she least expected what romances call a *declaration*, he made such passionate love to her as, in spite of her utmost endeavours to be angry and look grave, provoked an immoderate fit of laughter, from which moment he became her implacable enemy." "A pause," says Leigh Hunt, "comes upon the spirit and the tongue at hearing such an explanation as this—a pause in which no one of any imagination can help having a deep sense of the blackness of mortification with which the poor, misshaped, applauded poet must have felt his lustre smitten and his future recollections degraded. To say that he had any right to make love to her is one thing; yet to believe that her manners and cast of character, as well as the nature of the times and of the circles in which she moved, had given no licence, no encouragement, no pardoning hope to the presumption, is impossible; and to trample in this way upon the whole miserable body of his vanity and humility, upon all which the consciousness of acceptability and glory among his fellow-creatures had given to sustain himself, and all which in so poor and dwarfed and degrading a shape required as much to be sustained—assuredly it was inexcusable—it was inhuman. At all events it would have been inexcusable had anything in poor human nature been inexcusable, and had a thousand things not encouraged the flattered beauty to resent a hope so presumptuous from one unlike herself. But if she was astonished, as she professed to be, at his thus trespassing beyond barriers which she had continually suffered to be approached, she might have been more humane in her astonishment. A little pity might at least have divided the moment with contempt. It was not necessary to be quite so cruel with one so insignificant. She had address; could she not have had recourse to a little of it under circumstances which would have done such special honour? She had every advantage on her side; could not even this induce her to put a little more heart and consideration into her repulse? Oh! Lady Mary! a duke's daughter wert thou, and a beauty, and a wit, and a very triumphant and flattered personage, and covered with glory as with lustrous and diamonds; and yet false measure didst thou take of thy superiority, and didst not see how small thou becomest in the comparison when thou didst thus trample under foot the poor little *immortal*!"

But Pope himself does not come out of this wretched affair in the least dishonourable way. He repaid the lady's light scorn by satire, personal slander and abuse, and in one poem especially he grossly stigmatizes her.

In 1739 Lady Mary left the gay world of London and retired to Italy. Eventually she fixed her residence at Louvere, on the shores of Lake Isco. Here she took possession of a deserted palace and began to interest herself in the peasant inhabitants of the place, whom she instructed in bread-baking, butter-making, and other domestic arts, while they repaid her with a profoundness of regard amounting almost to adoration. Other employments were the care of her garden and the superintendence of her vineyards and silkworms. At Louvere she remained till 1758, when she settled in Venice. She returned to England immediately after the death of Mr. Wortley, in 1761.

Why Lady Mary left her own country, the society of which she was extravagantly fond, the gaieties of the Court, the flatteries and the attentions of the beaux and wits of the time ; why she left a husband who had extended to her wayward conduct so much forbearance for so many years ; and her daughter, for whom throughout the whole of her life she cherished a warm affection, is a question which has been often canvassed. The whole truth connected with the subject can never now be known. The descendants of the lady have represented the exile as a voluntary one, the result of mutual agreement between herself and her husband to live separate. Unfortunately for Lady Mary this view of the case cannot be maintained with success. The alienation that had gradually grown up between herself and her husband had long been complete, and the wonder is that the separation was so long delayed. And the delay seems to say more for Mr. Wortley's patience and his desire to avoid *éclat* and public scandal than for his nice sense of what was due to him according to the common sense of mankind. That Mr. Wortley had at an early part of his married life sufficient grounds to demand a separation is an inference inevitably to be derived from a perusal of the life of Lady Mary, as amplified by her descendant Lord Wharnccliffe. With her tastes and disposition she never could have voluntarily spent two-and-twenty years of her life abroad ; and the frequent and bitter allusions to herself in her letters, as an alien and an exile, are proof sufficient that that banishment was not self-imposed.

Immediately after the death of her husband, by which naturally

she was released from the prohibition to re-enter England, she returned to loved London. The following description of her at this time, from a letter written to a friend at Naples, has been left by a relative of her own. "You have lately returned us from Italy a very extraordinary personage—Lady Mary Wortley. When nature is at the trouble of making a very singular person, time does right in respecting it. Medals are preserved when common coin is worn out; and as great geniuses are rather matters of curiosity than use, this lady seems to have been reserved for a wonder to more than one generation. She does not look older than when she went abroad; has more than the vivacity of fifteen; and a memory which is perhaps unique. Several people visited her out of curiosity, which she did not like. I visit her because her husband and mine were cousin-germans: and though she has not any foolish partiality for her husband and his relations, I was very graciously received, and, you may imagine, entertained, by one who neither thinks, speaks, acts, nor dresses like anybody else. Her domestic establishment is made up of all nations, and when you get into her drawing-room you imagine you are in the first story of the Tower of Babel. A Hungarian servant takes your name at the door; he gives it to an Italian, who delivers it to a Frenchman; the Frenchman to a Swiss, and the Swiss to a Polander; so that by the time you get to her ladyship's presence you have changed your name five times without the expense of an Act of Parliament."

This strange personage, the most amusing letter-writer of her time, a graceful poetess and essayist, a beauty and a wit of the era of wits, did not long survive her return to her native country. She died in 1762 from the fatal disease of cancer in the breast.

Two children survived Lady Mary—her daughter, the Countess of Bute, of whom mention has already been made, and a son, Edward Wortley Montagu, whom his father, Mr. Wortley, had practically disinherited on account of the wild and unaccountable irregularities of his conduct. The following brief outline of this talented but most eccentric and graceless ne'er-do-well will be read with interest. It is abridged from the fourth volume of Nicholls' "Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century."

Edward Wortley Montagu was born October, 1713. He was destined to commence at an early age that wandering career which his restless and unsettled character made the most convenient to him; for before he was three years old he was on his way

to Constantinople under the special charge of his mother, who writes about him in these early and innocent years with the greatest affection and solicitude. Returning some years afterwards to London with his family he was placed at Westminster School, and here he first manifested that eccentricity of character which distinguished him through life. At a very early age he ran away from school, and a Mr. Forster, afterwards chaplain to the Duchess of Kingston, was requested by Mr. Wortley to use every means for his recovery. All efforts were in vain, though recourse was had to all the usual expedients. The boy was described in advertisements and handbills, but he could not be discovered. The purlieus of Covent Garden were searched for him, and a close watch kept on the whole district of St. Giles's, in vain. At last, happening to be in Blackwall on some general business, Mr. Forster was struck with something peculiar in the voice of a fisherman's boy who was crying up the merits of his wares. He thought the voice resembled that of young Montagu, and he sent a sailor to stop the boy. Young Montagu sure enough it was, with a basket of plaice, flounders, &c., on his head. When he found himself discovered he set down his basket and ran away, but was soon recovered. He had been bound by regular indentures of apprenticeship to a fisherman, and had served his master faithfully and well, for more than a year. He was brought home and placed at Westminster School, from which, however, after some time he again ran away.

On this occasion he engaged himself to the master of a vessel bound for Oporto. On his arrival at this port Montagu decamped, and though he did not know a word of the language, travelled some distance into the country. It was the vintage season; he offered himself as an assistant, was tried and found useful, and remained in the district two or three years.

On one occasion he was selected to drive a number of asses to the "factory," and to transact some business in the English language. The British consul knew him and despatched him, under proper care, to England and to his friends. Mr. Forster was now appointed his private tutor, in which office he acquitted himself creditably. For a time all went well; but the spirit of the nomad becoming strong in young Montagu again, he ran away a third time, and entered as a foremast-man in a ship bound for the Mediterranean. He was again recovered and brought back; but his father's patience was now well-nigh exhausted, and it was agreed

that the youth should go abroad for some years in charge of Mr. Forster. The West Indies had been selected as the place of sojourn, and here Montagu lived and studied for several years. He was then sent for by his father, received an appointment in a public office, and (in 1747) was elected to represent the county of Huntingdon in Parliament. As one of England's senators he does not appear to have distinguished himself.

He now assumed for a time the rôle of a "rake and a beau"—the character most in vogue, especially amongst the ladies, of that day; but becoming deeply involved in debt he left the country in 1751.

He went first to Paris, where he was concerned, though perhaps not in any actively dishonest way, in an extensive robbery from the house of a Jew. He again returned to Parliament, and in 1759 he gave to the public his work entitled, "Reflections on the Rise and Fall of the Ancient Republics, adapted to the Present State of Great Britain." "Thus," says Mr. Seward, in the *European Magazine*, "after experiencing various fortunes, even (as it is said) that of a link-boy, Mr. Wortley-Montagu took refuge in literature, and held up the torch to his benighted country." His work on the Republics is written with spirit and elegance. It is asserted that the book was undertaken merely as a means of procuring money from his father. Certainly it had no effect with the latter in inducing him to alter his will.

After the death of his father and of his mother—who left him only *one guinea*, "his father having," as she expressed it, "amply provided for him"—Mr. Montagu became independent. He now once more left England and travelled in Italy and in the East. One of his exploits at Alexandria is described in the Abbé Winkelman's Letters. "At Alexandria," says the Abbé, "he got acquainted with the Danish consul, who had a very handsome wife. Under various pretences he engaged the husband to go to Holland. Some time after he showed a feigned letter, mentioning the consul's death, and married his wife, whom he now carries with him into Syria. Not long after the Danish resident at Constantinople received from the Texel advice of the supposed dead consul; so that Montagu is not safe in any of the Grand Seignior's dominions."

A number of papers contributed by Montagu, chiefly on Eastern antiquities, were read before the Royal Society of London; he also wrote on the "Causes of Earthquakes," &c.

At a late period of life he became enamoured of the dress and

habits of Armenia, to which he conformed to the end of his life. He lived upon rice, drank nothing but coffee, or sometimes a little claret, and it is said prayed to Mohammed with the unction of a true Mussulman.

The latter part of this extraordinary man's career is thus related by Lord Wharncliffe, the most recent and the best authority on the subject :—"It was not until a conviction of his being irreclaimable was forced upon Mr. Wortley that he adopted the severe measure of depriving him by his will of the succession to the family estate ; but even this step was not taken without a provision being made for him, and in the event of his having an heir legitimately born, the estate was to return to that heir, to the exclusion of Lady Bute's children. This provision in Mr. Wortley's will he endeavoured to take advantage of in a manner which is highly characteristic. Mr. Edward Wortley early in life was married in a way then not uncommon—namely, a Fleet marriage. With that wife he did not live long, and he had no issue. After his father's death he lived several years in Egypt, and there is supposed to have professed the religion of Mohammed. In 1776 Mr. E. Wortley, then living at Venice, his wife being dead, through the agency as is supposed of his friend Romney the painter, caused an advertisement to be inserted in the *Public Advertiser* of April 16th in that year, in the following words : 'A gentleman who has filled two successive seats in Parliament, is nearly sixty years of age, lives in great splendour and hospitality, and from whom a considerable estate must pass away if he dies without issue, hath no objection to marry a widow or single lady, provided the party be of genteel birth, polite manners, and is five or six months gone in her pregnancy. Letters directed to — Brecknock, Esq., at Will's coffee-house, will be honoured with due attention, secrecy, and every mark of respect.' It has always been believed in the family that this advertisement was successful, and that a woman having the qualifications required by it was actually sent to Paris to meet Mr. E. Wortley, who got as far as Lyons on his way thither. There, however, while eating a beccafique, a bone stuck in his throat and occasioned his death, thus putting an end to this honest scheme."

The Earl of Bute acted with great liberality towards him, and his annuity was sufficient to support him as a gentleman. He died in comfortable circumstances.

Lady Bute occasionally visited her Yorkshire estates, taking up her residence at Wharncliffe Lodge. She expended money left for

that purpose on the Hall, but never finished it. She settled the Wortley property on her second son, who upon her decease assumed the surname and arms of Wortley. Mr. James Stuart Wortley, who added also the name of Mackenzie, survived his eldest son, who died unmarried. His second son and heir was settled at Wortley in 1800 on his marriage with Lady Caroline Creighton. The Hall was then finished, and the Lodge became inhabited by the Countess of Erne, mother-in-law of the lord of Wortley. The Hall contains portraits of most of the later members of the family.

Mr. Wortley was returned member for the county of York in several Parliaments. In 1826, or immediately afterwards, he was raised to the peerage with the title of Baron Wharnccliffe of Wharnccliffe.

York Cathedral.

“ Open your gates, ye everlasting piles !
 Types of the spiritual Church which God hath reared :
 Not loth we quit the newly-hallowed sward
 And humble altar, 'mid your sumptuous aisles
 To kneel—or thrid your intricate defiles—
 Or down the nave to pace in motion slow ;
 Watching, with upward eye, the tall tower grow
 And mount, at every step, with living wiles
 Instinct—to rouse the heart and lead the will
 By a bright ladder to the world above.
 Open your gates, ye monuments of love
 Divine ! thou Lincoln, on thy sovereign hill !
 THOU, STATELY YORK ! and ye, whose splendours cheer
 Isis and Cam, to patient science dear !”—WORDSWORTH.

The beautiful story of the introduction of Christianity into the dominions of Edwin of Northumbria by Paulinus, the apostle of this part of Britain, and his companions, the messengers sent by Pope Gregory in the early part of the seventh century, is so well known from the admirable narrative of the Venerable Bede, and from the numerous versions founded on that simple but striking record, that it would be superfluous to do more than merely allude to it here. The strange Christians, dressed in white robes, bearing a silver cross before them, and chanting one of the psalms of the early Church, wound their way upward from the shore and began to commune with the people. The arguments of Paulinus

carried weight with them. The idols of the Saxons were described as merely the stocks and stones which they were, and eventually when the chief image which the heathens worshipped was struck down by an adventurous spearman, and when no convulsion of nature or sign from Heaven followed the prestige of the idols died for ever in Northumbria, and the great god Pan fled away to find refuge in darker regions.

The Cathedral of York is said to have been originally founded on the site of a primitive and temporary church or oratory by Paulinus, afterwards the first archbishop of the see, as early as the year 627. After being at subsequent intervals completed, repaired, rebuilt, and adorned, it was destroyed by fire in 741, and was rebuilt by Egbert, the seventh archbishop. It was, however, afterwards destroyed by the Danes.

Thomas, chaplain to the Conqueror, and twenty-fifth Archbishop of York, acquired the title of the fifth founder of this cathedral, by rebuilding on a grander scale than had hitherto been attempted. Again the edifice was destroyed by fire in 1137. The building that was destined to be permanent was commenced in 1171 by Archbishop Roger, who rebuilt and completed the choir and crypt on the site of similar erections of an earlier time. This crypt is the earliest portion of the existing cathedral. The southern transept was commenced by Archbishop Walter Grey in 1227; the northern transept was completed by John le Romain in 1260, and the tower of the cathedral was at the same time commenced; the foundation of the nave was laid in 1291; the foundation of the present choir was laid in 1361; the lantern tower was rebuilt at about the same time; and other parts of the building were finished under Archbishop Bowett, in the reign of Henry the Fourth.

The elegant Chapter House, often ascribed to Archbishop Grey (John and Henry III.), is probably of more recent date, as many of the details of this part of the structure closely resemble those of portions of the cathedral founded at the close of the thirteenth century. On one of the Chapter House pillars the following Latin sentence is inscribed in golden letters:—“*Ut Rosa Flos Florum, sic est Domus Isla Domorum.*”

Great part of the interior of York Cathedral was destroyed by fire in 1829. The work of restoration was intrusted to Sir Robert Smirke, and the expense defrayed by public subscription. In order to give security to the fabric it was found necessary to rebuild the walls above the arches of the choir, and to restore the cornice and

battlements. In carrying out these works the spirit and general style of the ancient architecture has been adhered to as carefully as possible. The altar-screen is entirely new, but it is moulded and enriched in the same manner as the old one, the same style of execution having been adopted in the sculpture. The designs for the highly enriched and elaborate carved-work of the stalls and seats of the choir were intrusted to artists who had had the opportunity on several occasions of making accurate drawings of these and the other parts of the cathedral. Mr. Moule, in Winkles's "Cathedral Churches of England and Wales," has described the new carved-work, both in wood and stone, as exquisitely beautiful and correct.

Having now glanced at the various periods to which the different parts of the cathedral belong, and noted the character of the recent restorations, it may be well now to describe this great structure in its character of an architectural triumph, and to discuss the merits of its most striking portions.

The ground-plan is in the usual form of a cross, the extreme length being 515 feet, while the breadth across the transepts is 240 feet. In the west front there are three grand entrances, and there is an entrance by each of the transepts—that by the south transept being the one used on ordinary occasions. The exterior having been built at different times between the reigns of Henry III. and Henry VII., a period extending to 250 years, presents a general uniformity in the architecture; and though the structure is not rendered conspicuous by an elevated site, yet its appearance amidst the other buildings of the city is imposing and magnificent. The splendid western front, the glory of the cathedral—airy yet imparting the idea of imperishable stability—full of subtle intricacies and ingenuities and elaborations of design, yet natural and homogeneous like the veining of a leaf or the branch-work wrought by the frost on a window-pane—has often been compared with the celebrated façade of Rheims Cathedral for richness, sublimity, and beauty of architectural design. It is not surpassed by any church in England for fine proportions, chaste enrichments, or scientific arrangements. This front, erected in the reign of Edward II., is divided into three principal parts by massive graduated buttresses, enriched with tabernacle-work on every face. "The elevated gable," says Moule, "concealing the roof of the church, is covered with ornamental tracery of the most florid character, having the ridge beautifully terminated with a perforated battlement, the successive gradations of which are crested with a

central pinnacle in exquisite taste. The three entrances upon this front are deemed not disproportioned to the grandeur of the elevation. . . . The central porch opening to the nave, like many other western entrances of churches, is subdivided into two openings by a clustered pillar ; but in the space beneath the deep recess of the arch is a circular window of six lights, which is an unusual, if not unique, enrichment of the porch." On each side of the entrance the whole of the space is entirely filled with canopied niches for statues, in two tiers, leaving no part of the surface of the building unornamented. The east or choir extremity of the cathedral displays a more florid style of architecture, crowned with elegant niches and delicate pinnacles. Over one of the finest windows in the world is seen the statue of the venerable founder of the choir, mitred and robed and seeming to point to the wonderful window as his brightest monument.

The view of the southern front of the cathedral assumes naturally three grand architectural divisions—the nave, transept, and high choir, while above the prevailing sky-line are seen the face of the western tower and the lantern tower in the centre of the edifice. The front of the south transept, one of the finest examples of the architecture of the period to be found anywhere, is in three grand divisions formed by octangular buttresses. The depth of the recesses in this front, the vast masses of the clerestory and tower rising behind, give to this elevation a particularly grand character for light and shade.

Of the northern transept, the front shows five tall lancet windows, called the "five sisters" from a tradition that the stained glass with which they are adorned was the gift of five maidens of the same family.

The interior of the cathedral is in every respect answerable to the magnificence of the exterior. A vista of greater magnificence and beauty than that which is seen from the western entrance of the edifice, architecture has perhaps never produced.

The screen which separates the nave from the choir, rising only just high enough to form a support for the organ, does not intercept the view of the eastern end of the church with its columns, its arches, and its most superb windows. The nave of the church, 250 ft. in length, 103 ft. in breadth, and 92 ft. high, and surrounded, as indeed every part of the church is, with aisles, consists of eight divisions marked by clusters of pillars. Tracery of the richest kind appears in the windows, especially in that which occupies so large

a portion of the western front, and when the marvels of harmonized colours which these windows display are illuminated by the rays of the declining sun, they cast upon floor and carved pillar, groined arch and far-retreating roof, a glory of tint which surpasses description. The painted glass in the western window represents the portraits of the first eight archbishops and eight saints of the church, and here the arms of King Edward II. and of Ulphus, an Anglo-Saxon benefactor of the Church in early times, are sculptured. In the elevation of the nave there are only two stories. The windows of the aisles and clerestory, the tracery in the headings of which is in the true style of Edward III.'s reign, retain nearly all the original painted glass. The four great arches of the beautiful central tower rise the whole height of the nave; over these is the first story of the lantern tower. But confining ourselves still to the marvellous views afforded by the interior, we have to notice that under the open gallery which runs below the upper windows, and exactly over the point of the arches on which the gallery is supported, formerly stood images of the saints of the different nations of Christendom. A number of these have been displaced. Among those which remain, however, is that of St. George, against whose menacing sword the representation of a dragon, protruding from a neighbouring recess, seems to breathe defiance.

The transepts are each in three divisions, and their height, for in many respects they differ from the nave in architectural detail, is three stories.

The magnificent screen which separates the nave from the choir is a rich and beautiful specimen of the florid style of architecture prevalent in the reign of Henry VI., and contains fifteen statues of the Kings of England, all ancient except one, and is 25 feet 8 inches in height.

The beautiful new choir, so called from its having been recently restored, was opened in 1832. In architectural style it is a faithful representation of the ancient structures of the time of Edward III. Its separation into nine divisions—the central one forming on each side a small transept—renders its effect pleasing from its variety, while in beauty of design and wealth of decoration, its excellence is scarcely to be surpassed. It is 222 ft. in length.

The cathedral contains many interesting monuments of the earlier archbishops of the see, as well as monuments to William Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, Thomas Wentworth his nephew, William of Hatfield, son of King Edward III., and many other persons of note.

Wentworth House and the Great Earl of Strafford.

Wentworth House, one of the largest, most magnificent, and most beautiful family residences in Europe, historically famous as having been the favourite residence of Thomas, Earl of Strafford, the gifted and powerful but unscrupulous supporter of King Charles I. and upholder of the Divine Right of Kings, occupies a fine situation in a gently undulating country, partly covered with wood and partly under culture, about fifteen miles south-south-east of Wakefield.

The earliest mansion of the Wentworth family, occupying the site of the present palace-like edifice, was named Wentworth-Woodhouse, and was so called, it has been conjectured, because, like most of the great houses of its era, it was constructed of timber. This primitive mansion was gradually supplanted by an edifice of stone, the irregularity of the plan of which proves it was not the conception of one mind nor indeed the work of one generation, but, on the contrary, seems to indicate that it arose gradually—new portions being added as the corresponding portions of the original timber building decayed or fell into disuse. A view of this irregular house has been preserved for posterity in an old painting still to be seen at Wentworth. An etching from this painting shows that this intermediate mansion was built in the reign of Henry VIII. and in the early part of the reign of Elizabeth. The house and offices occupy a huge rectangle surrounded by walls and forming two square courts divided by an inner wall, in the centre of which is the porter's lodge, through which the visitor, after having entered the outer main entrance, with the stables, bakehouse, brewhouse, coachhouse, &c., on either hand, passed into the inner court and to the direct approach through gardens to the house itself. Had this old edifice been preserved to the present day it would have made no mean appearance among the country seats of this part of the country, for though the design is scattered and the planning inconvenient, all the *agrémens* of a first-rate country house were there, down to the kitchen-garden, the orchard, and the bowling-green, and all of them were complete of their kind.

This house, which still retained the name of the original structure—Wentworth-Woodhouse—is interesting from its associations in connexion with its great owner, Thomas, Earl of Strafford. Here the proud Minister, for all his ambition, was glad to seek repose

and to court content amid its antique and formal avenues, its immemorial groves and woods, and the soothing beauties of its softly undulating prospects.

But this second Wentworth-Woodhouse was fated, like its predecessor, the timber structure, to vanish before extended requirements and modern taste. We should regret its demolition were not the present mansion, which bears the modern appellation of Wentworth House, a creation of which the country may well be proud. Some idea of its extent may be formed from the fact that the line of the front is not less than 600 feet. The general design is the familiar one of a central quadrangular block with wings abutting from the sides and ending at the extremities in towers. But however simple the general outline, the pervading beauty of the front elevation and the special attractiveness of some of its parts attest the good taste and argue the munificence of the Marquis of Rockingham. The central entrance is approached by steps leading to an ample platform from which, on either side, stairs with balustrades, in three flights, lead up to the splendid portico and hall of entrance. The portico is formed by ten graceful Corinthian pillars supporting a rich pediment and entablature carved and bearing the inscription, *Mea Gloria Fides*. From the parapet arise at intervals statues, ornamental urns, and turrets. The entrance-hall is enriched with copies of the finest statues of antiquity, although here also, as well as in other parts of the house, are a number of specimens of the actual works of the ancient sculptors.

The pictures which adorned the former mansion in the time of the Earl of Strafford, are now for the most part collected in one of the drawing-rooms of Wentworth House. The splendid picture so well known from Vertue's engraving, representing the Earl of Strafford dictating to his secretary, is in the library of the present mansion. The work is from the master hand of Vandyke, who has thrown into the figure of the Earl an expression of the energy, the calm dignity, and somewhat of the haughty disdain of his character. The gallery, the chapel, and many of the apartments, are adorned with choice works of Flemish and Italian masters. There are also many splendid productions of the English school, particularly specimens of the works of Reynolds and of West, which do not suffer from comparison with those of older masters, while they attest the kindly and patriotic sentiments which have for so long been the prevailing characteristic of the masters of Wentworth House.

The library is extensive and includes a large number of extremely valuable books. It comprises many of the rarest works issued by the early English press, together with a collection of precious early manuscripts. In the room appropriated to the Earl of Strafford's chest are several manuscript volumes, containing abstracts of inquisitions and copies of Yorkshire genealogies, the publication of which is desirable, as they would undoubtedly throw light on the early history of many of the most powerful families of the north, and thus afford detail and colouring to the picture which the historian at present can only give in outline.

Wentworth House stands in the midst of spacious gardens set in the centre of a park of very great extent. Besides sheep, cattle, and deer, a peculiar breed of huge animals of the bison tribe are allowed to range the park. Outside the enclosure extend the wide-spreading plantations and native woods of the district.

There are dispersed throughout the park one or two ornamental buildings which deserve special notice.

On a bold rising ground eastward from the house the Marquis of Rockingham erected a lofty pyramidal edifice to commemorate the peace of 1748. It is called Hooper Stand, from the circumstance that it stands near the small village of Hooper. From its elevated situation, its considerable height and the generally level, or rather gently undulating character of the neighbourhood, this lofty monument dominates the whole surrounding country. From the gallery at its summit a magnificent and extensive prospect is obtained. But by far the most curious and interesting sight which from that elevation engages the attention of the spectator is Wentworth House itself. Seen obliquely, and from a point considerably above its own elevation, its chimneys, statues, and columns intermingling with the trees, all in a kind of fantastic confusion, it realizes the palace in the wood of the days of fairy.

Above the entrance to the monument is the following inscription:—"1748. This pyramidal building was erected by his Majesty's most dutiful subject, Thomas, Marquis of Rockingham, &c., in grateful respect to the preserver of our religion, laws, and liberties, KING GEORGE THE SECOND, who, by the blessing of God having subdued a most unnatural rebellion in Britain, anno 1746, maintains the balance of power and settles a just and honourable peace in Europe."

On the western side of the domain, near the village of Scoles, and on the highest ground on that side, is a plain Doric column,

without inscription, begun by the second Marquis of Rockingham and finished by Earl Fitz-William, in commemoration of the naval glory of England, and more especially in honour of their common friend Admiral Keppel.

Another ornament of these beautiful grounds is the mausoleum in memory of Rockingham.

As few noblemen ever went to the grave carrying with them more of the respect of their families, their friends, and their country, so few are commemorated by so superb a memorial as that which the piety of Earl Fitz-William raised to the memory of his friend, relative, and benefactor.

This memorial structure is opposite the front of the house, and at the distance of a mile and a half from it. It consists of a square Doric basement, above which is another story of the same form with open arches, through which is seen a sarcophagus placed in the centre of the chamber. Over this is a circular cupola supported by twelve columns; and at each corner of the area in which this edifice stands is an obelisk, surmounted by an urn. Within, on the basement story, is a statue of the Marquis by Nollekens, and in niches around are placed the busts of eight of the most intimate of those friends with whom he had acted in public life, and among whom the chief are Edmund Burke, Charles James Fox, Admiral Keppel, and Lord John Cavendish. The simple inscription is as follows:—"This monument was erected by William, Earl Fitz-William, 1788, to the memory of Charles, Marquis of Rockingham."

The famous and powerful family of Wentworth, which became in the course of time split up into many minor branches, originally took its name from the township of Wentworth; and here the renowned family is found seated at the earliest period to which the genealogist can usually ascend in his investigations.

While the younger members of the family swarmed away and settled elsewhere, founding in several instances families of rank and consequence, the lands of Wentworth-Woodhouse continued to be the seat of the chiefs of this illustrious line, and descended from sire to son in an unbroken series, till the succession of male heirs was stopped by the death without issue of William, the second and more fortunate Earl of Strafford. And even after that time the old mansion, with increased beauty and splendour, continued to afford residence to the descendants and representatives of its ancient and noble lords.

In Domesday and in all the early charters the name is spelled

Winteworth, and to this day the common people of the district pronounce the word as if so spelled. In the Saxon times this very ancient township was not, like most other places in this district, in the hands of one sole proprietor. Four persons are said in Domesday to have claimed superior interest in the place in the earliest known Saxon times. In Kirkby's "Inquest" it is stated that the lands of Wentworth were divided into two portions—one held by William le Fleming and the other by Adam de Newmarch. A successor of this Fleming gave "all his lands of Wentworth" to the canons of Bolton, "with his body," a species of mortuary benefaction securing to the donor the privilege of sepulture within the sacred precincts of the monastery, and the additional privilege of being named in the commemoration prayers of the canons. Now these lands given to the canons of Bolton were the lands upon which the house called Wentworth-Woodhouse was erected. This is proved by the inquisitions of the Lords of Wentworth-Woodhouse, who are always found holding that place of the canons of Bolton. But the name William Winteworth-Woodhus occurs in the reigns of Edward I. and II. as an ancestor of the family of Wentworth, and the inference is that he was the person subinfeuded in these lands of Bolton, upon which no doubt at a very early period he proceeded to erect his family residence.

In 1303 a licence from the King was given to William de Wynteworth-Wodehus to divert a part of the highway which passed near his house; and in 1310 licence was granted to the same landholder to have divine service celebrated for three years in his oratory, built within his manor of Woodhouse. From these items we learn that already in this family the desire for seclusion and privacy, naturally characteristic of the class of independent gentry, had sprung up in this family, and also that even at this time they were people of consequence enough to have a chapel attached to their hall, and to maintain a priest.

Of the personal character of the early chiefs of the house of Wentworth nothing is known, and of their history next to nothing. They appear to have been living upon these their paternal lands without mixing much in the public affairs of the country till the day of the destined elevation of the family came, and there arose among them one man of high ambition and pre-eminent ability. In the meantime they continued in successive generations to extend their influence and enlarge their property by prudent and judicious alliances—a means of family aggrandizement familiarly understood

and very widely practised in these times. Their marriages were with the families of the best account in their own riding—Fleming, Sheffield, Reresby, Redman, Fitz-William, &c., and they added to their possessions the lands of Pollington, Tinsley, and Gascoign by their marriages with three heiresses of fortune.

As indicative of the rapidly rising fortunes of the house we note that Thomas Wentworth married the heiress of the house of Gascoign, which had long been amongst the principal families of the West Riding, and whose pedigree was honoured with the name of the Chief Justice Gascoign. By this alliance the Wentworths obtained a large and valuable accession of property. The same Thomas was justice of the peace and high sheriff in the twenty-fourth year of Elizabeth. He died in 1587. He bequeathed to his daughter Catherine a chain of gold and 1600*l.*; while to William, his son and heir, he left his chain of gold and gold ring, whereon is engraven his crest, badge, and cognizance; a dozen of silver spoons with griffin's heads at the ends; another dozen with round knobs; a silver cup and cover gilt, with his own arms and his wife's thereon. Six standing goblets of silver, &c. &c., including much silver and gold plate, and all his armour to remain as heirlooms in the house at Wentworth. With the piety which is distinctive of all the early Wentworths, this substantial gentleman desires "to be buried nigh to his ancestors in the church or chapel at Wentworth."

The successive lords of Wentworth-Woodhouse appear to have lived in wealth and esteem, and each in his turn seems to have been gathered in peace to his fathers. Another character now appears upon the stage, and we are no longer to look only in inscriptions, wills, and inquisitions for notices of the name of Wentworth. Henceforth it is to be found prominent in the annals of the country.

Thomas Wentworth, son and heir of Sir William Wentworth, and grandson of that Thomas who left so much property in gold and silver plate, was born in 1593, and succeeded to the ample patrimonial possessions of his family in his twenty-third year. It is a rather striking fact that this remarkable man was born, not at the fine seat of Wentworth-Woodhouse, but at the house of his grandfather—by his mother's side—Mr. Robert Atkinson, a lawyer in Chancery Lane. Of his early studies little is known further than that he was for some time a member of St. John's College, Cambridge.

At the age of nineteen he married Margaret Clifford, a daughter

of Francis, fourth Earl of Cumberland, and cousin-german to Anne Clifford, the well-known Countess of Dorset, Pembroke, and Montgomery. This marriage, which connected him extensively with the ancient and higher nobility, was solemnized at Londesborough, October 22nd, 1611. Soon after this marriage he went abroad. On his return he resided chiefly with his father at Woodhouse.

No sooner had he succeeded to the family estates and become sole master of his own actions than he began to take an active interest in public affairs. His entrance upon public life was inauspicious. Sir John Saville, of Howley, had been deprived of the office of Custos of the Rolls for the West Riding; Sir Thomas Wentworth was appointed his successor. This laid the foundation of restless and unappeasable jealousies between two neighbouring families equal in antiquity, connexions, wealth, and influence.

Between the time of his appointment as Keeper of the Rolls and his first appearance in Parliament Wentworth resided at the family seat. His housekeeping was liberal: his state was magnificent. His ordinary household consisted of sixty-four persons, and he was rarely without numerous guests. In the list of his household given by Dr. Hunter there are only three persons who appear under other than their full proper names. These are Thurstan the Mason, the Warrener, and—an important personage—"Tom foole."

His time was chiefly occupied in dispensing a princely hospitality, till at last the time was ripe for him to throw himself into the vortex of public affairs; and this epoch came, when, on Christmas day, 1620, he was elected knight of the shire for the county of York.

For years he no doubt had contemplated Parliament as the arena in which he was to win fame and the choice favours of fortune, and he had prepared himself for the coming day. He had made one enemy—Sir John Saville, whom he had supplanted, or rather succeeded, as Keeper of the Rolls in the West Riding; but he had already formed many friendships, and he was known to possess commanding abilities. Thus fairly trimmed and richly freighted, he set sail on the sea of public life.

In the Parliament of 1620 Wentworth distinguished himself as the warm advocate of popular rights. He opposed the vast power of Buckingham and many of the Court measures with all his might. He thus established himself in public opinion as a champion of political freedom, as an upholder of the majesty of the law, as in

short, a "friend of the people." Did he fulfil the promise thus given in the days of his impetuous youth?

In 1621 Parliament was dissolved, and we find Wentworth again at Woodhouse, leading the life of a country gentleman, and amusing himself most frequently with the diversion of hawking, his principal associates being at this time the chief of the noblemen and gentlemen of his district. The pleasant idyllic character of his life in these days is described by himself. In a letter to Sir George Calvert, he says of the pastimes at Woodhouse: "Our objects and thoughts are limited in looking upon a tulip, hearing a bird sing, a rivulet murmuring, or some such petty yet innocent pastime. By my troth, I wish you divested of the importunity of business here for half a dozen hours; you should taste how free and fresh we breathe, and how *procul metu fruimur modestis opibus**—a-wanting sometimes to persons of greater eminency in the administration of the commonwealth." But though Wentworth frequently betrays a keen relish for the repose and the simple natural pleasures of rural life, such a monotonous state of existence was not likely long to lull and enthral a man of such a stirring and ambitious spirit and with such a capacity for business. He appeared again in Parliament in 1624 as representative for Pontefract. His first wife died in 1622, and he now married Arabella Holles, daughter of the Earl of Clare, and at once gratified his affection for a lady whom he always continued to love, and strengthened his political position by gaining the support of an influential and esteemed family.

In 1625 there was another general election. Wentworth was resolved to figure in it; but measures had been taken by the king's ministers to exclude from it all the leaders of the popular party, of which he was regarded as one specially obnoxious. He and a number of the other opponents of the Court policy were appointed sheriffs of their respective counties, and on that account debarred from serving their country in Parliament.

Accepting the inevitable gracefully, Wentworth submitted to his temporary exclusion from Parliament without the expression of any bitter feeling, and served the year of his shrievalty with great credit. Now commenced the crisis of his life. In 1627 the king, unable to raise money by other means, had recourse to a forced loan, which was apportioned among the people according to the rate at which they had been respectively assessed to the last subsidy. Taking up

* Might this not be lightly translated, "With fear all forgot, we enjoy *our* little lot?"

similar ground with that chosen by the patriot Hampden, Wentworth refused the loan, in opposition to the advice of most of his friends. By thus adhering to what he believed were the interests of the people as against those of prerogative, he exposed himself to the vengeance of the Court. He was committed to the Marshalsea, and afterwards ordered to confine himself to Dartford and its vicinity. About Christmas 1627 his restraint was removed, and early in the next year he was again in Parliament for the county of York.

The spectacle of Wentworth suffering imprisonment in the cause of the people is one to contemplate carefully. But the part of political martyr does not seem to have suited him; he resolved to throw it up and assume an altogether different rôle. Whether the cold shade of Opposition had chilled his young patriotism, or whether he had arrived at the conclusion that the party with whom he had hitherto acted were driving on toward the subversion of the constitution of the country, it is difficult to say. Certainly no political conversion or tergiversation was more rapid or complete. And of his change of sentiments government seems to have been apprised at once, for as early as July, 1628, he began to experience the sunshine of royal favour, and to behold extending far before him a vista of honour and high employment. At the date named he was created a peer by the title of Baron Wentworth of Wentworth-Woodhouse, and on the 10th December following he was created Viscount Wentworth. He was soon after appointed a member of the Privy Council, Lord-lieutenant of the county of York, and finally Lord President of the North.

The last was an office which conferred great power on him that held it. The manner in which he discharged its duties did not regain for him that love which he had lost by his political change. The Court itself had long been obnoxious; he made it more so. And when in 1633 the scene of his public services was removed to Ireland, he was still unfortunate and unsuccessful, if he endeavoured to conciliate the party he had abandoned.

But it is not clear that he even attempted to conciliate those whom he had deserted. He had been the friend and political ally of Hampden, yet when the patriot refused his compliance in the matter of the ship-money until the point in dispute had been legally settled in the Exchequer Chamber before all the Judges in England, Wentworth recommended that he should be punished—"whipt," he said, "whipt into his senses; and if the rod be so used that it smart not, I am the more sorry." His administration in Ireland was tyrannical in the extreme. He regarded all questions from

one stand-point—that of the royal prerogative. He even wished to interfere in the private law-suits of individuals, and to decide them by the king's authority.

One trait of Wentworth's character was that while in Ireland, with the care of that portion of the empire on his mind, he kept an exact remembrance of the state of his own private affairs, and sent explicit directions to those who managed his concerns relating to Wentworth-Woodhouse and his other estates. In a letter in answer to a correspondent who had alluded to the garden at Woodhouse, Wentworth writes, "Yet could I possess myself with more satisfaction and repose under that roof, than with all the preferment and power a crown can communicate."

He returned from Ireland in 1640, and obtained as reward for his faithful services to the king another peerage, with the title of Baron Raby of Raby Castle. He was also created Earl of Strafford.

But a long list of black accusations against Strafford had been accumulating under the hands of his enemies, and the time was now come when he was to answer them and to exculpate himself from the charge of treason in presence of his peers.

The famous Long Parliament assembled on the 3rd November, 1640, and among the acts of its first session was the impeachment of Strafford for high treason.

"All things being thus prepared and settled," says Clarendon, after summarizing the preliminary proceedings and arrangements of the Puritan party, "on Monday, the 22nd of March, 1641, the Earl of Strafford was brought to the bar in Westminster Hall, the lords sitting in the middle of the hall in their robes, and the commoners and some strangers of quality, with the Scottish Commissioners and the Committee of Ireland, on either side, there being a close box made at one end, at a very convenient distance for hearing, in which the King and Queen sat untaken notice of; his Majesty out of kindness and curiosity, desiring to hear all that could be alleged."

The trial lasted eighteen days, in which all the hasty or proud expressions he had uttered at any time, all the acts of passion or of power that he had exercised in Yorkshire, his high-handed and tyrannical proceedings as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and his occasional haughty assumption of the royal power and prerogative in determining various matters of public and private interests while there, and some casual and light discourses at his own table, and

at public meetings ; and lastly, some words spoken in secret council in this kingdom after the dissolution of the last Parliament, were urged against him to make good the general charge of "an endeavour to overthrow the fundamental government of the kingdom, and to introduce an arbitrary power."

"The Earl," continues Clarendon, "behaved himself with great show of humility and submission, but yet with such a kind of courage as would lose no advantage ; and, in truth, made his defence with all imaginable dexterity, answering this and evading that with all possible skill and eloquence ; and though he knew not till he came to the bar upon what parts of his charge they would proceed against him, or what evidence they would produce, he took very little time to recollect himself, and left nothing unsaid that might make for his own justification."

But all his eloquence and ingenuity were in vain. His offences had been too numerous and too great to be either forgotten or forgiven. Every arbitrary act and insolent word had been treasured up by his accusers against the longed-for day of vengeance which they had set their hearts upon beholding, and which had now come, and which they were resolved should not pass without its appointed victim. Strafford, seeing that mercy was not to be expected from them, naturally looked for protection to the king, but the bigoted and narrow-minded Charles, for whom he had sacrificed everything, abandoned him, almost without a struggle, to his enemies, the moment he found it suited his purpose to do so. Well might the fallen favourite exclaim, when he heard that the King had consented to his death, "Put not your trust in princes !"

A bill of attainder having been passed, and the king having sanctioned it, and all things being prepared "to conclude the fate of this great person" says Clarendon, "he was, on the 12th of May 1641, brought from the Tower (where he had been a prisoner near six months) to the scaffold on Tower Hill, where, with a composed, undaunted courage, he told the people 'he was come thither to satisfy them with his head, but that he much feared the reformation which was begun in blood would not prove so fortunate to the kingdom as they expected and he wished.' After some further expressions, with marvellous tranquillity of mind, he delivered his head to the block, where it was severed from his body at a blow."

Thus perished by the sword of the avenging Nemesis of Liberty, the ablest and most unscrupulous minister of despotism that

England has ever seen. And the leaders of the popular party during the civil wars that followed had reason to rejoice that it was so—"that an irreversible law and an impassable barrier protected them from the valour and capacity of Wentworth."

Upon the question whether the articles against Strafford strictly amounted to high treason, Hallam, in his "Constitutional History of England," says :—"It may be remarked that the fifteenth article of the impeachment, charging Strafford with raising money by his own authority, and quartering troops on the people of Ireland, in order to compel their obedience to his unlawful requisitions, upon which and upon one other article, not upon the whole matter, the Peers voted him guilty, does at least approach very nearly, if we may not say more, to a substantive treason within the statute of Edward III., as a levying of war against the King"—*i.e.*, against the king's people.

That he was a great and a brave man is not denied even by his enemies ; that he was also a bad man is unhesitatingly affirmed by many. In his private conduct he was violent, vindictive, and sometimes hypocritical. Pym branded him with the appellation of "the wicked Earl," and Macaulay, who could in no instance forgive his tergiversation, stigmatizes him as "the lost Archangel, the Satan of the apostasy."

The portrait of Wentworth is one of the most marvellous works of Vandyke. The great painter seems to have sounded the depths of his subject, and has reproduced upon the canvas the harsh-featured, lowering, relentless man, with the majestic expression of an antique Jupiter, but the glory of that expression blasted and demonized by unscrupulous conflict and dauntless, all but heroic, opposition in an evil cause.

The great earl was succeeded by his son, to whom all the family property lost by his father's attainder was almost immediately restored. He was a man of amiable character and good parts. He led a life of retirement, almost of seclusion, and died in 1695 without issue.

With him ended the regular male succession of the Wentworths of Wentworth-Woodhouse, which had continued from the reign of Henry III., and possibly from times much more remote.


Woodhouse and the other estates of the Straffords passed to the issue of a sister of the second earl, who had married Edward Watson, the second Baron Rockingham.

Thomas Watson, third son of Lady Rockingham, succeeded to

the Strafford estates in 1695 and assumed the name of Wentworth. He died in 1723 and was succeeded by his son, afterwards Marquis of Rockingham.

The public career of this statesman was a brilliant one. He entered Parliament in 1715. He was created a Knight of the Bath in 1725, and advanced to the peerage as Baron Malton in 1728. In 1733 he was named lord-lieutenant of the county, and in the following year he had a great accession of honourable titles, the chief of which was that of Earl Malton. No statesman of his time was more sincerely attached to King George II. than Earl Malton. Perceiving that the free spirit of the English constitution could be best preserved by a steady adherence to the family that had been called to the throne, he entered with great alacrity into all the measures taken to defeat the schemes of the Stuarts in 1745. At the suppression of the rebellion of that year he was created Marquis of Rockingham. He died in 1750, and was succeeded by his only surviving son, Charles, second and last Marquis of Rockingham, who died without issue in 1782.

The Wentworth estates now passed to the eldest son of the late marquis's eldest sister, William, Earl Fitz-William, in whose family the property still remains.



DURHAM.

Durham Cathedral.—Remains of St. Cuthbert.

The preservation of the body of St. Cuthbert, the patron Saint of Durham Cathedral,* is a fact which has been much doubted. Upon his death, in 688, the body was at once wrapped in cerecloth, enveloping evidently the whole head; arrayed then in priestly garments, it was placed in a stone coffin, and buried on the right side of the altar in the church of Lindisfarne; eleven years afterwards, the monks seeking his bones as relics, found the body entire, swathed it in a new garment, and kept it above ground. In 875 the ecclesiastics fled from Lindisfarne, taking with them the body in a wooden coffin, and in the same coffin the head of St. Oswald and bones of Aidan, and Bishops Eata, Elfrid, and Ethelwold; their migrations ended at Chester-le-Street with their charge in 883. About A.D. 980, Ethelwold, Bishop of Winchester, raised the lid of the coffin, and deposited on the body a pledge of his devotion. In 995, the body of St. Cuthbert was again removed, and migrated to various places, till, after a few months, it arrived at Durham, and rested for a time in a wooden church. In 999, it was transferred to the White Church. Within the next thirty years it is that Elfred, a canon of the church, was accustomed to handle the Saint, even to *wrap him in such robes as he thought fit, to adjust his hair with an ivory comb, to cut the nails of his fingers* with scissors he had made for the purpose. In 1069, in dread of William the Conqueror's army, the body was again carried to Lindisfarne, but in the following year restored to Durham. Doubts as to the identity and incorrupti-

* "There is a legend, familiar as a household word to all the inhabitants of the Palatinate, which tells us how the monks were enabled to find Dunholm, which had been revealed to one of their number as the place where the body of St. Cuthbert should finally meet with repose after the long and protracted wanderings it had sustained. They had searched in vain for a place of that name, until at length they heard a woman calling loudly to a companion, to know if she had seen her *dun cow*, and her reply was, that she would find her in Dunholm. It was a sound of joy to the weary wanderers. But this legend does not occur in any of the early historians. Is it not possible that the place may have been also known by the name of *Dun-y-coed*—i.e., the wooded hill? And is it a supposition altogether improbable, that the tradition may have only an existence evolved by popular fancy to account for an appellation of which the meaning was forgotten?"—*Rev. G. Ormsby.*



DURHAM CATHEDRAL.

bility of the body are said to have been held by the King, and some of those less interested in its preservation than the monks of Durham. If there had been any known imposture, the secret could scarcely have been maintained in the ousting of the canons and substitution of the monks, and the jealousy engendered by this event in 1063 may have had something to do with the unfavourable rumours just then current. When the White Church was pulled down in 1093, a temporary tomb of stone and marble seems to have been made in the cloister garth for its reception, and in 1104 it was translated to its final resting-place in the present cathedral.

To clear up all doubts as to the preservation of the body, an examination of its contents was made at this time. First, an outer chest was broken open with the aid of iron tools, disclosing another carefully covered on all sides with hides fastened on with iron nails; the prior and his attendant monks removed some iron bands, raised the lid of this second chest, and found a wooden coffin cased entirely in linen threefold, which those present believed to be the swathing added at Lindisfarne eleven years after his death. They now carried the coffin from behind the altar into the middle of the choir, then unwound the linen, raised the lid, and observed an inner lid, lower down in the coffin, resting on three bars, and upon the lid a copy of the Gospel of St. John; this they did not replace, but it was preserved in the church till the Reformation, and known to be in existence at Liege so late as 1769. The inner lid had a ring at each end for lifting it, and its removal exposed a linen cloth laid over the contents. Beneath the cloth, in a small linen sack, they found bones and a head, which by old writers they knew to be the relics of St. Oswald, Bede, Aidan, Eadbert, Eadfrid, and Ethelwold, with other relics, and the body of St. Cuthbert reclining on its side. After removing some of the relics, the monks lifted the body out, and laid it on a tapestry on the pavement; and when the coffin had been cleaned out, they replaced the body of St. Cuthbert in it, and carried it back to its place behind the altar. The next night the coffin was again brought out, and the body laid on the pavement, as before, and then returned to its place. Again, within a few days, the lid was taken off, to afford the incredulous Abbot a proof of all that was asserted. It is clear that on these occasions the flesh was never seen; but the investigators were satisfied with feeling through the coverings, and lifting the weight of the body. At this time a new bottom, resting on four blocks of wood, was put inside the coffin, and the body laid upon it. Next the skin, it was found wrapped in fine linen, entirely over the face and head; and so closely adhering

that the finger-nail could nowhere be inserted to raise it, except at some part of the neck. A purple face-cloth was next laid upon the head; and the clothing was an alb, a tunic, and a dalmatic; beneath which, at the feet, the ends of the stole were visible; but none of this clothing did they disturb or explore. Outside the clothing were two wraps of sheets, and then the inner coffin itself in a wrap saturated with wax. These wraps were not again returned to it, but three new ones used,—first, one of silk, then one of purple cloth, and then one of fine linen. There was in the coffin a small silver altar, a chalice and paten, a pair of scissors, and a nearly square ivory comb, with a hole in the middle. From this date to the suppression of the monastery, the body of St. Cuthbert was not again disturbed, except when the coffin may have been lifted for renovations of the shrine, such as occurred in 1372.

The Commissioners for the Suppression at length made their appearance at Durham. In November, 1541, they destroyed the shrine, broke open the coffin, and broke and removed the body into the revestry; but within a few days, upon orders received from London, or else by direction of Bishop Tunstal, they buried him “under the place where his shrine was exalted,” behind the high altar, and where a large flagstone marked the interment. In May, 1827, Dr. Raine, with three others of the cathedral clergy, and other witnesses, undertook to search for the body and relics at this spot. After the rough treatment it had received in 1541, it is wonderful how successful and convincing were the results of their search; and Dr. Raine relates the discovery of the coffins and the bones so as effectually to establish their identity with the objects described in 1104.

Some of these objects were removed to the Cathedral library, where may now be seen the stole, the altar, and the comb then spoken of. After the examination, the bones of St. Cuthbert were placed in a new coffin; and this, resting in the old grave, on the fragments of the older coffins, was again interred.

The miracle of the preservation of the incorruptible body of St. Cuthbert, therefore, resolves itself into the fact that it was at first carefully sealed up in cerecloth, carefully clothed and swathed; and thus, in the soil of the church of Lindisfarne, protected from the weather, it lasted eleven years: being then still far more perfect than the monks expected, it was preserved under still more favourable circumstances, kept dry, and protected from the air, down to the Dissolution of the monasteries; being then violently broken and buried, though in a protected soil, the more perishable parts decayed.

The exhumation of the body of Charles I. in 1813, besides that of

Thomas Gray, Marquis of Dorset, who died in 1532; that of Edward I., described by Sir J. Ayloffe, and other instances which can be quoted, show how feasible is such case of preservation; but the discovery of the body of Bishop Lyndewoode in 1852, in the crypt of St. Stephen's Chapel, in Westminster Palace, is perhaps the most satisfactory one. No coffin was used for him, but simply a swathing of cerecloth, folded, in some places to ten layers, and in others to only two. Here he had lain interred since 1446, within the building, but not underground; and thus, after more than four hundred years, and with the simple precaution of a cerecloth wrapping, the body was discovered in a condition of flesh and bones, which in old times would certainly have been deemed miraculous. In no case, and certainly not in St. Cuthbert's, do the facts bear out the belief that the preservation was so life-like as his devotees supposed; but it was quite sufficiently so to kindle imaginations far less aroused than those concerned in the examination of 1104.*

The "Sanctuary Knocker," affixed to the exterior of the north door of the nave of the Cathedral, is an interesting relic. It is thus described in Sanderson's *Antiquities*: "Near to the altar of 'our Lady of Pittie,' on the south side of the Galiley Door, was a grate, whereon the countrymen lay, when they fled thither for refuge. In ancient times, before the house was suppress, the Abbey church, the churchyard, and all the circuit thereof, was a sanctuary for all manner of men that committed any great offence: as killing a man in his own defence, or any prisoner who had broken out of prison and fled to the church-door, knocking to have it opened; also, certain men lay in two chambers over the north door for that purpose, that when any such offenders came and knocked they instantly let them in at any hour of the night; and run quickly to the Galiley Bell, and toll'd it, that whomsoever heard it might know that some had taken sanctuary. When the Prior had notice thereof, he sent orders to keep themselves within the Sanctuary—that is, within the church and churchyard; and that every one should have a gown of black cloth, with a yellow cross, called St. Cuthbert's Cross, on the left shoulder, that any one might see the privilege granted to St. Cuthbert's Shrine for offenders to fly unto, for succour and safeguard of their lives, until they could obtain their Prince's pardon; and that they should lie within the church or sanctuary on a grate made only for that purpose adjoining to the Galiley south door. They had likewise meat, drink, bedding, and other necessaries, at the cost of the house, for thirty-seven days, until the Prior and Con-

* Mr. Gordon Hills: *Journal of the British Archaeological Association*, 1866.

vent could get them conveyed out of the diocese. This privilege was confirmed not only by King Guthrid, but by King Alured likewise."

A list of those who claimed Sanctuary has been published; the last date is September 10, 1524. The grotesque and huge knocker is a very fine specimen of Norman metal-work, and is in excellent preservation. As the head is hollow, and there are apertures at the eyes and mouth, it has been suggested that when night drew on, a light was probably placed within the head to guide the fugitive to his haven of refuge.

The splendid "Galilee" of the Cathedral has a curious history. It appears that Bishop Hugh de Puiset, (how soon after his elevation to the See we are not told), commenced a new work at the east end of the Cathedral. Marble columns and bases were brought from beyond the sea; but the walls had scarcely begun to rise when ruinous fissures appeared in them—"a manifest sign that the work was not acceptable to God or to his servant Cuthbert." The cause was, no doubt, the same defective foundation which in the course of the next century, produced the subsidence of the choir apse, and the "impending ruin" of its vault. Abandoning his first intention, Bishop Hugh, (no doubt, using the materials collected for his eastern chapel) began another "work" at the west end, "into which women might lawfully enter," so that, though they could not be allowed personally to approach the more holy places, they might derive some comfort from the distant contemplation of them. This work was the existing Galilee, so called from a reference to the "Galilee of the Gentiles." This was appropriated as a Lady Chapel, and it remained as Bishop Puiset had left it in 1195, until Bishop Langley, by will, ordered his body to be interred, 1438, in the Galilee, then fitted up and repaired, and a chantry founded in honour of the Virgin Mary.

Raby Castle.

Close to the town of Staindrop, famed for its church of Norman and Early English architecture, in a lovely country, is placed the stately Castle of Raby, the grand northern seat of the Duke of Cleveland; and dear to archæologists as the cradle, the old ancestral home and heritage of the mighty house of Neville. Its history was ably illustrated at the Congress of the British Archæological Association, at Durham, in the autumn of 1865, when the Rev. S. F. Hodgson read a memoir, full of industry, learning, and enthusiasm, and complete acquaintance with the subject; of which paper we avail ourselves, by permission of the reverend author.

Raby, pointing by its name to a Danish origin, is first mentioned in connexion with King Canute, who, after making his celebrated pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Cuthbert, there offered it, with Staindropshire, to the Saint. Bishop Flambard wrested the rich gift from the monastery, but restored it again on his deathbed. It continued in the peaceful possession of the monks until 1131, when they granted it for an annual rent of four pounds to Dolphin, son of Ughtred, of the blood royal of Northumberland. To him, most probably, the first foundation of the manor may be attributed. The idea that Canute's mansion stood upon the spot is without evidence, but it is, with authority, placed at Staindrop. Still, whoever the original founder may have been, Dolphin's descendant was, at all events, Dominus de Raby, when early in the thirteenth century, he married Isabel Nevill, by the death of her brother the last of that line, and sole heiress of the great Saxon house of Bulmer, lords of Brancepeth and Sheriff Hutton. From their son Geoffrey, who assumed his mother's surname, dates the history of the Nevilles. To his descendant, John Lord Neville, we owe the present Castle of Raby. He was sometime employed against the Turks, and being Lieutenant of Aquitaine, he reduced that province to quiet, which had been wasted by the wars with the Turks; and in his service in those parts, he won and had rendered to him eighty-three walled towns, castles, and forts. Late in life, he proceeded with the gradual reconstruction of Raby; and Bishop Hatfield's license to him to fortify is dated 1379. It may fairly be concluded that while some portions of the older fabric were incorporated with the new, Raby presents the work and ideas of one period. It is distinguished from the rest of the larger castles, such as Alnwick, Warkworth, Durham, Prudhoe, &c., by this—that whereas they consist of Norman cores, which have, as usual, agglomerated to themselves a heterogeneous mass of buildings of a later date, following more or less the lines of the walls of *enceinte*, we have, or rather had, in *Raby a perfect example of a fourteenth century castle*, complete in all its parts, without any appearance of earlier work or later alteration whatever.

Nearly every one who mentions Raby, points out the apparent weakness of its site. Leland says Raby is "the largest castell of Loggings in all the North Cuntery, and is of a strong building, but not set on Hill or very strong ground." But though certainly not set on a hill, it had yet originally other means of defence, of which no notice is taken, namely water, which, making the place damp, was drawn off, perhaps even before Leland's time. A careful examination shows that it must not only have completely insulated the Castle, but towards the

south expanded into something like a lake. But the real defence of Raby lay beyond the mere circuit of its own walls and waters. It was to be found in the warrior spirit of its lords, and in the Border Castles of Roxburgh, Wark, Norham, Berwick, and Bamborough, which they commanded continuously as Wardens and Governors, from the days of Robert Neville, in the thirteenth century, to the time of Queen Elizabeth.

Apart from the question of the site, the Castle itself is of great strength, and skilfully disposed. The general arrangement is as follows:—First, the centre nucleus, or castle proper, consisting of a compact mass of towers connected by short curtains; next, a spacious platform, entirely surrounding this central mass; then a low embattled wall, strengthened by a moat-house, and perhaps a barbican, as well as by numerous small square bastions rising from its exterior base, and then the moat. The south front of the Castle was, with the exception of the flanking towers at either end, nearly flat. The Duke's tower is very large and square, in fact, two towers laid together. The wedge-like projection of Bulmer's tower flanked the whole towards the east. This tower, which commemorates one of the Saxon ancestors of the Nevilles, is thought to bear a striking resemblance to an ancient *arrow-head*. No Norman or Saxon towers of the same shape are known. Canute was connected with the place. Chester was a Dane, the Danes used arrows, and thence it has been inferred the tower is Danish, and its builder was a Danish King. But the whole tower belongs to an advanced period of the fourteenth century. Next the east, or north-east front, is a very fine work, set thick with towers, broken into immense masses, and thoroughly fortress-like. Mount Raskell is the angle tower between the east and north fronts, and joins the great square of the Kitchen Tower, which is connected by a strong machicolated curtain with the vast Clifford's Tower, by far the largest in the castle, and of immense strength. We next gain the west front, which has a lofty tower of slight projection; and then we reach the great gate-house, and the courtyard, with lofty walls; and the Great Hall, lying to the east. A central tower of beautiful proportions, shuts off a smaller courtyard to the north.

We have not space to examine the many interesting points of the exterior. The Chapel, which is unquestionably the earliest part of the Castle, and thoroughly fortress-like in character, determines by its date the period when the general work of reconstruction and fortification began. Taken by itself, it seems to be about 1345. John Neville's license to fortify, however, was in 1379; while the great gate tower looks at least of 1430; but Mr. Hodgson shows, by very curious

heraldic evidence, both chapel and gatehouse to be of one man's time. Another noticeable point is the entire absence of buttresses—every tower and curtain stands in its own unaided strength; then the diversity of towers—of all the nine in the central group there are no two bear the faintest resemblance to each other; the variety and beauty of proportion in its parts, and the admirable way in which they are combined, producing as they did once a sky-line perhaps unmatched in England, are really the glories of the Castle. Modern alterations have obscured and destroyed John Neville's work in the interior. The Hall was, from the very first, a double one—that is, two halls of nearly equal height, one above the other. Mr. Hodgson, by late examination, at about ten feet below the present floor, came upon the line of the old one, which had been of wood, carried on pillars; the mutilated remains of the great fireplace, and three doorways. The upper, or Barons' Hall, was a noble room, lighted on each side by long, narrow, transomed windows, and two large traceried ones, north and south. The roof of oak, and very fine, was carried on cambered beams, each displaying the saltire on its centre. At the north end was a lofty stone music gallery, with a rich cornice; in advance of it the screens, behind which, and leading to the kitchen, pantry, and buttery, were once, most likely, three doorways. At either end of the passage was a large arched doorway, one opening upon a staircase close to the chapel door; the other upon the roof of a sort of cloister in the great court, which must have formed a promenade.

The Kitchen, though it has a certain air of rudeness, and has lost its ancient fire-places, is still a very interesting relic, and one of the most perfect things in the Castle. It occupies the whole of the interior of a large, strong, square tower; the windows are set high up in the walls, and are connected by a perforated passage of defence, provided with garderobes, which runs all round. Two pairs of very strong vaulting ribs, intersecting in the centre, carry the louvre, which is of stone, and of immense size. The lower part, twelve feet square, rises upwards of the same height above the leads, and is surmounted by an octagon fifteen feet higher still; externally it forms a very striking and effective feature. Below the Kitchen is a cellar, of the same shape and size, with a well-groined vaulted roof, carried on a central pillar. Another to the east, which has a double fireplace at one end, has a strongly ribbed circular segmental vault. The lower chamber of Bulmer's Tower had, till lately, a richly-groined vault of great strength and beauty. The Hall Tower has, inside and out, been wonderfully preserved. Vaults, windows, grilles, doorways, stairs, garderobes, are all

nearly intact; it is really the most perfect thing in the place. The Chapel, all mutilated as it is, still deserves notice. The Sanctuary, which forms the central portion of a tower, has a boldly-ribbed quadripartite vault; above it is a guard-chamber; its exterior window is masked by a very remarkable little hanging machicoulis. Of newel stairs every tower has had one; and there are other stairs within and upon the walls, and garderobes, and their passages, with which the building seems literally to have been riddled.

The Castle, as completed by John Lord Neville, has received no alterations of moment from any of his descendants. It continued their chief residence till 1570, the year of the rising of the North, when from his prominent share in that unhappy enterprise, it was forfeited, with all the rest of their estates, by Charles, the sixth and last Earl of Westmoreland, of the house of Neville. Raby is simply without a history: a sudden surprise, without bloodshed, in 1645, after its purchase by Sir Harry Vane, and a sort of attack in 1649, when some lives were lost, but of which there is no account, sum up all its claims on that head. The only serious assaults it has undergone have been in modern times by architects. Several of the smaller apartments have been hollowed out in the walls, which are of great solidity and strength. In the last century was made a carriage drive below the great Hall and Chapel, when nearly ten feet were cut off from the height of the great hall above; and the Chapel was cut in two from the bottom; all its window tracing has been torn away, its fine oak roof destroyed, the carved piscina bowl pulled out, the richly panelled work and sedilia obscured or destroyed, and other ancient portions swept away, making havoc which it is painful to describe. But these changes have not affected the outward form of Raby, the general effect of which, from its extent, grandeur, and preservation, is very imposing.

Barnard Castle.

On an eminence which rises with a steep ascent from the left or northern bank of the Tees, lies the town of Barnard Castle, which derived its name and origin from a Castle which was erected on a rock, west of the town, by Bernard Baliol, son of Guy Baliol, one of the followers of William the Conqueror. One of the descendants of Guy was John Baliol, King of Scotland, who was born at Castle Barnard, and founded a Hospital there. In his time the lordship passed from his family by forfeiture, and was claimed by Beke, Bishop of Durham,

as belonging to his palatinate; but the King (Edward I.), to humble this proud prelate, ultimately took the palatinate from him, and when it was restored to the See of Durham, it was without the important additions which it had gained by the forfeitures of Baliol and Bruce. The King gave the Castle and its liberties to Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, from whose heirs it passed to the Nevilles, and ultimately came into the hands of Richard III., by right of his wife, Anne Neville, the daughter of the king-making Lord Warwick. Richard appears to have done much for the improvement of the place: the boar, his cognizance, still exists in several parts of the town and fortress; and in many cases figures in relief of a boar passant taken from the Castle, are fixed in the houses. It thus came into the possession of the Crown, from which the Castle, houses, lands, and privileges, were ultimately purchased by an ancestor of the Duke of Cleveland, who is the present proprietor.

In the Rebellion of 1569, when the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland took up arms, and proclaimed their design of restoring the old religion, they called to their aid Richard Norton, of Rylstone, an ancient and powerful gentleman, with nine sons. On their banners were painted the five wounds of Christ, or a chalice, and Norton, "an old gentleman, with a reverend grey beard," bore a cross with a streamer before them: he was supported by his family and retainers, and thus surrounded, he proceeded to the head quarters of the insurgents, who, reinforced, marched to Barnard Castle, defended by Sir George Bowes, which they attacked and starved into a surrender. The rebellion being crushed, Sir George Bowes carried out martial law against the insurgents. An alderman and a priest, and above sixty others, were hanged by him in Durham alone; and according to Bowes's own boast, many others suffered in every market-town between Newcastle and Wetherby. Norton and his sons were amongst the sufferers. The existing remains of the Castle cover six acres and three quarters. The parts of chief strength stand on the brink of a steep rock, commanding a most beautiful prospect up the river. The walls seem to have been erected at different epochs, and with their apertures, bastions, and buttresses, together with a large circular tower, which stands on a cliff one hundred feet perpendicular above the river, are in parts mantled with ivy, and as contrasted with the brown rocks, figured with brushwood, and the river at the base, form an object of great picturesque effect. Indeed, the environs of the castle are remarkably beautiful, the vale of the Tees abounding with romantic land-

scapes. The outer area of Barnard Castle is now used as a pasture for sheep, and the other parts inclosed by the walls, have long been converted into orchard-grounds.

Neville's Cross : or the Battle of Red Hills.

At Beaurepaire (or Bear Park, as it is now called), about two miles west of Durham, on hilly ground, in some parts very steep, David II., King of Scots, encamped with his army before the celebrated battle of Red Hills—or Neville's Cross, as it was afterwards called, from an elegant stone cross, erected to record the victory of Ralph, Lord Neville. The English sovereign, Edward III., had just achieved the glorious conquest of Crecy; and the Scottish King judged this a fit opportunity for his invasion. However, the great northern Barons of England, Percy and Neville, Musgrave, Scrope, and Hastings, assembled their forces in numbers sufficient to show that though the conqueror of Crecy, with his victorious army, was absent in France, there were Englishmen enough at home to protect the frontiers of the kingdom from violation. The Archbishops of Canterbury and York, the prelates of Durham, Carlisle, and Lincoln, sent their retainers, and attended the rendezvous in person, to add religious enthusiasm to the patriotic zeal of the barons. Two thousand soldiers, who had been sent over to Calais to reinforce Edward III.'s army, were countermanded in this exigency, and added to the northern army.

The battle, which was fought October 17, 1346, lasted only three hours, but was uncommonly destructive. The English archers, who were in front, were at first thrown into confusion, and driven back; but being reinforced by a body of horse, repulsed their opponents, and the engagement soon became general. The Scottish army were entirely defeated, and the King himself made prisoner; though, previous to the fight, he is said to have regarded the English with contempt, and as a raw and undisciplined host, by no means competent to resist the power of his more hardy veterans.

Amid repeated charges, and the most dispiriting slaughter by the continuous discharge of the English arrows, David showed that he had the courage, though not the talents of his father (Robert Bruce). He was twice severely wounded with arrows, but continued to encourage to the last the few of his peers and officers who were still fighting around him. He scorned to ask quarter, and was taken alive with difficulty. Rymers says: "The Scotch King, though he had two spears hanging in his body, his leg desperately wounded, and being

disarmed (his sword having been beaten out of his hand), disdained captivity, and provoked the English by opprobrious language to kill him. When John Copeland, governor of Roxborough Castle, advised him to yield, he struck him on the face with his gauntlet so fiercely, that he knocked out two of his teeth. Copeland conveyed him out of the field as his prisoner. Upon Copeland's refusing to deliver up his royal captive to the Queen (Philippa), who stayed at Newcastle during the battle, the King sent for him to Calais, where he excused his refusal so handsomely, that the King sent him back with a reward of 500*l.* a-year in lands where he himself should choose it, near his own dwelling, and made him a knight-banneret."

Hume states Philippa to have assembled a body of little more than 12,000 men, and to have rode through the ranks of her army, exhorting every man to do his duty, and to take revenge on these barbarous savages. Nor could she be persuaded to leave the field till the armies were on the point of engaging.* The Scotch have often been defeated in the great pitched battles which they have fought with the English, even though they commonly declined such engagements when the superiority of numbers was not on their side; but never did they receive a more fatal blow than the present. They were broken and chased off the field; fifteen thousand of them—some historians say twenty thousand—were slain; among whom were Edward Keith, Earl Marshal; and Sir Thomas Charteris, Chancellor; and the King himself was taken prisoner, with the Earls of Sutherland, Fife, Monteith, Carrick, Lord Douglas, and many other noblemen. "The captive King was conveyed to London, and afterwards in solemn procession to the Tower, attended by a guard of 20,000 men, and all the City companies in complete pageantry; while Philippa crossed the sea at Dover, and was received in the English camp before Calais with all the triumph due to her rank, her merit, and her success." These were, indeed, bright days of chivalry and gallantry.

Near the site of the battle, in a deep valley, is a small mount, or hillock, called the *Maiden's Bower*, on which the holy corporas cloth, wherewith St. Cuthbert covered the chalice when he used to say mass, was displayed on the point of a spear by the monks of Durham, who,

* This statement of Queen Philippa being on the field is incorrect. "The idea," says the *Athenæum*, "only lives with the romancers who reproduced it for effect. Long ago, the accurate Lord Hailes overthrew Froissart on this question. Had Philippa been in that famous onslaught, certainly so gallant a court poet as Laurence Minot would not have forgotten it in his song celebrating the triumph."

when the victory was obtained, gave notice by signal to their brethren stationed on the great tower of the Cathedral, who immediately proclaimed it to the inhabitants of the city by singing the *Te Deum*. From that period the victory was annually commemorated in a similar manner by the choristers till the occurrence of the Civil Wars, when the custom was discontinued; but again revived on the Restoration, and observed till nearly the close of the last century.

The site of the Cross is by the roadside; it was defaced and broken down in the year 1589. The shaft was placed upon seven steps, and its height was $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards to the boss. It had eight sides; in every second side was the Neville's cross, a saltire in a scutcheon, being Lord Neville's arms; and on the socket were sculptures of the four Evangelists. On the boss were sculptures of our Saviour Christ crucified, the Blessed Virgin, and St. John the Evangelist.



A Myth of Midridge.

Midridge, near Auckland, was a great place for fairies in olden times. Occasionally, a visitor used to visit the scene of their gambols, if it were but to catch a parting glance of the tiny folks, dressed in their vestments of green, as delicate as the thread of the gossamer; for well knew the lass so favoured, that ere the current year had disappeared, she would have become the happy wife of the object of her only love; and also as well ken'd the lucky lad that he too would get a weel tochered lassie, long afore his brow became wrinkled with age, or the snow-white blossoms had begun to bud forth on his pate. Woe to those, however, who dared to come by twos or by threes, with inquisitive and curious eye, within the bounds of their domain; for if caught, or only the eye of a fairy fell upon them, ill was sure to betide them through life. Still more awful, however, was the result if any were so rash as to address them, either in plain prose or rustic rhyme. The last instance of their being spoken to is thus still handed down.

'Twas on a beautifully clear evening in August, when after calling the harvest-home, the daytale men and household servants were enjoying themselves over strong beer, that the evening's conversation at last turned upon the fairies of the neighbouring hill, and each related his oft-told tale. At last, the senior of the mirthful

party proposed to a youthful mate of his, who had dared to doubt even the existence of such creatures, that he durst not go to the hill, mounted on his master's best palfrey, and call aloud the following lines :

“ Rise, little lads,
Wi' your iron gads,
And set the Lord o' Midridge home.”

Off went the lad to the fairy hill, and there uttered loudly the above invitatory verses. Scarcely had the last words escaped his lips ere he was nearly surrounded by many hundreds of the little folks. The most robust of the fairies, Oberon, their king, wielding an enormous javelin, thus addressed the witless wight :—

“ Sillie Willy, mount thy filly ;
And if it isn't weel corn'd and fed,
I'll ha' thee afore thou gets hame to thy Midridge bed.”

Well was it for Willy that his home was not far distant, and that part light was still remaining in the sky. Horrified beyond measure, he struck his spurs into the sides of his beast, who, equally alarmed, darted off as quick as lightning towards the mansion of its owner. Luckily it was one of those houses of olden time, which would admit a horse and his rider without danger ; lucky also was it that at the moment they arrived, the door was standing wide open ; so considering the house a safer sanctuary from the belligerent fairies than the stable, he galloped direct into the hall, to the no small amazement of all beholders, when the door was instantly closed upon his pursuing foes ! As soon as Willy was able to draw his breath, and had in part overcome the effects of his fear, he related to his comrades a full and particular account of his adventure with the fairies ; but from that time forward, never more could any one, either for love or money, prevail upon Willy to give the fairies of the hill an invitation to take an evening walk with him as far as the village of Midridge !

To conclude, when the fairies had departed, and it was considered safe to unbar the door, to give egress to Will and his filly, it was found, to the amazement of all beholders, that the identical iron javelin of the fairy king had pierced through the thick oaken door, which for service as well as safety was strongly plated with iron, where it still stuck, and actually required the stoutest fellow in the company, with the aid of a smith's great fore-hammer, to drive it out.—*Notes and Queries*, No. 62.

Hilton Castle.—Story of the Countess Strathmore.

Hilton Castle, the memorable residence of a long and brilliant line of warlike barons, the haunt of weird traditions, and the inheritance, almost within our own time, of a confiding and accomplished woman who became the victim of one of the deepest and most extraordinary domestic tragedies ever enacted in England, or indeed in the world, stands "low and sequestered in the vale of the Wear," about three miles west of Monk-Wearmouth, in the county of Durham. It is graced, says Hutchinson, "with many hanging woods and ornamental plantations in long-extending avenues; and though possessing few beauties of situation, and much shut in from prospect, yet may be justly called a pleasing retirement." Less than a century and a half ago this large and magnificent castle was as splendid in its appointments and in the opulence of its ornamentation, fittings, and furnishings as it was ample in its proportions; but it looks now, in its desolation and rapidly-advancing destruction, as if it had been overtaken by an avenging fate and blasted by the breath of Nemesis. Bourne, the historian of Newcastle, states in 1736 that "the present gentleman, John Hilton, Esq., a regular descendant of this ancient family, lives in the place of his ancestors, which he has adorned and beautified beyond what was done in past ages; in particular the chapel, famous in this country for its Irish wood, is so furnished with plate and books and other necessaries that it merits the character of a very beautiful chapel." Now the whole imposing pile, deserted and desolate, stands the gradually wasting prey of wind and weather.

Approaching from Sunderland glimpses are obtained of its grey towers, rising amid lofty woods and avenues, in the vale on the left hand. As you near the lodge the gateway is seen, each of its stone pillars surmounted by the image of a large black bird of the falcon or buzzard tribe, with a coronet at its feet. These birds of evil omen seem to be the presiding genii of the scene; and, like the "raven" of the American poet, ruin seems to have here alighted with them, to be banished "nevermore." Proceeding along a pathway lined with ruinous park-fencing for about a mile, the visitor arrives before the western or chief front of the old castle. Its centre, consisting of the front of an earlier edifice, has extensions of modern buildings on each side. The chief features of this centre are four projecting square towers, surmounted by octagon battle-

ments, which also extend along the recesses between the towers, as well as along the tops of the extensions or wings at the sides of the centre, so that a telling fire from under cover could be delivered against an assailing enemy along the whole front of the castle.

The architectural style of the front stamps it as belonging to the reign of Richard II. The centre and wings are elaborately adorned with shields, the arms being those of Neville, Skirlaw, Percy and Louvaine, Brabant, Hilton, Vipont, Lumley, Fitz-Randall, Washington, Ogle, Conyers, and others. But in spite of these and other remains of ancient grandeur, the whole scene wears the most desolate aspect, and the windows all along the front are, for the most part, boarded up.

Near the castle, on a rising ground or terrace, stands the chapel, so famous for its "Irish wood," its "plate and books," and other necessaries, and now a rapidly-decaying ruin. "Its beauty has given way to destruction. The roof is still on, but the windows are all nearly gone. Looking in, you see some few pews and the remains of a pulpit, but not a monument of its long line of lords—stretching down from the Saxon ages to the last century—is left. The whole of its ruinous floor is cleared of its pews, and the sparrows clamour in its wooden ceiling and in the crevices of its walls. On the outside are numbers of stone shields of the Hiltons and families of their alliance, as the Viponts, Stapletons," &c.

That the Hiltons were one of the most opulent and eminent families in this part of the kingdom is known and evident. The following details respecting this ancient house are from a manuscript in the possession of the Musgraves of Hayton :—

Three hundred years before the Conquest, in the reign of King Athelstan, one of the Saxon monarchs, the family of Hyltons were settled in England in great reputation, as appears by a certain inscription at Hartlepool. Upon the coming over of the Conqueror, Lancelot de Hylton, with his two sons, Henry and Robert, espoused his cause and joined him. Lancelot was slain at Faversham, in Kent. To his oldest son Henry the Conqueror gave a large tract of land on the banks of the river Wear, not far from Wearmouth, as a reward for his own and his father's valour. This Henry built Hylton Castle, in the year 1072. He was one of the commissioners that treated with the Conqueror concerning the northern counties, and he died in Normandy in the service of the same prince.

In the reign of Edward III. John Hylton, who sent four of his sons into the wars of France under the command of the Black

Prince, was first created Baron of Hylton Castle for his gallant defence of it against the incursions of the Scots. This peerage continued in the family for seven successions, till at last it was forfeited upon account of some unguarded words which William, the seventh and last baron, spoke against the Queen and her favourite, De la Pole, and which were carried to Court by the Bishop of Durham of that date. On the death of this William, which was thought to have been violent, the Crown, seizing upon the estate, conferred it upon the informing Bishop, who held it for some time, to the utter exclusion of the rightful heir. In process of time, however, Lancelot, grandson of the offending William, was restored to his castle and to part of the Hylton inheritance, but to no more of it than the Bishop thought fit to allow him, and upon this hard condition : that he and his heirs for ever should hold the moiety that was given them under certain rents and services to the see of Durham, and have the title of barons, but not barons of the bishopric, annexed to their inheritance. Under this proviso the property continued to remain in the possession of the family.

“ In the pedigree of the Hiltons,” continues the Musgrave manuscript, “ there are several names remarkable for their learning and piety, but almost innumerable of those highly renowned for their martial deeds. War seems to have been the pleasure, genius, and recreation of the Hiltons ; nor has any family been more lavish of their blood in defence of their country’s cause. Since the time of the Conquest it has been remarked of the Hiltons that one was slain at Faversham, in Kent ; one in Normandy ; one at Mentz, in France ; three in the Holy Wars under Richard I. ; one in the same under Edward I. ; three at the battle of Bordeaux under the Black Prince ; one at Agincourt ; two at Berwick-upon-Tweed, against the Scots ; two at the battle of St. Albans ; five at Market Bosworth ; and four at Flodden Field.”

The statement of the number of Hiltons slain at Bosworth and Flodden seems improbable ; but it must be remembered that the family was numerous and extensive. At all events, all parties admit that the vast quantity of tradition connected with this family points to its great antiquity ; and Surtees, the writer of “ *The History and Antiquities of Durham*,” states that even when the fortunes of the house were fallen, the gentry of the North continued to testify their respect for them and to acknowledge them as “ the highest nobles of the North without the peerage.” In all appear-

ances in public the Hiltons took precedence as of natural right after the peers, and when Dean Carleton and his daughters took seats above Baron Hilton at the quarter sessions, and in front of him and his family in a pew in the cathedral, 1669, the innovation was regarded publicly as the impertinence of an upstart and created a scandal accordingly.

The enormous wealth of this family may be conjectured when it is stated that at one time it possessed the manors of Hilton, Barmston, Grindon, Ford, Clowcroft, North Beddick, Great Usworth, and Follensley in the county of Durham; Carnaby and Wharram-Percy in the county of York; Elryngton and Woodhall in Northumberland; Alston Moor in Northumberland and Cumberland; with the advowsons of Thyckhalgh and Monk-Wearmouth.

But this ancient race, which flourished through the lapse of five centuries and was carried on through twenty unbroken descents—that continued fruitful in lineal representatives though so many of its sons were slain on the field of battle—was destined to receive its deadliest blow from one of its own chiefs. About the middle of the seventeenth century Henry Hilton, “having conceived some grievous offence against his family, deserted the seat of his ancestors and lived in obscure retirement, first at the house of a remote kinsman at Billinghamurst, in Sussex, and afterwards at Mitchel Grove, where he died. He bequeathed, in 1641, the whole of his estate for ninety-nine years to the City of London—setting aside the natural lives for that time. This led to active litigation. The lawyers were busy tearing out the vitals of the estate when out burst the Civil War, and completed what they would, no doubt, have done as effectually if left to themselves and their natural genius for reducing overgrown estates. From that time the barons of Hilton sank lower and lower, till the last of the family, a widow and her daughter, lived on the Windmill Hill, Gateshead; the husband and father, the last of the direct Hiltons, having been, it is supposed, a woollendrapery.”

With this sadly-ending history in his mind, the visitor to Hilton Castle will be struck with the impression that the old structure, with desolation and ruin staring from each empty or rudely-boarded window, exhibits a corresponding and consonant decay to that of the ancestral line that here made merry through a score of generations. Now the wind hurtles round the ruinous walls and whistles triumphantly in the many-creviced roof. Now the chill of death has spread throughout the whole of the body corporate of the old mansion, and even the kitchen, its heart, is without a fire. *Eheu!*

fugaces anni! No fragrance of the feasts of former days lingers here now!

But the kitchen is noteworthy for another reason. Hilton Castle could afford a ghost, and the kitchen was its haunt. The nocturnal visitant was not, perhaps, quite a ghost—it was rather a brownie or hobthrush, and was called the “Cowed Lad of Hilton.” The story of the brownie is a striking one, but as there are several versions of it we prefer giving that of Surtees, the historian of Durham:—

“He was seldom seen, but was heard nightly by the servants *who slept in the great hall*. If the kitchen had been left in perfect order they heard him amusing himself by breaking plates and dishes, hurling the pewter in all directions and throwing everything into confusion. If, on the contrary, the apartment had been left in disarray, a practice which the servants found it most prudent to adopt, the indefatigable goblin arranged everything with the greatest precision. This poor *esprit folet*, whose pranks were at all times perfectly harmless, was at length banished from his haunts by the usual expedient of presenting him with a suit of clothes. A green cloak and hood were laid before the kitchen fire, and the domestics sat up watching at a prudent distance. At twelve o’clock the sprite glided gently in, stood by the glowing embers, and surveyed the garments provided for him very attentively, tried them on, and seemed delighted with his appearance, frisking about for some time and cutting several somersaults and gambadoes, till, on hearing the first cock, he twitched his mantle about him and disappeared with the usual valediction:—

“ ‘Here’s a cloak and here’s a hood;
The Cauld Lad o’Hilton will do no more good.’

“The genuine brownie is supposed to be *ab origine* an unembodied spirit; but the Boy of Hilton has, with an admixture of English superstition, been identified with the apparition of an unfortunate domestic whom one of the old chiefs of Hilton slew at some very distant period in a moment of wrath or intemperance. The Baron had, it seems, on an important occasion, ordered his horse, which was not brought out so soon as he expected. He went to the stable, found the boy loitering, and, seizing a hay-fork, struck him, though not intentionally, a mortal blow. The story adds that he covered his victim with straw till night, and then threw him into the pond, where the skeleton of the boy was, in confirmation of the tale, discovered in the last Baron’s time. The story may possibly

have its foundation in the fact of the inquest held on the body of Roger Skelton, of Hilton, 3rd July, 1609, when Robert Hilton, of Hilton, gentleman, was found to have killed him with a scythe, for which he received a pardon, 6th September, 1609, as appears on the rolls of Bishop James."

The people in the neighbourhood, however, seem to have a different idea respecting this ghost or brownie. A cupboard is still pointed out, by the guide who shows the house, with awe, as "the place where they used to put the Cold Lad." This idea is founded on the belief that some lad, a servant of the house, had been treated cruelly and kept in confinement in this cupboard, and that—either in the winter time and while he was being thus ill-used or after he was dead—he received the suggestive and awesome name of the "Cold Lad."

But, however the tradition of the "Cold Lad" may have originated, it has afforded enthralling matter for gossip by the winter firesides of this part of the country for many generations; and there are still those who, in spite of the green clothes having been offered and accepted, assert that the "Cowed" or "Cold Lad" frequents the scenes of his former cantrips even in their desolation. Stories are told and supported by abundant corroboration of servants who, one after another, deserted the service of the house from frights which he gave them, and especially of a dairymaid who was very fond of helping herself to the richest milk and cream; but one day, as she was sipping with a spoon from various pans, the Cowed Lad suddenly said, over her shoulder, "Ye taste, and ye taste, and ye taste, but ye never gie the Cowed Lad a taste!" At the hearing of the unearthly voice the maid dropped the spoon on the floor in terror, rushed out of the house, and never entered it again.

But not in the whole history of the Hiltons nor in the traditions of that ancient house is there a stranger episode, or ~~one~~ more replete with that kind of interest that fascinates yet revolts, than the story of the marriage and the wedded life of one who belonged to the family of Bowes (then and now the possessors of Hilton)—the story of the Countess Strathmore.

On the decay of the Hiltons the magnificent estates of that family lapsed to another famous ancient line of the North of England—that of Bowes. The Bowes family dates from soon after the Conquest, and in many reigns from that epoch till the reign of Elizabeth its chiefs were amongst the most valiant and trusty men of the North. They are found fighting in France, at Flodden,

and in other great fields ; were frequently Wardens of the Middle Marches against Scotland, and intermarried with the Percys, Conyers, Ravensworths, Cumberlands, and other illustrious families.

In the latter part of the eighteenth century, Mary Eleanor, the sole heiress of this house, married John, ninth Earl of Strathmore. After a few years, however, the Earl died (1776), leaving several children. But his widow, the Countess, was still young, pretty, lively, accomplished, with literary sympathies and tendencies, and, chief of all, enormously wealthy. Hers was a splendid house in Grosvenor Square, a still more magnificent establishment at Chelsea, with extensive gardens and conservatories, besides the noble castles of Hilton and Streatham, the charming seats of Paul's Walden, Gibside, with its glorious old oak woods, and Barnard Castle, together with lands in Middlesex. Mr. Jesse Foot, the historian of her later years and of those of her second husband, describes her as being in 1777 scarcely thirty years of age and possessing "a very pleasing *embonpoint*. Her bust was uncommonly fine. Her stature was rather under the middle size ; her hair brown ; her eyes light and small ; her face round ; her neck and shoulders graceful ; her lower jaw rather underhanging, and which, whenever she was agitated, was moved very uncommonly, as if convulsively from side to side. Her fingers were small and exceedingly delicate." The character of her mind may to some extent be conjectured when it is stated that the gentle pursuit of botany was her chief, her absorbing study and employment, and she spent vast sums in the erection of greenhouses and conservatories and in the purchase of curious plants.

The last of an illustrious historic line ; a widow, young and fabulously rich, pleasing in face and charming in figure ; with all the delicacy, grace, and refinement which in her was as clearly an inheritance—the heritage of high birth and gentle breeding continued in a renowned family for at least twenty generations—as were her far-spreading lands ; with talents and accomplishments that would have adorned any station—was it to be expected she should long be without suitors after the death of the Earl ? They came in crowds and shoals ! They flocked about her like the cattle on a thousand hills ; they fluttered round her as if all the birds of the air had become wooers ; they came upon her like a flood and overwhelmed her like many waters.

We must remember, too, that this was toward the latter end of

the eighteenth century, a period (say fifteen years before the outbreak of the French Revolution) when the chronic cancer in the heart of society was more intensely poisonous than it has ever been known to be before or since; when princes were street brawlers and bagnio bullies; when the adventurer and the heartless "man of the world" were produced in England in greater number and more finished perfection than in any preceding era. It was in this age that the historic Barry Lyndon, Esq. (*vide* Thackeray), flourished and drew upon himself the applause of Europe for the successful manner in which he prevailed upon society to contribute to his requirements and gratify his foibles.

Suitors came in large numbers to the Strathmore *matinées* in Grosvenor Square, and among them one of the cleverest, most resolute, and most cruel men of that clever, resolute, and cruel age—Andrew Stoney Robinson, lieutenant in his Majesty's land forces.

A mild person of the name of Gray, who had made a fortune in the Indies, aimed at her hand, and was at first so favourably received that he regarded himself, and was possibly regarded at first, by the Countess herself, as the accepted suitor; but no sooner does Robinson appear upon the scene than Mr. Gray vanishes to be seen or heard of no more. The dashing lieutenant, with his ready lies, his quick invention, and unparalleled audacity, was not a man to be diverted from his purpose by any rival whatever. It was enough for him to know that the young widow was enormously rich. He resolved to win and then to wear her—out. This was not his first experience with the fair sex. While stationed at Newcastle-upon-Tyne he had engaged the affections and won the hand of Miss Newton, a lady who possessed a fortune of 30,000*l.* This unfortunate young lady the lieutenant is said to have hastened out of the world by such rigorous practices as hurling her headlong down a flight of stairs, shutting her up in a closet in her chemise (some say without it) for three days and feeding her on an egg a day, and by other means of torture of which he was an eminent master.

Robinson obtained an introduction to the house of the Countess of Strathmore through his connexion in Durham by his marriage with Miss Newton, and at this time his personal appearance is thus described by his medical attendant and biographer, Foot: "The person of Bowes was rather in his favour, and his address was, probably, when young, captivating. His speech was soft, his

height more than five feet ten ; his eyes were bright and small ; he had a perfect command over them. His eyebrows were low, large, and sandy ; his hair light and his complexion ruddy. His smile was agreeable ; his wit ready, but he was always the first to laugh at what he said and forced others to laugh also. His conversation was shallow ; his education was bare ; and his utterance was in a low tone and lispng. There was something uncommon in the connexion of his nose with his upper lip. He never could talk without the nose, which was long and curved downwards, being also moved ridiculously with the upper lip. This I have frequently laughed heartily at when I have observed the ridiculous effect."

The fascinating Robinson, having disposed of his first wife, was on the outlook for a second, with, if possible, a better fortune, and was meantime whiling away his shining hour in such employments as gaming, cock-fighting, horse-racing, lounging at watering-places, and haunting the clubs of the West End. The wild "bloods" of the time, the more considerable figures upon the turf and at the gambling table, were his associates.

His introduction to the Countess of Strathmore added a new element of interest to his life and gave a new direction to his energies. He resolved to catch the gay widow of Grosvenor Square, and the mode by which he set about this was one of the most remarkable and inspired efforts of demoniacal genius. He first of all, to use the language of his biographer, stormed the street-door and the ante-chamber. There were with the Countess characters for the promotion of this object which she never engaged for this undertaking. Robinson cultivated the acquaintance of certain members of the Countess's household, corrupted them, and engaged them in his cause. The children's governess, the companion and confidant of the widow, together with a clergyman who frequently visited at the house, were all sworn into the interest and service of Robinson, and, naturally, into a vile conspiracy against the independence of the Countess.

Nor did the enterprise of Robinson end here, for he resolved to enlist in his cause the whole of the bevy of littérateurs and blue-stockings that haunted or infested the drawing-rooms of the good-natured but somewhat vain young widow. With this view Robinson laid all the male friends of the Countess under obligation to himself, while he laid himself under obligation to all her female friends. He soon perceived that the lady was of a romantic and visionary turn of mind. He therefore, acting in concert with Miss

Planta, the widow's confidant, got a conjuror tutored to his wishes, and so managed that the Countess was brought to him to have her fortune read, and to learn, of course, that her future was fixed by destiny to be linked with that of Lieutenant Robinson. The latter also caused letters, with the Durham post-mark on them, purporting to be from a lady, who complained that Robinson, whom she stated to have previously been her lover, had deserted her in favour of the Countess, to be sent to the latter. It was in the same series of letters that suspicions were thrown out that Mr. Gray, already mentioned as at first a favoured lover of the widow, was in the interest of, and supported in his aspirations by, the relatives of the late Earl of Strathmore. These suspicions were calculated to alarm the lady and excite a jealousy of the interference and dictation of the friends of her late husband.

But if in the plotting of the Lieutenant's schemes there was much ingenuity displayed, it was transcended by the dashing nerve and devilish enjoyment with which—when it was judicious—he himself carried them into execution. During the time that he had been operating upon his victim by means of the conjuror, the sham letters from the Durham fair one, and the bogey of the threatened intimidation of the Strathmore family, a sweeping attack had been made on the Countess—her private character, pursuits, and associates—in the fashionable paper, the *Morning Post*. Her whole life was analysed and exposed to the public with the most malicious and irritating exaggerations. Vindications were made by her friends, and a vehement paper war was carried on. The whole of the fashionable world was in a ferment, and the friends of the late Earl of Strathmore rejoiced in secret that, with her character thus impugned, there was less chance of the Countess contracting a second marriage—a consummation which, on account of the vast amount of property in her personal control, was devoutly to be dreaded. The conflict of interests involved added fuel to the fire now raging in the *Post*, and at last so personal and insulting did the attacks on the Countess's character become that she openly declared that whoever would avenge her, by challenging and fighting the editor of that paper, should be rewarded with her heart and hand. She was at last exasperated to the required pitch, and it was now the Lieutenant's time to act and to take advantage of her despair. It was *he* who was the secret assailant in the *Morning Post*, the framer of unheard-of calumnies and of blighting insinuations; and now he turned upon the editor, whom he had befooled and

used like a tool, challenged him, fought him, contrived to wound and to be wounded in the affair, and received the promised reward for his chivalric gallantry, the hand of the unsuspecting Countess.

Thus by roguery of the vilest description, by artful and audacious scheming, this adventurer became possessed of a most splendid fortune—the heiress, the castles, and estates of an ancient and illustrious family. He now assumed the family name of his wife, Bowes; and commenced to look after the property and the privileges to which his new position gave him claim with much assiduity.

He remained a while in town to receive the congratulations of his friends, and afterwards repaired to the country “to rejoice himself in his castles and lands.” Scarcely had he arrived in the North when his greedy eye fell upon the splendid woods of Gibside, and he doomed them to the axe. “It is not easy,” says the historian of Durham, “to convey any adequate idea of the magnificent woodland scenery of Gibside. Woods venerable in their growth and magnificent in their extent sweep from the heights of the hills to the brink of the Derwent, intersected by deep irregular ravines and relieved by plots of open pasturage. The whole landscape, to use a painter’s phrase, is touched in a broad, free style, and the few artificial objects introduced are sufficiently grand and distinct not to disgrace the noble scenery which surrounds them.”

But however fine the woods of Gibside, or however appropriately they adorned an ancient mansion, Bowes (as we must now call the Lieutenant) startled the whole country-side by announcing his intention to have them felled. The striking down of beautiful and immemorial woods by an upstart newly entered upon his authority alarmed people. Only in the King’s dockyard could such noble timber be shown; but, after large quantities of it had been felled, merchants, deterred by fear of the consequences—for the whole transaction seemed a violent and illegal one—refused to purchase it, and it lay on the ground and rotted.

It may well be imagined that it was his own extravagance, his gambling and horse-racing, that rendered it at all desirable that the woods of Gibside should fall, and from this point onwards he seems to have been always pressed for money, and deep in some more or less nefarious scheme to obtain it.

He gave up his house in Grosvenor Square, sold Chelsea House, held the family plate in his own possession and took up his residence at hotels. He raised 30,000*l.* upon annuities, and he

insured the life of the Countess only for a year or two at the most, by which expedient he was enabled to squander away vast sums !

Meantime what was his conduct towards the Countess—to her who had so kindly but so unwisely admitted him to a sphere and a fortune far beyond his just expectations? On this point his biographer says of the adventurer that “Bowes had a spice of the devil in him that would have amazed ordinary villains. He was—

‘A coward to the weak and a tyrant to the strong.’

He was such a man as Shelley describes in ‘Rosalind and Helen,’ at whose approach the very children fell into silence in the midst of their play, and who clapped their hands and danced about when they heard he was dead. He possessed the art of tormenting as if he had learnt it under the personal and especial instructions of the arch-fiend himself. While pretending great tenderness to this unhappy, but to him generous woman, he kept her as a young boy keeps a bird by the leg with a string, and at every moment of his own devilish caprice gave her a pluck. It is easier to imagine than to describe all the secret villainies and degradations by which such a tyrant can make every moment of a woman of feeling and refinement bitter as death. In the first place Bowes carried on the most licentious conduct with women of all kinds on all sides. . . . In order to silence his wife and hold her *in terrorem*, as well as to provide himself with a weapon against her should she at any time be driven by desperation to seek the protection of the laws against him, he resorted to one of those means which only a first-rate scoundrel could imagine or accomplish. He compelled his wife to write (or wrote for her) THE CONFESSIONS OF THE COUNTESS OF STRATHMORE, in which he made her draw the strangest picture of herself and of her life before her marriage with him imaginable. That any woman of education would voluntarily thus sketch out a confession of the grossest infamy against herself is beyond all conception ; and who can say what were the secret tortures by which this history of shame was wrung from this miserable woman, when withdrawn to one of his secret retreats, by this same man who had shut up his former wife for three days and fed her on an egg a day? . . . It is stated that one means employed by him was to enclose the Countess’s hair, which was long and fine, in a chest, and, locking it down, keep her thus confined in a lying posture till her will gave way to his diabolical wishes. Certain it is

that he accomplished his end. The confessions were written, and were laid," says Foot, "behind his pillow by night, and read by him in scraps for his purposes by day."

The Countess is thus described by Foot six years after her marriage to the monster Bowes: "She appeared wonderfully *altered* and *dejected*. She was pale and nervous, and her under-jaw constantly moved from side to side. If she said anything she looked at *him* first. If she was asked to drink a glass of wine she took *his* intelligence before she answered In observing her during her conversation the agitation of her mind was apparent by its action on her mouth. She would look for some time, hesitate, and then her under-jaw would act in that convulsive manner which absolutely explained her state of melancholy remembrance beyond all other proofs."

The Countess was gradually dying under the monstrous cruelty of her husband. About this time a most beautiful young woman—one of his farmer's daughters, whom he had seduced, and for whom Foot had just seen him purchase 50*l.* worth of trinkets in Cockspur Street—was a constant visitor at his house. On one particular occasion she and her mother and sister "came after dinner, *and they all took tea with the Countess.*"

At last, having found a maid who was not to be corrupted by Bowes, the Countess planned an escape. Bowes had gone to dine out, and, the opportunity being thought favourable, the male servants were sent out of the house on some business or other, and, every precaution having been taken, the lady and her maid stole out and got into Oxford Street undiscovered. They had scarcely got into a coach when, as they came opposite to Berners Street, they saw Bowes, also in a coach, driving very fast, with his head out of window and without his hat. Fortunately he did not notice the fugitives.

The Countess was taken to Mr. Shuter the barrister's house, in Cursitor Street, and an apartment was hired for her in Dyer's Buildings.

Bowes, driven nearly mad with anxiety to recover his wife and prevent legal proceedings, soon succeeded in ferreting out her retreat; not, however, before she had exhibited articles of the peace in the Court of King's Bench against him for ill-treatment, and was put under the protection of the Court. The proofs exhibited against Bowes were of the most revolting kind. They consisted in "beating, scratching, biting, pinching, whipping, kicking, im-

prisoning, insulting, provoking, tormenting, mortifying, degrading, tyrannising, cajoling, deceiving, lying, starving, forcing, compelling, and a new torment—wringing of the heart." To all these allegations Bowes had little to oppose, except the "Confessions" which he had had manufactured expressly for an emergency of this sort.

And in the meantime Bowes kept a sharp eye on his victim. He was resolved to regain possession of her and carry her away to one or other of their estates in the North. At last he attempted to carry out his resolve, and the following record of the attempt from the *Gentleman's Magazine* (1786) forms a curious illustration of the manners of the times.

Some weeks previous to the day of carrying the conspiracy formed against her into execution, several suspicious persons had been seen lurking about her ladyship's house in Bloomsbury Square; and the same persons were observed frequently to follow her carriage, sometimes in hackney-coaches, sometimes on foot. . . . To counteract these measures she had taken into her pay one Lucas, a constable, to keep a constant eye upon her carriage whenever she went out.

This man, who had by this time been corrupted by the arts of Bowes, on Friday, the 10th of November (1786), inquired of the coachman, as his custom was, if his lady went out that day, and was answered in the affirmative and ordered to attend between one and two in the afternoon. About that time her ladyship had business at Mr. Foster's in Oxford Street. She had scarce been in his house five minutes when some of the persons who had been seen lurking about her house came into Foster's shop.

The Countess withdrew in alarm into an inner room and locked the door; but at this time her own constable, whom she had hired to protect her, but who, unknown to her, was now in the pay of Bowes, tapped at the door, and on telling his name was admitted. He told her ladyship that she was his prisoner—that a warrant had been put into his hands—that he must do his duty—but that he would take her before a magistrate, who would no doubt take her under his own protection and rescue her from her enemies.

Partly reassured by this artful tale, she was prevailed upon to step once more into her coach, when immediately she found that her own servants were discharged and that a new set of attendants, all armed, were around her. The coach rolled on to the foot of Highgate Hill, where stood Mr. Bowes, who seated himself by the side of his lady and the party again moved forward rapidly. The

journey northward was actually a flight, and Bowes knew that his speed alone could prevent his being stopped by a rescuing party which he was aware would immediately be despatched from the Court of King's Bench, London. During this flight Bowes never allowed his wife to go wholly out of his presence.

In the carriage Bowes tried to persuade his wife to sign a paper agreeing to stop proceedings in the Ecclesiastical Court, and to consent to live under the name and character of his wife; both of which she refused to do. He then beat her on the face and body with his clenched fists, thrust a handkerchief into her mouth when she attempted to cry, beat her with the chain and seals of his watch on the naked breast, and threatened her life with a loaded pistol if she did not instantly sign the paper. But she was resolved she would rather suffer death than place herself in his power, and refused to comply.

Arrived at Streatham Castle the brutal Bowes again attempted to frighten his wife into assuming the government of the family and acting as his wife. On her refusal he again beat her, threatened her with a pistol, and bade her say her last prayers. She said her prayers and bade him fire!

The whole country was now alarmed for the safety of the Countess, and a sheriff's officer had arrived with a warrant for her rescue. Bowes mounted her on horseback behind him, rode with her to Darlington, shut her up there for the night, and, brandishing a red-hot poker before her breast and threatening to place her in a madhouse, commanded her to yield to his wishes; but in vain.

But deliverance was now at hand. The officers of justice were on the track of Bowes. He again set out with his wife behind him on horseback; but now the story of the unfortunate lady had got abroad, and the husbandmen in the fields stopped the flying horseman, and on his presenting a pistol felled him to the earth with a hedge-stake.

The lady was conducted safely to London, where she arrived 21st Nov., having been absent and living in continuous torture for eleven days.

Of the legal processes now gone into without delay the results were that the Countess obtained a sentence of divorce, and that Bowes was condemned to pay a fine of 300*l.* to his Majesty, to be imprisoned in the King's Bench for three years; at the end of that term to find security for fourteen years, himself in 10,000*l.* and two sureties of 5000*l.* each. The accomplices were condemned to proportionate punishments.

Meanness, villany, and hypocrisy marked the further course of Bowes—his law affairs and his seductions forming the business of his life. But the details of his prison life are too disgusting for profitable perusal. During his later years he was an habitual drunkard. Foot, his biographer, the man of all others who knew him best, concludes the notice of his life with the pregnant sentence, "He was a villain to the backbone."

Sockburn Manor.—The Fall of Conyers.

"Tees-seated Sockburn, where by long descent
Conyers was lord."

Of the ancient house of Sockburn, so long illustrious from its association with the ancient family of Conyers, not one stone is left upon another. Even the ruins of its ruins have disappeared—not a mound or ridge varying the grassy level is left as a trace of the ancient foundations, and only a decaying chestnut remains of the groves that formerly surrounded it. What mere fragment of description remains to us of the grand old hall, "with its quaint avenues and its mediæval architecture," seems indefinite if not conjectural. Even the old and ruined chapel that stood near the hall, and in the aisle of which down to quite a recent period a few of the Conyers' monuments, with broken panes of coloured glass and a number of brasses, were still to be seen, has totally sunk into decay, if not entire demolition. Desolation, so far as the old family is concerned, has covered the scene; and the famous race that produced so many lusty knights and stout champions have vanished like their relics, not only from the manor of Sockburn, but from the county. Not an acre of land is now owned in Durham by the family that formed high alliances with the Bigots, the Bowes, the Bulmers, the Widdringtons, and, indeed, with most of the noblest families of the North. A handsome modern mansion in the Elizabethan style now rises near the site of antique Sockburn, and, save in the few traditions of the district that still keep the ancient name alive, the vital connexion between the Conyers family and their former domain is conclusively at an end.

One unchanging element of this locality, however, is its beauty, which is of the most retired and soothing character. The manor of

Sockburn embraces a long projecting peninsula, the most southern point of the county around which the circling Tees sweeps with its swift clear waters. Mr. Surtees, the accomplished historian of the county, and himself a member of one of its old and distinguished families, thus describes the river-bound peninsula :—"Two families of ancient gentry and the little female monastery of Nesham possessed the whole of this green peninsula. The minute parochial divisions of the district prove its early settlement. No fairer spot could attract the notice of a Norman soldier ; and nowhere were his descendants more likely to transmit their possessions in deep hereditary peace. The knights of the Tees might mingle in the Border warfare, but the bugle-horn of an assailant would seldom startle the inmates of their quiet halls. Their mansions stood without tower or fort. Dinsdale had only its fosse ; and Sockburn on its level lawn was guarded only by the circling sweep of the Tees. The sale of the estates to wealthy families, already possessed of hereditary seats, has occasioned within the last century the desertion of these ancient halls and quiet fields, which now breathe a spirit of even deeper retirement."

The former proprietors of Sockburn belonged to one of the oldest families of the northern counties. Norman in name and descent, they claimed to be of a date prior to that of the Conquest. One of its early heads, Roger, was considerable enough to be appointed Constable of Durham Castle by the Conqueror, and keeper of the arms of its garrison—an office which was afterwards secured to him and his successors *in perpetuo*. A later Roger was the subjugator of the early Scotch freebooter Comyn, who had irreverently seized on the temporalities of the see of Durham and defied its bishop, but was obliged by the bold Conyers to sue that prelate for pardon on his knees. But Sockburn is perhaps most notable as being the supposed scene of the slaying of a worm or wyvern—a variety of the dragon tribe which appears to have been common in the northern counties in the early ages. This famous feat is thus set forth, in rather wild language, in the ancient pedigree of the family of Conyers :—"Sir John Conyers, who slew the monstrous, venomous, and poisonous *wyvern, ask, or worm*, which overthrew and devoured many people in fight, and the scent of the poison was so strong that no person might abide it, and hee, by providence of Almighty God, overthrew it, and lieth buried at Sockburne, before the Conquest ; but before he did enterprise went to the church in complete armour, and offered up his son to the Holy Ghost. Which

monuments are yet to see ; also the place where the serpent lay is *Greystone*." However unsatisfactory this version of the slaying of the local dragon may be from a grammatical point of view and otherwise, it is certain that the story obtained credit at a very early period, and down to our own time the manor was held under the Bishop of Durham by knights and by a ceremony bearing upon the dragon story. This ceremony is thus described. At the entrance of the bishop, the Lord of Sockburn, or his agent, meets him in the middle of the river Tees, where the water is fordable, otherwise on Croft bridge, when he presents a falchion to the bishop, as an emblem of his temporal power, and repeats the following words :— " My Lord Bishop, I here present you with the falchion wherewith the champion Conyers slew the *worm, dragon, or fiery-flying serpent*, which destroyed man, woman, and child ; in memory of which the king then reigning gave him the manor of Sockburn, to hold by this tenure, that upon the very first entrance of every bishop into the county, this falchion should be presented." The bishop then takes the falchion into his hand and immediately returns it to the person that presented it, wishing the Lord of Sockburn health and a long enjoyment of the manor.

The knightly family of Conyers largely extended their worldly possessions by prudent marriages with wealthy northern heiresses. Sir John Conyers, of the time of Edward I., gained the hand and fortune of Scolastica, the richly-endowed daughter of Ralph de Cotam ; his grandson, another Sir John, married the co-heiress of de Aiton, whose mother was a Percy of Northumberland, and his son Robert married the sole heiress of William Pert, whose mother was a Scrope of Yorkshire. Anne Conyers, the heiress of the last male descendant of the senior branch of the family, married Francis, eleventh Earl of Shrewsbury, and thus carried the lordship of Sockburn into the Talbot family. The Talbots, in recent times, sold the manor to the Blacketts, its present possessors.

Before recording the melancholy fall of the Conyers family, it may be well to glance at its condition and circumstances in the early part of the eighteenth century.

At that time branches of the ancient stock had made their appearance in various quarters. The heirs of Anne Conyers, Countess of Shrewsbury, still held Sockburn ; Conyers D'Arcy, Earl of Holderness and Baron Conyers, the head of the next branch, flourished in the castle of Hornby ; and Sir John Conyers, the last male chief of the whole family, had removed from his home of

Horden to the beautiful and courtly retreat of Charlton. A hundred years later and old Sir Thomas Conyers, the last Baronet of Horden, was discovered among other paupers in a room of the parish workhouse of Chester-le-Street.

The steps that led to this melancholy consummation are traced by the historian of Durham. The successors of Sir John Conyers, of Horden, resided on property acquired by intermarriages in the south, till the extinction of the elder line in the person of Sir Baldwin, in 1731, when the estates fell to heirs-general, and the title, without support, fell to Ralph Conyers, of Chester-le-Street, glazier, whose father, John, was grandson of the first baronet. Sir Ralph Conyers intermarried with Jane Blakeston, the eventual heiress of the Blakestons of Shieldion (who represent those of Gibside), a family not less ancient, and scarcely less unfortunate, than that of Conyers. He had by her a numerous issue, and was succeeded in title by his eldest son, Sir Blakeston Conyers, the heir of two ancient houses, from which he derived little more than his name. Sir Blakeston was early placed in the navy, where he reached the rank of lieutenant, but quitted it on obtaining, through the generous patronage of the Bowes family, the honourable and lucrative post of collector of the port of Newcastle. With a view to the support of the title, Sir Blakeston was induced at his decease to leave nearly the whole of his property, which was considerable, to his nephew and successor, Sir George, whose mother was a Scotch lady of Lord Cathcart's family. In three short years this infatuated youth squandered the whole fortune he had derived from his uncle in scenes of the lowest dissipation; and at his death the barren title descended to his uncle, Thomas Conyers, who, after a life perhaps of some imprudence, certainly of much hardship, was found, solitary and friendless, a pauper in Chester-le-Street workhouse.

Through the generous exertions of Mr. Surtees, Sir Thomas was removed from the workhouse to a situation of more ease and comfort, in which, after a few weeks, he died. The baronet left three daughters, who were married to working men in Chester-le-Street.

Lambton Castle.—The Legend of the Worm.

The actual distance which separates Lambton from Lumley Castle might be traversed without inconvenience by any one as an ordinary "before-breakfast" walk ; but the distance between them in appearance, general character, and historical associations, seems to him who visits the one after the other to be almost illimitable. Lumley with its battlements and machicolated towers was built to serve as a stronghold in time of war ; Lambton is the dwelling of a family as old as the Lumleys, but is essentially a modern house fitted with all the refined and luxurious contrivances which modern and advanced tastes, based upon a splendid fortune, find convenient. Lumley is the long deserted and desolate castle of a family no longer in the zenith of its power ; Lambton is the seat of the Earl of Durham, whose family achieved its highest eminence in our own century.

Dating, like the Lumleys, from the old Saxon times, the Lambtons share the distinction with their former neighbours of being more ancient than any of the other families of the county. Unlike the Lumleys, however, they were content to remain prosperous, unpretending and unwarlike squires. The flight of the Lumleys was with the eagle, above the world of common men, and with their glance bent upon the sun of royalty. The Lambtons flew low and found interest enough in the fields from which they had sprung to cheer and soothe their lives. Indeed it is quite a notable fact that in the annals of such an ancient family, not a single member attained to celebrity till within our own time. The only members of this family who seem to have been actuated by considerations unconnected with the successful cultivation of their ancestral fields appear to have been three—one of whom became a knight of Rhodes, a second who took the field for Charles I., was knighted by him at Newmarket and fell fighting for him at Marston Moor, and a third (son of the preceding) who declared for the Commonwealth and fought under Cromwell.

With the beginning of the present century, however, the Lambtons seem to have felt inspiring influences as of a new era. One of them rose to the rank of Major-General in the American war. His son, called to Parliament for the city of Durham in the days of Fox, Pitt, and Grey, rendered himself conspicuous for the gifts of an

orator and the spirit of a patriot. Allying himself with the party of reform, at the head of which was Mr. Grey, Lambton lent his aid in organising the "Society of the Friends of the People." He perished in his youth as most of the heads of this family have done for many generations ; but not before he had won reputation if not fame, and the gratitude of his country for his sympathetic exertions in favour of the defenceless and the oppressed of all classes. The good work which he had inaugurated was carried forward with zeal and success by his son—afterwards Lord Durham. This latest scion of the Lambtons married a daughter of his father's friend, Lord Grey, and gave the whole weight of his influence and talents to the political party of which that statesman was the leader. His consistent support and his great parliamentary abilities met their reward, and he rose at one bound from the rank of a commoner to that of an Earl. But the fate of his house seemed to follow him, and before he could fulfil the promise of his youth he was struck down by ill-health. A singular tradition of this family was, that its leaders for nine generations should die in youth and at a distance from home. The ninth, and it was supposed the last, victim to be affected by this hard fate was that General Lambton who had distinguished himself in the American War. But with him the baleful shadow that rested on his house did not pass away ; for, as we have seen, neither his son nor his grandson, the late Earl of Durham, lived beyond the years of middle age.

Setting out from Chester-le-Street and following the course of the Wear, the visitor after a charming walk, finds himself in front of Lambton Castle, a magnificent edifice, feudal in the style of its architecture as it befits the home of an ancient line to be ; but at the same time according well with the recent distinction of the family in its essentially modern air, its perfect unweathered walls and turrets, its freshness and brightness of colour and sharpness of outline. It occupies a fine bold height overlooking the river, is surrounded by pleasant woodlands pierced by carriage-drives beautifully laid out and finished, and affording delightful views in all directions. The interior is fitted up with every appliance that modern wants demand—every decoration and convenience that refinement, artistic taste, and the requirements of luxurious aristocratic life could suggest.

The Durham family have for several generations been liberal patrons of the arts. And in their collections they evince a broad cosmopolitan taste hitherto rarely shown. In their rooms are to be

seen the works of modern English painters side by side with examples of the works of the old masters. Here are portraits by Raffaeïie and Sir Thomas Lawrence ; landscapes by Domenichino, Collins, Wilson, Cooper, Salvator Rosa, &c. ; a bust of Napoleon by Chardet, a bust of Pope by Roubilliac, and one of Lord Durham by Behnes, &c.

The Legend of the Worm of Lambton may be best given in the words of Surtees the historian of the county of Durham, whose wide acquaintance with the traditionary lore of the north, his special and local knowledge of this particular story, and his invariably graphic powers of description, constitute him the writer of all others to tell the tale :—"The heir of Lambton, fishing, as was his profane custom, in the Wear of a Sunday, hooked a small worm or eft, which he carelessly threw into a well and thought no more of the adventure. The worm, at first neglected, grew till it was too large for its first habitation, and issuing forth from the Worm Well betook itself to the Wear, where it usually lay a part of the day coiled round a crag in the middle of the water ; it also frequented a green mound near the well, called thence *The Worm Hill*, where it lapped itself nine times round, leaving vermicular traces, of which grave living witnesses depose that they have seen the vestiges. It now become the terror of the country ; and among other enormities levied a daily contribution of nine cows' milk, which was always placed for it at the green hill, and in default of which it devoured man and beast. Young Lambton had, it seems, meanwhile, totally repented him of his former life and conversation ; had bathed himself in a bath of holy water, taken the sign of the Cross, and joined the Crusaders. On his return home he was extremely shocked at witnessing the effects of his youthful imprudence, saw that the worm must be at once destroyed, and immediately undertook the adventure. After several fierce combats, in which the Crusader was foiled by his enemy's *power of self-union*, he found it expedient to add policy to courage, and not, perhaps, possessing much of the former quality, he went to consult a witch, or wise woman. By her judicious advice, he armed himself in a coat of mail studded with razor-blades, and thus prepared, placed himself on the crag in the river, and awaited the monster's arrival. At the usual time the worm came to the rock and wound himself with great fury round the armed knight, who had the satisfaction to see his enemy cut in pieces by his own efforts, while the **stream**, washing away the several parts, prevented the possibility

of re-union. There is still a sequel to the story. The witch had promised Lambton success only on one condition—that he would slay the first living thing which met his sight after the victory. To avoid the possibility of human slaughter, Lambton had directed his father that, as soon as he heard him sound three blasts on his bugle, in token of the achievement performed, he should release his favourite greyhound, which would immediately fly to the sound of the horn, and was destined to be the sacrifice. On hearing his son's bugle, however, the old chief was so overjoyed that he forgot the injunction and ran himself with open arms to meet his son. Instead of committing parricide, the conqueror again repaired to his adviser, who pronounced as the alternative of disobeying the original instructions, that no chief of the Lambtons should die in his bed, for seven, or, as some accounts say, for nine generations—a commutation which, to a martial spirit, had nothing, probably, very terrible, and which was willingly complied with."

In an old pedigree of this family the following entry occurs :—
"Johan Lambeton, that slewe ye worme, was Knight of Rhoodes, and Lord of Lambeton and Wod Apilton, after the dethe of fower brothers sans esshewe masle (without male issue). His son, Robert Lambeton, was drowned at Newebrigg." The doom pronounced by the witch seems thus to have begun to take effect, even within the lifetime of the slayer of the worm.

According to the tradition of the district, no head of the house of Lambton has died in his bed from the time of the slaying of the worm down to the death of General Lambton, who, it appears, did die in his bed—though at an unusually early age. He having been the ninth in succession from the knight against whom the prediction was pronounced, was fated to escape the family doom ; but fearing that his servants might precipitate his demise, under the idea that he *could not* die in his bed, and that there was no use attempting to fly in the face of Providence, he kept a horsewhip in his bedroom during his last illness, and thus secured himself against disturbance until his last hour was come. There was therefore nothing remarkable in his death or in the manner of it, except that it took place prematurely.

Lumley Castle.

Lumley Castle, a stately edifice, the home for ages of an ancient and historically famous family, and now one of the seats of the

locate

Earl of Scarborough, stands about a mile east of the straggling town of Chester-le-Street, on the road from Durham to Newcastle. It is built of fine yellow stone, and Surtees, evidently describing the castle under favourable atmospheric conditions, says that "it stands glittering with a bright open aspect on a fine, gradual elevation above the Wear." But except when flooded with sunshine its aspect is solemn and still, and it is invested with that silence, and conveys that impression of solitude, which at once and naturally inform the beholder that it has long been deserted. It is long since the fires went out on its hearths—since the sound of voices passed away from its halls. Yet it is by no means a ruin. It remains complete in most of its parts and merely wants to be repaired, refurnished, and refilled with residents, and it would be again, as it was formerly, a splendid, well-appointed, and complete feudal home. It is not past all use in this world—it simply requires rehabilitation. It is not a corpse, but a bankrupt.

Its fine site, with green sloping meadows in front and thick woods behind, gradually rises in the south and west from the river Wear, and is bounded on the north by the Lumley Beck. There are here all the elements of perfect manorial scenery, there are the "banks and braes and streams around;" and old "woods," with their thousand voices making the old memories and traditions audible, are not wanting.

The building itself, around which hangs an air of silent dignity and imposing solemnity, is large, forms a quadrangle enclosing a court or area, and is finished at the four angles with boldly projecting and massy square towers rising to a considerable height above the average altitude of the building. Each of the corners of these high square towers is crowned with a projecting octagonal and machicolated turret, so that, well manned with archers, this old castle could have made a stout defence against any assailants of the old time not too unreasonably numerous.

The chief entrance to the castle is at the west front by a noble double flight of steps, and a platform filling the whole space between the towers; the front to the south, sixty paces in length, is modern, and brought almost parallel with the tower; the front to the north is obscured by offices, but towards the east the castle retains its ancient form, and has a most august appearance—its projecting gateway, commanded by turrets and machicolated gallery being specially bold and stately. Above this gate are six shields with armorial bearings deeply carved with their crests in

stone, and some of them contemporary with the erection of the building. There are three stories of apartments in this front, the windows are mullioned and guarded with iron—a narrow space for a terrace, between the walls and the brink of the precipice, is guarded with a curtain or stone wall. The uniformity and harmoniousness of the design of this front, the arrangement of the arms, and the whole appearance of its masonry, prove this to be a part of the original structure and a grand model of the taste of the age.

From the platform of the great entrance a noble prospect is commanded. At the bottom of the avenue which leads to the house is a fine sheet of water, a salmon lock and fisherman's cottage. To the left cultivation brightens the prospect, and the peculiarly winding stream of the Wear adds beauty to the picture, which, on one hand embraces a view of the town of Great Lumley, and on the other of Walridge, with the Hermitage and several hamlets in the vale. The distant landscape is terminated by Plawsworth and the plantations above Newton Hall.

The Lumleys are one of the very few old English families that can trace a clear and unquestionable descent from the Saxon times to the present. Liulph the original Saxon chief of the family, is represented in effigy in the old church of Chester-le-Street, and beside him, disposed in order from the western to the eastern extremity of that old building, are the effigies of his descendants down to modern times. The figures are, for the most part, imaginary, but the personages whom they are supposed to represent were indubitably real. In these sculptured effigies a remarkable and plainly absurd uniformity in stature, figure, face and costume is evident, reminding one of the array of the so-called portraits of the ancient Scottish Kings to be seen at Holyrood, but which Sir Walter Scott asserts to have been the work of an artist of recent times, and to have been produced by the aid of a fertile imagination, and supplied at so much per dozen. Of this series of figures, however, three are believed to have been the work of the age in which the persons commemorated lived. These are the figures of a crusader and of Lord Ralph Lindsay and his son, Sir John, who fell in France—the two latter belonging to the fifteenth century. An accidental and ridiculous example of the uniformity to be remarked in these figures is that they are now one and all noseless. The later descendants of the family who appear in contemporary chronicles as the Savilles and the Earls of Scarsborough, lie in the tomb at the east end of the north aisle of the same church.

But the authenticity of the lives and the deeds of the bold Lumleys depends on quite other evidence than that of misleading monumental figures. Upon this Lumley estate, though in some much more primitive building than the melancholy castle which at the present day overlooks the vale of the Wear, Liulph, the founder of the family undoubtedly lived. Here also lived his grandson William, who assumed the cross, and in some romantic adventure, now but dimly shadowed in the fragments of the poet and the historian, won for his escutcheon the emblazonment of the paroquet. This adventurous knight was the first of his family to assume the name of Lumley. Another stubborn warrior of this ancient house was Sir John Lumley, slain in the wars of Henry V. in France, and whose will shows him to have been a man of substance, while it is also curious and valuable as affording us a glimpse of the manners and customs of that early time. In this ancient instrument the past and the present meet together in the most surprising manner. The old knight arranges to bequeath a number of legacies to his daughters and his two unmarried sisters, and he provides that these are to be paid for by the sale of his house in Wood Street, London. Again he mentions that, under certain conditions, his "place without Aldryggate is to be left to his brother." By these items of his will he recalls to us the fact, that in these early times those old quarters of London were as well known as they are at the present day, though at the former period they consisted mainly of the dwellings of nobles, while they now form the warehouses and offices of our merchant princes.

Among the bequests left by this Sir John Lumley are a number of gifts of plate—illustrating the circumstance that in former times wealth was often conveyed in plate as well as in money. The knight leaves to Thomas, his son, a gilt cup; to Dame Elizabeth Nevil a gilt cup, a feather bed, and four-and-twenty pillows; to his chaplain, Richard Urpath, a gilt cup and ten marks. He also wills that two able and sufficient pilgrims shall be provided to travel for his own grace, and for that of his wife, to the shrine of St. Thomas of Canterbury. We wonder whether these able and sufficient members of the church set out on their pilgrimage from the "Tabard," which you may still visit in Southwark, and which must often have been examined by one Geoffrey Chaucer before that valuable ambassador and skilful comptroller of customs took to inditing his "Canterbury Tales."

Some idea of the wealth and consideration, the influence and

social esteem of the Lumleys will be gathered from the fact that successive barons of this stock allied themselves in marriage with the proudest families of the north—the Nevilles, Scroops, Fitzalans, &c. ; while one of them, Sir Thomas Lumley, brought royal blood into the noble line by marrying Elizabeth Plantagenet, daughter of Edward IV. Lord George Lumley, the father of this Sir Thomas, had married the heiress of Thomas Thornton, of Newcastle, who from a condition of extreme poverty had raised himself to distinction and to immense wealth as a merchant. The arrival of this penniless candidate for fortune at the busy town where he afterwards amassed so much money, is commemorated in the popular rhyme familiar to the present day in this district.

“ At the Westgate came Thornton in,
With a hap and a halfpenny in a ram’s skin.”

The heiress of the merchant brought great estates to her noble lover Lord George. These, however, were not to be taken possession of without a bold struggle and defence on the part of the baron. George Thornton, an illegitimate brother of his wife’s, disputed the lady’s title to the estates, and it was arranged that this dispute should be settled in a manner peculiar to those good old times—trial by mortal combat. Lord Lumley therefore met Thornton, as agreed upon, in the castle ditch of Windsor, and there slew him, and thus beyond further cavil established his right to the fortune and estates of the Newcastle merchant.

For the Lumley knights were an active and energetic race. In their eyes the most truly ignoble creature was he who was “ a laggard in love and a dastard in war.” Whenever or wherever there was fighting to be done we accordingly find them in their natural place—in the front. One of the Lumleys died fighting for Richard II., another distinguished himself in the wars of the period in France and on Flodden Field, a third perished on the scaffold for treason and rebellion. The son of the last Lord, John Lumley, promised fairly to follow in his father’s footsteps and share his fate. He became implicated in the plot of the Duke of Norfolk to liberate and marry Mary Queen of Scots, and was consequently thrown into prison. He had the good fortune, however, to appease the wrath of Queen Elizabeth, and after a brief confinement was set free and honourably employed at Court, where, in the course of time, he rose into high esteem and was the recipient of many honours. This was the baron who caused the long array of the

knights of Lumley now to be seen in the church of Chester-le-Street to be prepared and arranged. The grave and magnificent baron received James I. as his guest at Lumley, when the latter made his famous progress southward to assume the English crown, and on this occasion the extreme reverence for the fame and antiquity of the Lumley family, which appears to have pervaded the whole castle, afforded the modern Solomon an opportunity for the display of his wit. It appears that a connexion of the Lumleys, a certain Bishop James, took advantage of the presence of his Majesty to expatiate with great fulness of detail upon the glory of the lords of Lumley, giving details of every baron and knight, direct and collateral, back to the earliest times. At last the King, wearied with the endless record of the garrulous Churchman, broke in, in his broadest and most brusque manner, with, "Oh, mon, gang nae further; let me digest the knowledge I hae gained, for I didna ken Adam's name was Lumley."

It would have been strange if a family so ancient had not, especially in the stirring times of the Civil War and afterwards, suffered by the vicissitudes of fortune. The family at present is not believed to be a rich one, and the castle under consideration was in the first instance allowed to fall into disrepair and stripped of its decorations on account of the limited means of its later proprietors. But the former lords were wealthy almost beyond estimate. In 1540 Lord Lumley, besides the castle and manor of Lumley, left to his heir fifteen other castles and lordships in Durham; seven manors in Northumberland, and eight manors and castles in Yorkshire, besides estates in other counties. But during the reign of Elizabeth the family was impoverished by Lord John Lumley becoming responsible for the debts of his father-in-law, the Earl of Arundel. In later times the representative of this great family married into the Saville family and assumed that name.

The Great or Entrance Hall of Lumley Castle is one of the most striking to be seen in England. Its dimensions and proportions are noble, and when the immense entrance door is opened to it, it seems as if a wall had been removed. It contains seventeen pictures of large size representing the successive ancestors of the family. Only four of these, however, are believed to be genuine works of the time in which the persons they represent lived. Perhaps the most interesting of these four genuine works is that representing Ralph, first Lord Lumley, kneeling before King Richard II. and praying to be allowed to fortify his house. The knight, who is arrayed in

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baron's robes, is a tall, stout man, with bald forehead, long hair, and majestic beard. The King is represented as being in the prime of early manhood, seated in a chair of state and crowned. His hair is bright auburn, his royal robe scarlet, lined with ermine, and his inner dress blue or purple, embroidered with R's in gold. The picture bears the legend "King Richard the Second" and the date 1384.

The great Dining-Room, a splendid apartment, as large as the entrance hall, is highly decorated. The vaulted ceiling is in stucco-work, with a star and garter surrounded by figures in the centre. The wainscoted walls are painted light and ornamented with medallion heads and flower-and-fruit pieces. The fireplace is in beautiful white marble, enriched with a most graceful and spirited design in stucco-work, representing a group of chubby children gathering sticks and making a fire.

Most of the other rooms are empty and desolate. Many of these are floored with polished oak, and some of them contain pictures, of which the most interesting yet to be noticed is that of Richard, second Earl of Scarborough. According to tradition, the fate of this gentleman was sudden and tragic—though the story is handed down to us without satisfactory particulars of dates, names, &c. This Richard was in the confidence of the king and had been entrusted with the keeping of a most important secret. Like all favourites, the Earl was surrounded by enemies, and these, desirous to compass his ruin, laid their plans to prevail on the unsuspecting Earl to betray the confidence the King had reposed in him. It was known that Richard loved and visited a certain lady. To this lady the enemies of the knight resorted and offered her rich rewards to draw the royal secret from her lover and communicate it to them. The treacherous lady succeeded in her purpose to her utmost wish and that of those who employed her. Richard's enemies now hurried to the King and submitted to him the proofs of his *protégé's* imprudence. The next time the Earl came into the royal presence the King said to him, sadly but firmly, "Lumley, you have lost a friend and I a good servant." The knight now perceived that she in whom he had reposed his love and faith had been his worst enemy, and that he was disgraced as a man of honour in the estimation of the King. Unable to bear the misery and chagrin of his ruin, he had recourse to the suicide's escape from misery—he shot himself.

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CUMBERLAND AND WESTMORELAND.

The Castle of "Merry Carlisle."

This fortress, on account of its short distance from the Scottish Border, has naturally been the scene of many a deadly feud—the theatre of the alternate defeats of the Scots and the English. During the period of Border warfare, on account of its situation, the Governor of the Castle was always a tried and faithful soldier, and held the office of Warden of the Marches, directing the whole of the operations against the marauding Scots.

The Castle, which is built of red stone, was founded by William Rufus, who restored the city of Carlisle, after it had lain for two hundred years in ruins, in consequence of the incursions of the Danes. Richard III. made some additions to it, and Henry VIII. built the citadel. In the inner gate of this castle the old portcullis remains; and the apartments where Mary Queen of Scots was lodged, soon after her landing at Workington, are still shown.

During the reign of Elizabeth, the castle fell into a ruinous condition: three sides of the strongest tower were in a state of decay; the walls were sadly dismantled; the artillery dismantled; the bows and arrows, and the battle-axes and other weapons, old and useless; the powder reduced to two half barrels, and nearly all the stores valueless. This state of affairs, although it exhibited a great want of caution on the part of the English, was, at the same time, a proof of the success of Elizabeth in repressing the disorders of the district.

Robert Cary, Earl of Monmouth, who went to Carlisle as the deputy to Lord Scroop, the Warden of the West Marches, gives this vivid description of the state of the country in his time. Speaking of his success in restoring order: "God blessed me in all my actions, and I cannot remember that I undertook anything, while I was there, but it took good effect. One memorable thing of God's mercy showed unto me was such as I have good cause to remember. I had private intelligence given me that there were two Scottish men that had killed a churchman in Scotland, and were by one of the Greens relieved. This Greene dwelt within five miles of Carlisle; he had a pretty house, and close by it a strong tower for his own defence in case of need. I thought to surprise the Scots on a sudden, and about two o'clock in the morning I

took horse in Carlisle, and not above twenty-five in my company, thinking to surprise the house on a sudden. Before I could surround the house, the two Scots had gotten into the strong tower, and I might see a boy riding from the house as fast as his horse could carry him, I little suspecting what it meant; but Thomas Carleton came to me presently, and told me that if I did not suddenly prevent, both myself and all my company would be either slain or taken prisoners. It was strange to me to hear this language. He then said to me, 'Do you see that boy that rideth away so fast? He will be in Scotland within this half-hour, and he is gone to let them know that you are here, and to what end you are come, and the small number you have with you, and that if they will make haste, on a sudden they may surprise us, and do with us what they please.'

"Hereupon we took advice what was best to be done. We sent notice presently to all parts to raise the country, and to come to us with all the speed they could; and withal we sent to Carlisle to raise the townsmen, for without food we could do no good against the tower. There we staid some hours, expecting more company, and within a short time after, the country came in on all sides, so that we were quickly between three and four hundred horse; and after some little longer stay, the foot of Carlisle came to us, to the number of three or four hundred men, whom we presently set at work to get up to the top of the tower, and to uncover the roof, and then some twenty of them to fall down together, and so win the tower. The Scots, perceiving their present danger, offered to parley, and yielded themselves to my mercy. They had no sooner opened the iron gate, and yielded themselves my prisoners, but we might see four hundred horse within a quarter of a mile, coming to their rescue, and to surprise me and my small company; but on a sudden they staid, and stood at gaze. Then I had more to do than ever, for all our borderers came crying with full mouths: 'Sir, give us leave to set upon them, for these are they that have killed our fathers, our brothers, our uncles, our cousins, and they are come thinking to surprise you, upon weak grass nags, such as they could not get upon a sudden, and God hath put them into your hands, that we may take revenge of them for much blood which they have spilt of ours.' I desired they would be patient awhile; and bethought myself, if I should give them their wills, there would be few or none of them (the Scots) that would escape unkilld (there were so many deadly feuds among them), and therefore I resolved with myself to give them a fair answer, but not to give them their desire. So I told them that if I were not there myself, they might do what pleased themselves; but being present, if I should give them leave, the blood which should be spilt that day,

would lie very heavy on my conscience, and therefore I desired them, for my sake, to forbear; and if the Scots did not presently make away with all the speed they could upon my sending to them, they should then have their wills to do what they pleased. These were ill-satisfied with their answer, but durst not disobey. I sent with speed to the Scots, and bade them pack away with all the speed they could, for if they staid the messenger's return, they should few of them return to their own hon^{our}. They made no stay, but they returned homewards before the messenger had made an end of his message. Thus, by God's mercy, I escaped a great danger, and by my means there were a great many men's lives saved that day."

The annexed verses, supposed to be sung by a Scottish female, whose lover had lost his life in some Border fray, is a further illustration of the state of the Borders, before equal laws and improved institutions had guaranteed to the people the safety of their property and the security of their firesides:

"When I first came to merry Carlisle,
 Ne'er was a town sae sweetly seeming:
 The white rose flaunted o'er the wall,
 The thistled banners far were streaming.
 When I came next by merry Carlisle,
 O sad, sad, seemed the town, an' eerie!
 The auld, auld men came out and wept,—
 'O maiden, come ye to seek yere dearie?'

There's a drap of blood upon my breast,
 An' twa in my links o' hair so yellow;
 The ane I'll ne'er wash, an' the tither ne'er *kame*,
 But I'll sit and pray aneath the willow.
 Wae, wae upon that cruel heart,
 Wae, wae upon that hand sae bluidie,
 Which feasts in our richest Scottish bluid,
 An' makes sae many a doleful widow!"

Scaleby Castle.

North of Carlisle are the ruins of Scaleby Castle, once a fortress of great strength, though in a flat situation. Its form was perfect till the time of the Civil Wars, when its resistance to Cromwell brought it to a state of partial demolition. Mr. Gilpin, the celebrated writer on picturesque scenery, who was born and brought up in it, has thus strikingly described its condition: "The walls of this Castle are uncommonly magnificent: they are not only of great height and thickness, and defended by a large bastion; the greatest of them is chambered within, and wrought into several recesses. A massive portcullis-gate leads to the

ruins of what was once the habitable part of the Castle, in which a large vaulted hall is the most remarkable apartment; and under it are dark and capacious dungeons. The area within the moat, which consists of several acres, was originally intended to support the cattle which should be driven thither in times of alarm. When the house was inhabited, this area was the garden; and all around, outside the moat, stood noble trees, irregularly planted round, the growth of a century. Beneath the trees ran a walk round the moat, which on one hand commanded the Castle in every point of view, and on the other looked over a country consisting of extensive meadows, bounded by lofty mountains." The highly ingenious writer proceeds to draw a view of this venerable pile, since it has undergone a second ruin, the trees being all felled, and the chambers unwindowed and nearly unroofed.



The Spectre Horsemen of Southerfell.

On this mountain, believed to be in the barony of Greystoke, Cumberland, a remarkable phenomenon is said to have been witnessed more than a century ago, under these circumstances:—In 1743, one Daniel Stricket, then servant to John Wren, of Wilton Hill, a shepherd, was sitting one evening after supper at the door, with his master, when they saw a man with a dog pursuing some horses on Southerfell-side, a place so steep that a horse can scarcely travel on it at all; and they seemed to run at an amazing pace, and to disappear at the lower end of the fell. Master and man resolved to go next morning to the steep side of the mountain, on which they expected to find that the horses had lost their shoes, from the rate at which they galloped, and the man his life. They went, but to their surprise they found no vestige of horses having passed that way. They said nothing about their vision for some time, fearing the ridicule of their neighbours; and this they did not fail to receive when they at length ventured to relate their story.

On the 23rd of June (on the eve of St. John's Day), in the following year (1744), Stricket, who was then servant to a Mr. Lancaster, of Blakehills, the next house to Wilton Hill, was walking a little above the house in the evening, about half-past seven, when on looking towards Southerfell, he saw a troop of men on horseback riding on the mountain-side in pretty close ranks, and at the speed of a brisk walk. He looked earnestly at this appearance for some time before he ventured to acquaint any one with what he saw, remembering the ridicule he had brought on himself by relating his former vision. At length, satisfied

of its reality, he went into the house, and told his master he had something curious to show him. The master said he supposed Stricket wanted him to look at a bonfire (it being the custom for the shepherds, on the eve of St. John, to vie with each other for the largest bonfire); however, they went out together, and before Stricket spoke of or pointed to the phenomenon, Mr. Lancaster himself observed it, and when they found they both saw alike, they summoned the rest of the family, who all came, and all saw the visionary horsemen. There were many troops, and they seemed to come from the lower part of the fell, becoming first visible at a place called Knott; they then moved in regular order in a curvilinear path along the side of the fell until they came opposite to Blakehills, when they went over the mountain and disappeared. The last, or last but one in every troop, galloped to the front, and then took the swift walking pace of the rest. The spectators saw all alike these changes in relative position, and at the same time, as they found on questioning each other when any change took place. The phenomenon was also seen by every person at every cottage within a mile; and from the time that Stricket first observed it, the appearance lasted two hours and a half—namely, from half-past seven until night prevented any further view. Blakehills lay only half a mile from the place of this extraordinary appearance. Such are the circumstances as related in Clarke's *Survey of the Lakes*, 1789; and he professes to give his account in the words of Mr. Lancaster, by whom it was related to him, and on whose testimony he fully relied; he subjoins a declaration of its truth, signed by the eye-witnesses, William Lancaster and Daniel Stricket. Mr. Clarke remarks that the country abounds in fables of apparitions, but that they are never said to have been seen by more than one or two persons at a time, and then only for a moment; and remembering that Speed mentions some similar appearance to have preceded a civil war, he hazards the supposition, that the vision might prefigure the tumults of the rebellion of the following year.

Mr. Sidney Gibson, F.S.A., who has communicated the above to *Notes and Queries*, remarks, "One is reminded of the apparition said to have been witnessed above Vallombrosa, early in the fourth century. Rogers, after mentioning in the canto of 'Florence and Pisa,' in his *Italy*, that Petrarch, when an infant of seven months old, narrowly escaped drowning in a flood of the Arno, on the way from Florence to Ancisa, whither his mother was retiring with him, says, 'A most extraordinary deluge, accompanied by signs and prodigies, happened a few years afterwards. On that night, says Giovanni Villani, a hermit being at prayer in his hermitage above Vallombrosa, heard a furious

trampling as of many horses ; and crossing himself, and hurrying to the wicket, saw a multitude of infernal horsemen, all black and terrible, riding by at full speed. When, in the name of God, he demanded their purpose, one replied, ' We are going, if it be His pleasure, to drown the city of Florence for its wickedness.' This account, he adds, was given me by the Abbot of Vallombrosa, who had questioned the holy man himself."

Naworth Castle, Lanercost, and the Lords of Gillesland.

Naworth Castle is situated amidst very picturesque scenery, about twelve miles north-east of Carlisle, in what was almost a roadless country, when Wardens of the Marches lived at Naworth, but is now within sight from the railway between Newcastle and Carlisle. Standing on an old bridge between Naworth and Lanercost, the spectator surveys a country that has many historic memories. On the north-east are the footsteps of the Romans ; for on the high moorland wastes towards Bewcastle are remains of the paved Roman road, twelve feet broad, laid with stone ; the country on the south, within a short distance from Naworth, was traversed by the Roman wall ; and lower down the river is the site of a Roman station, within the fortifications of which the Norman lords of Gillesland afterwards held their place of strength. Yonder, on the green holms of St. Mary, the grey pile and cloister of Lanercost is a venerable monument of the power that civilized a turbulent and warlike age ; and beneath the antique gateway the early benefactors of Lanercost, and many lords of the adjacent hills, passed to a holy peace, which the world could not bestow. Under that gateway, and on the bridge that now spans the broad stream of Irthing, Edward I. was frequently seen when his Scottish campaigns brought him to reside at Lanercost ; and the martial followers arrayed in his train mingled on this road with the white-robed monks, for their seclusion was invaded during months together by the rude sounds of military array—

" When on steep and on crag
Streamed banner and flag,
And the pennons and plumage of war."

Cumberland is not peculiar in regarding Naworth Castle as one of the most interesting monuments of the feudal age that can be found in England ; and although considerable portions of the fortress have been rebuilt, it presents a characteristic specimen of the stronghold of a great Border Warden in days

" When English lords and Scottish chiefs were foes."

This fortress of a martial race passed to the great historical house of Howard by the marriage of the famous "Belted Will" of Border story, to Lady Elizabeth Dacre, the heiress of Naworth and Gillesland, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and became the inheritance of "the Carlisle branch" of that illustrious house.

At Naworth Castle we see in the outer walls, and the massive towers that rise at the angles of its southern front, the stronghold of the Dacres of Gillesland. It was in the reign of Edward the Third that the inheritor of the ancient barony of Gillesland, forsaking the old Castle of its former lords, determined on building a stronger and more stately fortress, and came to Naworth to raise its "wood-environed tower."

In the days of the Norman lords of Gillesland no walls of stone were seen amidst the forest slopes or the rocky dells of Naworth. Soon after the Norman Conquest, Naworth and the rest of the hills and vales of Gillesland, were the inheritance of a Thane, whose stronghold was in the Roman station already mentioned, and known in modern times as Castle Steads. It looked over the vale of Irthing, at that time a wild, uncultivated, and very thinly-peopled tract of country. In the reigns of the Anglo-Norman Kings, and for a long period after, a great part of Cumberland was still covered by the primæval forest. From the lonely towers on Irthing the howl of the wolf was no doubt frequently heard; the eagle had not forsaken the crags that were still crested by the Roman watch-towers; through the unfrequented thickets of the neighbouring country the wild boar and the red deer roamed undisturbed by man; and the wild cattle might be seen in the pathless woods, and on the adjacent wastes.

Cumberland, it will be remembered, was a part of the kingdom of Scotland, when William the Conqueror made it subject to the Norman arms. It was then bestowed on Ranulph de Meschines, a valiant follower of the King, who dispossessed the native owner of Gillesland, and conferred his lands on Hubert, a companion in arms, who took the name of De Vaux—in history, de Vallibus—from the possessions of his family in Normandy. This was a time of turbulence and warfare, and the Norman grantee could with difficulty hold what the sword had won. The country was invaded and wasted by Malcolm, King of Scotland, in 1070; and a period of eighty years from that time elapsed before Cumberland was finally wrested from the Scottish power. The English, meantime, endeavoured to make good their conquests by fortifying the possessions they had gained.

One of the first acts of Henry II., on regaining Cumberland, was to

confirm to Hubert de Vaux "all the lands which Gilbert, son of Bueth, had held on the day of his death:" this comprised the lordship of Gillesland.

In the 11 Henry II., Hubert de Vallibus was succeeded by Robert, his son; and this new "lord of the hills" was a person of no small power and eminence in that reign. He bore the sword of justice as a judge-itinerant, and also served the state in martial capacities. As governor of Carlisle, he defended the Castle against the long siege of William the Lion of Scotland, in 1174. He rendered a more lasting service to posterity by founding the Priory Church of Lanercost.

Of the circumstance that led him to this good act a story has been told by county historians, which stains the character of De Vallibus, but seems to have no sufficient foundation. Probably, it was he who, before that event, built at Irthington the Castle which became the stronghold of the lords of Gillesland, the old tower at Castle Steads having, as it would seem, become unfit for the residence of a powerful baron, in a country so frequently invaded by the Scots.

But a dark tale of murder has been connected with the desertion of Castle Steads, and the foundation of Lanercost. It is said that Robert de Vallibus treacherously invited the rival lord of Gillesland to Castle Steads, and there slew him; and that by way of expiation he founded the Priory of Lanercost, and endowed it in part with the very patrimony which had been the occasion of the murder. It is further alleged that, after committing outrage on the laws, he devoted himself to the study of them, and forsook the sword. Now, it is unquestionable that the tower of Castle Steads was conferred on the monks of Lanercost, and the tradition is that the walls were rased to the ground, and the site (which was not to be again built upon) sown with salt, according to the old ecclesiastical usage in cases of blood-shedding. But although the rival claimant's blood may have been shed at Castle Steads, the Norman judge seems guiltless of it. The Priory of Lanercost was founded not later than 1169; but for years after as well as before that event he occurs in offices of trust and dignity, and in 1174 had not forsaken arms, for the city of Carlisle in that year witnessed his military prowess, as already mentioned.

In 1176, when justices itinerant were for the first time appointed to go through England, he was appointed with the office of judge for the northern counties, with the great Ranulph de Glanville, Henry's Chief Justiciary, but in his case arms never yielded to the gown. His wealth and possessions were great, and he made a noble use of them in founding Lanercost Priory, and rearing the cross in his native vale of Gillesland,

amidst a turbulent population who lived in the dark shadows of pagan superstition. The monastery has shared the fate of other monasteries in England; but Christian rites have been maintained in the vale of Gillesland from the reign of Henry II. to the present time. The founder's brief charters of donation, given under his seal to a little colony of Augustine monks, transplac'd from Hexham to Lanercost, have maintained the church he founded for a period of nearly seven hundred years. As the church of the parish of Abbey Lanercost, it happily still exists; but its once glorious choir is roofless and shattered, the high tombs of its benefactors are swept by the winter's storms, and the edifice presents a dull and mournful contrast in the closed doors of its spacious nave—the only portion of the church preserved—and the ruined architecture of its choir, to the animated and solemn scene that was witnessed at Lanercost when it saw the daily worship of a large monastic fraternity—when sovereign and nobles bowed before its altars.

About the period of King John's accession, Robert de Vallibus, after a life passed in the turbulent scenes of three warlike reigns, was laid for his final rest before the altar he had "gifted for his soul's repose." His brother Ranulph succeeded to the barony of Gillesland, and died in the first of John's reign, leaving Robert his son and heir, who joined a crusade in the 6th of Henry III.: he lived to return from the spirit-stirring scenes of the Holy Land to the sequestered valleys of his native country, and to marry Margaret, daughter of William de Grey-stoke by Mary de Merlay, heiress of Morpeth. He was succeeded by his son, Hubert, who died leaving only a daughter, Maud, by whose marriage to Thomas de Multon, lord of Burgh on Solway, the barony of Gillesland became vested in that family. Thomas de Multon, who thus became lord of Gillesland, was eldest son of Thomas de Multon, justiciary of Henry III., and through his mother, the daughter and co-heiress of Hugh de Morville, inherited the great possessions of the De Morville family, whose chief seat was Kirk Oswald Castle. Thomas de Multon, husband of the heiress of De Vaux, died in 1270, and his great grandson, also a Thomas de Multon, succeeded; in whose time occurred those ravages by the Scots, in which after burning Hexham Abbey in 1296, they returned through Gillesland, and destroyed a great portion of Lanercost Priory. This Thomas de Multon died in 1313, and Margaret, his only child, inherited his great possessions. It was by an alliance with this heiress that the noble family of Dacre acquired the barony of Gillesland, and the alliance was effected in a manner worthy of that chivalrous race. Margaret de Multon was only thirteen

years of age, when she became his heiress. She had been betrothed by him to Ralph de Dacre, by a contract made between her father and William de Dacre, the father of Ralph. The wardship of the young lady was prudently claimed by Edward II., and she was entrusted to the care of Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick. We are not told whether the Flower of Gillesland preferred her suitor and her native mountains to the alliance destined for her by the King; but certain it is, when she was in her seventeenth year, the young heiress was carried off in the night-time from Warwick Castle by her adventurous suitor, Ralph de Dacre, who was rewarded for his chivalrous exploit by marrying her, and acquiring her great possessions. This was in the year 1317.

Until some time in the reign of Edward III., the old Castle of Irthington was maintained as chief mansion of the barony of Gillesland. In the summer of 1335, the youthful Edward III. was in these parts with a great army collected against the Scots; and there is reason to believe that he was the guest of Ralph de Dacre, at Irthington, when the King granted him a license to fortify and castellate his mansion of Naward, as it is described in the patent. Irthington Castle was then abandoned, and Naworth erected; and the mound on which, in Norman fashion the keep was built, is all that has remained of Irthington Castle in the memory of man. And so the new stronghold at Naworth was built to receive a garrison:

“Stern on the angry confines Naworth rose;
In dark woods islanded, its towers looked forth,
And frown'd defiance on the angry North.”

The interior arrangements of Naworth all proclaimed the feudal age and their adaptation to the martial manners and rude chivalry of the Border five hundred years ago, when Lords of Marches there held sway, and surrounded by armed retainers, were wont to issue forth for the chastisement of some lawless foray, or the defence of the neighbouring country. From the time of the Plantagenets down to the dynasty of the Stuarts the inhabitants were exposed to an almost constant defensive warfare against the predatory Scots, and against the robbers who inhabited the Border lands, and were continually organized into a sort of militia for defence, originally against the Scots, and subsequently against the moss-troopers. When Naworth Castle was built, and for centuries afterwards, the country round was cultivated with difficulty, and lawlessness of manners prevailed. Even on the English side, there were clans and families whose occupation it was to plunder their neighbours; and the native peasantry of Tynedale, and of the more remote wild dales of the Border, were a race almost as barbarous in

manners. Two centuries after Naworth Castle was rebuilt, ordinances were enacted for public safety, which required that many hundreds of persons should be continually employed in the night-watches, and form a sort of *cordon* of defensive militia. The rest of the neighbours were obliged to sally forth at any hour upon occasion, and follow the fray, on pain of death. Such was the state of things from before the reign of Edward I. down to the middle of the seventeenth century; and at no period were the inhabitants of the Marches in a worse state of insecurity and lawlessness than at the close of the sixteenth century—the time when Naworth became the property of Lord William Howard—that politic and martial chieftain, both scholar and soldier, whose name has given an undying celebrity to Naworth Castle, and who has justly received the honourable distinction of “the Civilizer of the English Borders.”

The great lords resided chiefly in their castles, leaving them only when required (which, in former times, was very frequent), to attend the King in his wars, or his Parliaments. The feudal tenures and services were maintained around the ancient lords of Naworth: upon their walls—

“Was frequent heard the changing guard,
And watchword from the sleepless ward.”

They handled the sword constantly—the pen, we may believe, but seldom if ever in their lives; their leisure was much occupied in the sports of wood and field; and they were liberal in all that pertained to hawks and hounds. Their tastes in this respect seem to have been shared by not only the dignified, secular clergy of their day, but also, by the abbots and priors of some of the monasteries.

Lord William Howard was the son of Thomas Howard, fourth Duke of Norfolk, “the most powerful and most popular man in England;” but, allured by ambition, and animated by a chivalrous feeling towards the accomplished and ill-fated Queen of Scots, the Duke, in 1568, when a year had not elapsed from his becoming for the third time a widower, formed or assented to a project for a marriage with that Princess, then the captive of the implacable Elizabeth. The story of this perilous intrigue forms a romantic and memorable feature in the sad history of the time, and it speedily conducted him to the fatal end of his father. He was sacrificed to the animosity of the jealous and artful Elizabeth, on the 2nd of June, 1572, being the first of her victims who suffered death on Tower Hill. By this tragical event Lord William Howard was made an orphan, in the ninth year of his age.

The iniquitous sacrifice of the Duke deprived Lord William of title,

* * *

dignity, and estate. The Duke, after his alliance to the Dacre family, had, however, very wisely and prudently destined his three sons for his three youthful wards, the heiresses of the great baronies and estates of Thomas Lord Dacre; and his design was fulfilled as to the two heiresses who survived, but not in his own lifetime. The youthful Lady Elizabeth Dacre was in ward to the Queen after the execution of the Duke of Norfolk; and it was well for Lord William Howard that her hand was not disposed of to some minion of the Court. Lord William and his youthful bride were born in the same year; she had been left an orphan in her seventh year, Lord William in his ninth. Brought up together, and destined for each other from childhood, it is a remarkable circumstance that, after a union of more than sixty years, he died in little more than twelve months from her death. "Their long union appears," says Mr. Henry Howard of Corby, in his *Memorials of the Howard Family*, "to have been one of the truest affection, and his regard for her seems not ever to have suffered variation or abatement."

They were married on the 28th of October, 1577, at Audley End, near Saffron Walden, Essex (the maternal estate of Thomas Howard, elder brother of Lord William), when he was about fourteen years of age, the Lady Elizabeth being some months younger; and they resided for some time on an estate called Mount Pleasant, in Enfield Chase. But they were destined ere long to experience the rancour of persecution for religion's sake. The Earl of Arundel (Lord William's eldest brother), about 1583, decided on joining the Roman Catholic Church, as did Lord William, which rendered it necessary that they should leave England. In 1582, the Earl of Arundel attempted to escape to the continent, and prepared a letter for the Queen, in which he explained his reasons for that resolution, and declared his undiminished allegiance to her as his sovereign; but being jealously watched in all his movements, he was intercepted when about to embark from the Sussex coast, and was brought a close prisoner to the Tower of London. Lord William, who had now three children to engage his solicitude, was made to share his brother's captivity. This was about Easter, 1585.

The Lady Elizabeth, on attaining full age, had received restitution of her paternal lands of Naworth and Gillesland, which she enjoyed down to the time of the imprisonment of Lord William and his brother; but they were no sooner disabled from defending their lands than, at the suit of Francis Dacre, the estates were sequestered from the heiresses, and they were involved in a costly litigation. "Mr. Francis Dacre, not omitting his advantage of time, prosecuted his cause with great violence, when both his adversaries were close prisoners, in danger of

their lives, and in so deep disgrace of the time, that scarce any friend or servant durst adventure to show themselves in their cause; nay, the counsellors refused to plead their title when they had been formally retained."

The estates of the heiress of Naworth and Gillesland were still withheld; and finally Lord William Howard, and the widow of his brother (who died a prisoner in the Tower), were compelled, in the year 1601, to purchase their own lands of the Queen for the sum of 10,000*l.* In the *Memorials of the Howard Family* it is remarked that it does not appear how the widow and Lord William managed to subsist, and meet the high charges and exactions to which they were subjected; accounts from 1619 to 1628 inclusive, show that he was still in debt, and paid ten per cent. interest for borrowed money. The accession of King James opened fairer prospects to the house of Howard, which had suffered so much, and lain so long under spoliation and forfeiture for the attachment of the Duke of Norfolk to the ill-fated mother of that monarch. On the accession of James, Lord William was restored in blood; and in company with his uncle, Henry Howard, afterwards Earl of Northampton, went into Cumberland in 1603, and met James on his entry into the kingdom. Probably Lord William was first invested by the new monarch with the office of King's Lieutenant and Warden of the Marches in 1605.

It seems that while he was deprived of his wife's patrimony, most of the timber in the parks was cut down; and by an inquisition taken in 1580, it was reported that "the faire Castle is in very great decay in all parts." Lord William was no sooner reinstated in his property than he began the repair of the old baronial stronghold, which during the long years of persecution had been neglected and deserted. This was some time before 1607, at which time, Camden, the great antiquary, visited Naworth, where he found its noble owner living the life of a scholar, as well as a soldier. Camden speaks of him as "an attentive and learned searcher into venerable antiquity;" and in another passage says, "he copied for me with his own hand the inscriptions found at Castle Steads;" alluding to the inscriptions on Roman altars and tablets collected from the neighbourhood by Lord William, in the gardens of Naworth Castle. While the repairs were in progress he resided, with his family, chiefly at his favourite hunting-seat of Thornthwaite, in Westmoreland. Of his income about this time we find some interesting particulars in an account-book, in his own handwriting, preserved at Naworth Castle. His yearly income averaged 10,000*l.* money of the present day. Lord William himself declared, twenty years later, that

his "parks, liberties, and forests, in the compass of his own territories, were as great a quantity in one place as any nobleman in England possessed." But considerable as was his income from his broad lands in so many parts of the country, his extensive alterations and repairs at Naworth, which were in progress during a period of twenty years, must have absorbed a great part of it. They greatly changed the aspect of the Castle in the inner court, and in its interior arrangements. He heightened the great hall, and enlarged its windows. He adopted for his own habitation the very remarkable chambers in the tower of the south-west angle of the fortress, which is still called "Lord William's Tower."

Shortly before the time when he began these repairs, the dismantling and destruction of the Castle of Kirk Oswald gave Lord William the opportunity of acquiring for his Castle the oak ceilings and wainscot-work of the ancient hall and chapel of Kirk Oswald, and which he applied to the same uses at Naworth. These roofs were divided into panels, each painted with an historical portrait. In the Castle chapel at Naworth, as well as in the hall, there was a curious oak ceiling; and the altar end was fitted up with wainscot in panels filled with portraits of patriarchs and ecclesiastics. All this ancient work perished in a fire in 1844; but in the chamber which Lord William used as his library, there is still the fine oak roof, in panels, elaborately carved, with bold heraldic bosses, enriched formerly by gold and colours, said to have been brought from Kirk Oswald; as were four heraldic figures, the size of life, to bear banners. Lord William enriched his oratory with sculptured figures in alabaster, brought from Kirk Oswald, and paintings on panel, thought to have been taken from Lanercost Priory Church. The original wainscot of Lord William's bedroom below has been preserved. The bedstead and furniture are new, having been made of those preserved in this chamber from Lord William's time. To these chambers, when he inhabited them, the only approach was through the warder's gallery, and this seems to have been reached only by the ancient winding stairs in the principal tower.

In the Castle, thus altered and furnished for habitation, Lord William was residing in 1620. A few years later, when all his family, sons and daughters, surrounded their noble parents at Naworth, they are said to have numbered fifty-two in family. Lord William necessarily maintained a large number of followers and domestics, and he was accustomed to move about with many retainers.

In 1617, he met King James I. at Carlisle with a large body of his armed servants; and when he came from Naworth to visit Lord Scrope,

Governor of Carlisle, he marched into the castle at the head of a body of armed followers :

“ When, from beneath the greenwood tree,
Rode forth Lord Howard's chivalry ;
And men-at-arms with glaive and spear,
Brought up the chieftain's glitt'ring rear.”

In 1624, mention occurs of a house in St. Martin's-lane, Charing Cross, to which Lord William frequently repaired. The cost of each of his journeys to London, with from eighteen to twenty-four attendants and twelve horses, going and returning, varied from 15*l.* to 21*l.*, but was sometimes more. Of his pecuniary circumstances his accounts afford some curious traces. In 1619 he was still so straitened, from the plunder he had suffered by Queen Elizabeth, and from the cost of the Castle repairs, that he allowed himself for pocket-money only 20*s.* a month, which scanty sum he had increased in 1627 to 36*l.* a year. From that period, however, he bought more costly furniture and books, planted his estates, and was paying marriage-portions for his daughters, but still by instalments only.

In the steward's accounts, there are several payments of 5*s.* to the barber for cutting hair and trimming my lord's beard. A pair of silk hose cost 35*s.*: this was in 1619. A pair of gloves for my lord, 5*s.*; a pair of boots, 10*s.*; and a pair of spurs, 2*s.*; a silk belt for the sword, 2*s.*; every year, at least, two pairs of spectacles—one pair being set down at eightpence.

It has been already mentioned that “ Lord William's Tower ”—the walls of which are enormously thick—was in his time only accessible through the long gallery paced by his armed warriors; and his chambers were guarded by two doors of great strength at and near the entrance from the gallery. The tower chamber was his bedroom; above it was his library, and beside the place of study was his private oratory. A secret chamber had been contrived between the level of the oratory and the floor below. The descent to it was behind the altar, and in the dark days of persecution, it probably more than once formed a hiding-place for priests. All the apartments, the very furniture he used, the books he read, the trusty blade he wielded for his sovereign, and the altar at which he knelt before the King of kings, were preserved so completely in their original state down to the fire, that, as Sir Walter Scott remarked, they carried back the visitor to the hour when the Warden in person might be heard ascending his turret-stair, and almost led you to expect his arrival.

Lord William Howard was diligent and successful in the discharge of his duties, and he maintained at Naworth a garrison of 140 men: his

name was a name of terror to the lawless and disobedient, "who," says Fuller, "had two enemies—the laws of the land and Lord William of Naworth." The dark and gloomy prison-vault at the basement of the south-western or principal tower of the castle, is a terrible monument of the severity experienced by prisoners,

"Doom'd in sad durance pining to abide
The long delay of hope from Solway's further side."

Some rings remain on the walls of this dungeon.

By the epithet "Belted Will," Lord Howard is commonly known. A belt said to have been worn by him used to be shown at Naworth, and "a broad and studded belt" it was, being of leather, three or four inches broad, and covered with a couplet in German, the letters on metal studs, from which circumstance it has been imagined that some charm was attributed to this belt. The baldrick was, however, in former times worn as a distinguishing badge by persons in high station, and, therefore, does not seem likely to have furnished a distinguishing epithet: moreover, in his portraits, Lord William's belt is not prominent, but is remarkably narrow. In Cumberland, the characteristic epithet attached to his name was, "Bauld Willie," meaning "Bold William,"—a description, certainly, of the noble

"Howard, than whom knight
Was never dubb'd more bold in fight;
Nor, when from war and armour free,
More fam'd for stately courtesy."

Sir Walter Scott has added a chivalric portrait of the noble chieftain's appearance in the well-known lines:

"Costly his garb,—his Flemish ruff
Fell o'er his doublet shaped of buff,
With satin slashed and lined;
Tawny his boot, and gold his spur,
His cloak was all of Poland fur,
His hose with silver twined;
His Bilboa blade, by March-men felt,
Hung in a broad and studded belt."

We have abridged and condensed (by permission of the author) these very interesting historiettes from a volume of *Descriptive and Historical Notices of Northumbrian Castles, Churches, and Antiquities*. Third series. By W. Sidney Gibson, Esq., F.S.A. Few antiquarian and topographical works bear a stronger impress of reality than the series, of which the above volume forms part: they have the advantage of being written amidst the scenes which they so truthfully and eloquently describe; there is, too, a graceful and poetic feeling shown in the appreciation of the scenes, characters, and incidents by which the narratives are characterized.

Kendal Castle and Queen Catherine Parr. ✓

A small portion of the town of Kendal, in Westmoreland, lies on the east or left bank of the river Kent, and on the same side are ruins of the old Castle of the Barons of Kendal, with two round and two square towers. This was anciently a strong fortress, defended by lofty towers and battlements, erected soon after the Norman Conquest, but now gone to decay; insomuch, that while in the front of the building the remains of turrets and bastions were seen, there was little more than a heap of ruins behind. In its original state the Castle formed a square, encompassed by a moat.

It is related, that many years since an eccentric person, who travelled the country with hardware, took up his abiding-place in a part of the Castle ruins, which barely afforded shelter from the weather. These he patched up as well as he could, and got a door and a few seats made. Numbers of persons flocked to see him in his abode. He made a claim to the remains of the Castle by pretending that he was a descendant of Catherine Parr, the widow of Lord Latimer, the last consort of King Henry VIII., who was born in this Castle. Barons and earls have taken their title from hence. Camden says, the barons were of the family of Taleboys, one of whose posterity, called William, by consent of King Henry II., took upon him the title of William of Lancaster.

The pedigree of the once eminent family of Parr, though not complete or satisfactory, boasts high distinction. Dugdale, in his Baronage, commences with Sir William Parr, who married Elizabeth de Ros, 1383; but he states the family to have been previously of Knightly degree; and a MS. pedigree in the Herald's College, also mentions Sir William as descended from a race of Knights. Sir Thomas Parr, father of Queen Catherine, died 1518; he held manors, messuages, lands, woods, and rents, in Parr, Wigan, and Sutton.

Sir Richard Baker, in his *Chronicle*, relates the following details of "How the Lady Catherine Parr escaped being burned for Heresy. She, being an earnest Protestant, had many great adversaries, by whom she was accused to the King of having heretical books found in her closet; and this was so much aggravated against her, that her enemies prevailed with the King to sign a warrant to commit her to the Tower, with a purpose to have her *burnt for heresy*. This warrant was delivered to Wriothesley, Lord Chancellor, and he by chance, or rather, indeed, by God's providence, letting it fall from him, it was taken up, and carried to the Queen, who, having read it, went soon after to visit the

King, at that time keeping his chamber, by reason of a sore leg. Being come to the King, he presently fell to talk with her about some points of religion, demanding her resolution thereon. But she knowing that his nature was not to be crossed, especially considering the case she was in, made him answer that she was a woman accompanied with many imperfections, but his Majesty was wise and judicious, of whom she must learn, as her lord and head. 'Not so, by St. Mary, (said the King,) for you are a doctor, Kate, to instruct us, and not to be instructed by us, as often we have seen heretofore.' 'Indeed, sir,' said she, 'if your Majesty have so conceived, I have been mistaken; for if heretofore I have held talk with you touching religion, it hath been to learn of your Majesty some point whereof I stood in doubt, and sometimes that with my talk I might make you forget your present infirmity.' 'And is it even so, sweetheart? (quoth the King), then we are friends;' and so, kissing her, gave her leave to depart.

"But soon after was the day appointed by the King's warrant for apprehending her, on which day the King, disposed to walk in the garden had the Queen with him; when suddenly, the Lord Chancellor, with forty of the guard, came into the garden with a purpose to apprehend her, whom as soon as the King saw, he stept to him, and calling him knave and fool, bid him avaunt out of his presence. The Queen, seeing the King so angry with the Chancellor, began to entreat for him, to whom the King said: 'Ah, poor soul, thou little knowest what he came about; of my word, sweetheart, he has been to thee a very knave.' And thus, by God's providence, was this Queen preserved, who else had tasted of as bitter a cup as any of his former wives had done."

To return to Kendal. Opposite the Castle ruins is the Castle How, or Castle Law Hill, an ancient earthwork. It consists of a circular mound, having a ditch and rampart round its base, and a shallow ditch and a breastwork surrounding its flat top, on which is an obelisk erected in commemoration of the Revolution of 1688.

Castle Dairy, a quaint old house, situated in Wildman-street, was an appendage to the Castle. On a stone outside, within a sunk panel, are incised the letters "A. G.," a cord with sundry knots being intertwined, and the date:—for Anthony Garnett then proprietor. On the upper bevelled stonework of a window, are incised QUI VADIT PLANE—VADIT SANE, and A. G. in cypher. In the portion of an apartment, the mantelshelf extends the whole breadth of the house, and is of oak panels. In one window is a quarrel, with 1567—OMNIA VANITAS—A. G.; with interlaced cord VIENDRA LE JOUR, a skull. In another window a fleur-de-lis, within a tasteful border, in cinque-cento style,

surmounted by a crown. In a bed-room upstairs is a massive carved oak bedstead, the head-board of which has carved upon it,—dexter, a mask with horns, after the Roman antique; middle, a scroll, with OMNIA VANITAS, a shield with “A. G.,” a scroll, with “viendra le jour,” and skull: sinister, mask in cinque-cento style; lower row three lions’ masks in as many panels. On a buffet carved 1562, Window, dated 1565; two oak-trees; an eagle and child, or, the face proper. On oak bosses on the ceiling heraldic shields. Some years ago, in a chest was found a Missal, and a dozen beechen roundles, gilded and painted, each with an animal, and beneath a quatrain. These roundles are said to be of the time of Henry VIII.

Kendal was made a market-town by license from Richard I., and became, by the settlement of the Flemings, in the reign of Edward III. the seat of a considerable manufacture of woollen cloths, (which took from the town the name of Kendals), and continued to be so down to quite modern times. They were a sort of forester’s green cloth:—

“Three misbegotten knaves in Kendal-green.”

Shakspeare, 1 Hen. IV.

It was the uniform of Robin Hood’s followers:—

“All the woods

Are full of outlaws, that in Kendal-green

Follow’d the outlaw’d Earl of Huntingdon.”

Robert, Earl of Huntingdon, 1601.

Fuller in his *Worthies*, being a Cambridge man, out of sympathy wishes well to the clothier of Kendal, “as the first founder of Kendal Green.”

Brougham Castle.

At the northern extremity of Westmoreland, in a district abounding with relics of Roman times, and on the military way to Carlisle, are the venerable ruins of Brougham Castle, a famous building of the Middle Ages. Leland describes it, in his time, as an old castle on the Eden water, “that the common people there say doth sink.” The ploughmen there find in the field many square stones, tokens of old buildings, and some coins and urns. An inquisition records that the Prior of Carlisle, during the minority of John de Veteripont, suffered the walls and *house of Brougham* to go to decay, for want of repairing the gutters thereof. The expression *house* seems to infer that license had not at that time been procured to embattle it. Roger Lord Clifford, son of Isabella de Veteripont, built the greatest part of the Castle, and placed over its inner door this inscription—*This I made Roger.* His grandson, Robert,

built the eastern parts of the Castle, where his arms, with those of his wife, were cut in stone. In 1403, however, Brougham and its demesne were declared worth nothing, "because it lieth altogether waste by reason of the destruction of the country by the Scots." It was substantially repaired; for Francis, Earl of Cumberland, magnificently entertained King James at Brougham Castle three days in August, 1617, on his return from his last journey out of Scotland. About thirty years later, as recorded by an inscription, "This Brougham Castle was repaired by the Ladie Anne Clifford, Countess Dowager of Pembroke, Dorset, and Montgomery, Baronesse Clifford, Westmerland, and Vescie, Ladie of the honour of Skipton-'n-Craven, and High-Sheriffesse by inheritance of the county of Westmerland, in the year 1651 and 1652, after it had layen ruinous ever since about August 1617, when King James lay in it for a time, in his journie out of Scotland, towards London, until this time, Isa. c. LVIII. v. 12, God's name be praised.'

The Countess Anne also tells us that after she had been there to direct the building, she caused her old decayed Castle of Brougham to be repaired, and also the Roman Tower, in the said old Castle; and the court-house for keeping her courts in, with some dozen or fourteen rooms to be built in it upon the old foundation. The Tower of Leagues, and the Pagan Tower, and a state-room called Greystoke Chamber, are mentioned in her Memoirs; but the room in which her father was born, her "blessed mother" died, and King James lodged in 1617, she never fails to mention, as being that in which she lay, in all her visits to this place. A garrison of foot soldiers was placed in it for a short time in August, 1659. After the death of the Countess the Castle appears to have been much neglected. Its stone, timber, and lead were sold for 100*l.* to two attorneys of Penrith, who disposed of them by public sale, the first of which was on the coronation of George I., 1714. The wainscoting was purchased by the villagers of the neighbourhood, among whom specimens of it were long preserved.

The Castle was described in 1776, as being guarded by an outward vaulted gateway, and tower with a portecullis; and at the distance of about twenty paces an inroad vaulted gateway of ribbed arches, with a portecullis, through which you entered a spacious area, defended by lofty towers.

"The side next the river is divided by three square towers; from thence, on either hand, a little wing falls back, the one leading to the gateway; the other connected with the outworks, which extend to a considerable distance along a grassy plain of pasture ground, terminated by a turret, one of the outposts of the castle. The centre of the build-

ing is a lofty square tower; the shattered turrets which form the angles, and the hanging galleries, are overgrown with shrubs. The lower apartment in the principal tower still remains entire, being a square of twenty feet, covered with a vaulted roof of stone, consisting of eight arches, of light and excellent workmanship. The groins are ornamented with various grotesque heads, and supported in the centre by an octagon pillar, about four feet in circumference, with a capital and base of Norman architecture. In the centre of each arch rings are fixed, as if designed for lamps to illuminate the vault. From the construction of this cell, and its situation in the chief tower of the fortress, it is not probable it was formed for a prison, but rather was used at the time of siege and assault, as the retreat of the chief persons of the household. All the other apartments are destroyed. The outer gateway is machicolated, and has the arms of Vaux on its tower."

The connexion of the late Lord Brougham with this famous old place is of great antiquity. The family of Brougham is of Saxon descent, and derives its surname from Burgham, afterwards Brougham, the ancient Brocavum of the Romans. "The estate of Burgham or Brougham belonged to the Brougham family before the Conquest. This is proved from the fact, that the earliest possessors had Brougham at the time of the Conquest, and continued to hold it afterwards by the tenure of drengage; a tenure by military service, but distinguished at that time from Knight's service, inasmuch as those only held their lands by drengage who had possessed them before the Conquest, and were continued to them after submitting to the Conqueror."—(Sir Bernard Burke's *Peerage*, 1865.) After the Conquest, William the Norman granted to Robert de Veteripont, or Vipont, extensive rights and territories in Westmoreland; and among others, some oppressive rights of seignior over the manor of Brougham, then held by Walter de Burgham. To relieve the estate of such services, Gilbert de Burgham, in the reign of King John, agreed to give up absolutely one-third part of the estate to Robert de Veteripont, and also the advowson to the rectory of Brougham. This third comprises *the land upon which the castle is built*, and the estate afterwards given by Anne Countess of Pembroke (heiress of Veteripont), to the Hospital of Poor Widows at Appleby. Brougham Castle, if not built, was much extended by Veteripont; and afterwards still more enlarged by Roger Clifford, who succeeded, by marriage, to the Veteripont possessions. The manor-house, about three-quarters of a mile from the Castle, continued in the Brougham family; and part of it, especially the gateway, is supposed to be Saxon architecture; at all events, it is the earliest Norman. In the

year 1607, Thomas Brougham, then lord of the manor of Brougham, died without issue male, and the estate was sold to one Bird, who was steward of the Clifford family; the heir male of the Brougham family, then residing at Scales Hall, in Cumberland. About 1680, John Brougham of Scales, re-purchased the estate and manor of Brougham from Bird's grandson, and entailed it for his nephew, from whom it passed by succession to the late Lord Brougham; Brougham Castle descending from the Veteriponts to the Cliffords; and from them to the Thanet family. The manor-house, now called Brougham Hall, is sometimes styled Birdnest, from its having belonged to the family of Bird. It stands upon a woody eminence upon the east side of the Lowther; and from the richness, variety, and extent of the prospect from its fine terraces, is often called "the Windsor of the North." Its hall is lofty, and lighted by fine Gothic windows, filled with painted glass, some of which is of the old stain. Nearly adjoining it is the Chapel of Brougham, dedicated to St. Wilfrid, as appears by the Rector of Brougham agreeing in 1393, to find in it "two seargies afore St. Wilfry, at his own proper costs;" at which time it was endowed with lands adjoining it; but those have since been exchanged for others contiguous to the glebe of the church. In 1658 and 1659, the Countess of Pembroke rebuilt it; and the rector of the parish performs evening service in it when the family are resident.

The late Lord Brougham was much attached to his seat at Brougham. He died at Cannes, in the south of France, in 1868, and his remains rest there; but Brougham Hall is to this day visited by tourists, eager to behold the chateau of this most remarkable man, who, with the possession of encyclopædic knowledge, combined the gift of rare eloquence, political integrity, and unceasing labours for the benefit of his species. It is to be regretted that the remains of a man of such exemplary patriotism do not rest in the country of his birth.*

* An English traveller, in passing through Cannes, visited the cemetery where rest the remains of this great man; when he was much struck with the severe magnificence of the monument placed over the grave of Lord Brougham by the present lord. It is a simple but gigantic cross of granite, between 20 and 30 feet in height, with no ornament, and no inscription, only the name, birth, and death, thus;—

"HENRICVS BROVGHAM,
NATVS MDCCLXXVIII.,
DECESSIT MDCCCLXVIII."

Our traveller could not leave the spot without asking this question:—Has England so entirely forgotten the memory of one of her most illustrious sons? Is no memorial to be placed, either in Westminster Abbey or elsewhere, to record how much, not England alone, but the human race, owe to him?

In January, 1861, appeared Lord Brougham's comprehensive work on the British Constitution, with the following admirable Dedication to Her Majesty the Queen, in which allusion is gracefully made to the course adopted with respect to the second patent of the Brougham Peerage, giving the same title, but with limitation, in default of heirs male, to his brother, William Brougham, Esq., and his heirs male:—

“TO THE QUEEN.

“Madame,—I presume to lay at your Majesty's feet a work, the result of many years' diligent study, much calm reflection, and a long life's experience. It professes to record facts, institute comparisons, draw conclusions, and expound principles, often too little considered in this country by those who enjoy the inestimable blessings of our political system; and little understood in other countries by those who are endeavouring to naturalize it among themselves, and for whose success the wishes of all must be more hearty than their hopes can be sanguine.

“The subject of the book, *The British Constitution*, has a natural connexion with your Majesty's auspicious reign, which is not more adorned by the domestic virtues of the Sovereign than by the strictly constitutional exercise of her high office, redounding to the security of the Crown, the true glory of the monarch, and the happiness of the people. Entirely joining with all my fellow-citizens in feelings of gratitude towards such a ruler, I have individually a deep sense of the kindness with which your Majesty has graciously extended the honours formerly bestowed, the reasons assigned for that favour, and the precedents followed in granting it.

“With these sentiments of humble attachment and respect, I am, your Majesty's most faithful and most dutiful servant,

“BROUGHAM.

“Brougham Hall, 11th December, 1860.”

We have already pointed out that Brougham has been identified as the Roman Station, *Brocarvum*. This station is in close proximity to the Castle, and has retained its outline, clearly defined. It is of large size, measuring 1060 feet by 720 feet within the inner fosse. Its defences have, probably, furnished some of the materials for the mediæval Castle. The Station is believed to have been founded by Agricola, in the second year of his northern expedition, A.D. 79; here he fixed one of his camps; various roads lead from it, the most remarkable of which from its position being that to Ambleside, which passed along the ridge of the mountains still called High-street.

Of the inscribed stones discovered at Brougham, five are preserved at Brougham Hall, four of which were found outside the Station. Two are sepulchral memorials; the third is illegible; the fourth an inscription in honour of Constantine the Great. The fifth is a votive altar; another is built into one of the dark passages of Brougham Castle.



Legend of Constantine's Cells.

Corby Castle crowns a noble eminence on the east side of the river Eden, and is situated about five miles to the south-east of Carlisle. The lofty banks of the river on which the south front of the Castle looks down, recede in the form of a crescent, their declivities thickly overgrown with wood. On the opposite (the Wetheral) side of the river the dark red cliffs rise to a great height; and midway between the rapid river that chafes their rocky base, and the woods that wave upon their lofty crest, are the famous caverns, known as Constantine's Cells, or the Wetheral Safeguards, the narrow windows of which are seen from the opposite side in the face of the cliff, but were probably, in former times, concealed by trees.

The Caves are at a height of 40 feet above the river, about midway in the face of the cliff. There are three chambers; they are in a row, and are about 8 feet wide, and 12 in depth. Under the name of the Chambers of Constantine, these cells were granted, with lands belonging to them, by Ranulph de Meschines, not long after the Conquest, to the Benedictine Abbey of St. Mary, at York. The legend is, that Constantine inhabited the Wetheral Cells after his defeat by Athelstan, and became ultimately a monk at Melrose. Cumberland was then held by the King of Scotland as a fief of the English Crown. The cells were maintained by the prior and monks of Wetheral, to whom they may have afforded a place of refuge and security in the days of Border warfare; for these curious caves were not likely to be discovered, or if known, to be accessible by an enemy. The memory of Constantine, King and Monk, is preserved in the dedication of the parish church at Wetheral to the Blessed Virgin, conjointly with St. Constantine. The Priory at Wetheral was built by a colony from St. Mary's. The Abbey lands became the property of the Dean and Chapter of Carlisle, who found the masonry of the abbey buildings convenient for erecting prebendary houses at Carlisle; all that remains, therefore, is the massive gate and tower, which present a noble archway. A safe access to the Caves has been formed.

THE ISLE OF MAN.

Castles of Peele and Rushen.

About midway between the rocky coast of Cumberland and the lofty and precipitous shore of Ireland, and about half the distance from the indented Scottish coast, breasting the wide waters of the Irish Sea, lies the Isle of Man—the *Mona* of Cæsar; the *Monopia* of Pliny, *Monoda* of Ptolemy; *Menavia* of Orosius and Bede; and *Eubonia* of Nennius. Its derivation is traceable to the British word *mon*, which means isolated. This is altogether one of the most singular spots in the British dominions, either as regards its natural surface or its historical interest. The central parts are occupied by three chains of hills, the highest point being Sanfield, 2004 feet above the sea; whence, upon a clear day, England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales are visible. The coast is in many places very precipitous, and its picturesque wildness is heightened by rocky islets, upon one of which is Peele Castle.

"This castle," says Waldon, in his "Description of the Isle of Man," "for its situation, antiquity, strength, and beauty might justly be deemed one of the wonders of the world. Art and nature seem to have vied with each other in the model; nor ought the most minute particular to escape observation. As to its situation, it is built upon the top of a huge rock, which rears itself a stupendous height above the sea, with which it is surrounded. And also by natural fortifications of other lesser rocks, which render it inaccessible but by passing that little arm of the sea which divides it from the town. When you arrive at the foot of the rock, you ascend about some threescore steps, which are cut out of it to the first wall, which is immensely thick and high, and built of a very durable and bright stone [old red sandstone]; and has on it four little houses, or watch-towers, which overlook the sea. The gates are wood, but most curiously arched, carved, and adorned with pilasters. Having passed the first, you have other stairs of near half the number with the former to mount, before you come at the second wall, which, as well as the other, is full of port-holes for

Peele
cannon, which are planted on stone crosses on a third wall. Being entered, you find yourself in a wide plain, in the midst of which stands the castle, encompassed by four churches, three of which time has so much decayed that there is little remaining besides the walls, and some few tombs, which seem to have been erected with so much care as to perpetuate the memory of those buried in them till the final dissolution of all things. The fourth is kept a little better in repair; but not so much for its own sake, though it has been the most magnificent of them all, as for a chapel within it, which is appropriated to the use of the bishop, and has under it a prison, or rather dungeon, for those offenders who are so miserable as to incur the spiritual censure. This is certainly one of the most dreadful places that imagination can form. The sea runs under it through the hollows of the rock with such a continual roar that you would think it were every moment breaking in upon you, and over it are the vaults for burying the dead. The stairs descending to this place of terrors are not above thirty, but so steep and narrow that they are very difficult to go down, a child of eight or nine years old not being able to pass them but sideways. Within it are thirteen pillars, on which the whole chapel is supported. They have a superstition, that whatsoever stranger goes to see this cavern out of curiosity, and omits to count the pillars, shall do something to occasion being confined there. 'Tis certain that here have been very great architects in this island; for the noble monuments in this church, which is kept in repair, and indeed the ruins of the others also, show the builders to be masters of all the orders in that art, though the great number of Doric pillars prove them to be chiefly admirers of that. Nor are the epitaphs and inscriptions on the tombstones less worthy of remark; the various languages in which they are engraved testify by what a diversity of nations this little spot of earth has been possessed. Though time has defaced too many of the letters to render the remainder intelligible, yet you may easily perceive fragments of the Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Arabian, Saxon, Scotch, and Irish characters; some dates yet visible declare they were written before the coming of Christ; and, indeed, if one considers the walls, the thickness of them, and the durability of the stone of which they are composed, one must be sensible that a great number of centuries must pass before such strong workmanship could be reduced to the condition it now is. These churches, therefore, were doubtless once the temples of Pagan deities, though since consecrated to the worship of the true divinity."

In this venerable and ancient fortress, which contained several apartments of sufficient size and height to be termed noble, some of the most interesting scenes in Scott's "Peveril of the Peak" are laid. It had often been the abode, he says, not only of the lords of Man, but of those state prisoners whom the Kings of Britain sometimes committed to their charge. Here the great king-maker, Richard, Earl of Warwick, was confined during one period of his eventful life, to ruminate at leisure on his further schemes of ambition. And here, too, Eleanor, the haughty wife of the good Duke of Gloucester, pined out in seclusion the last days of her banishment. The sentinels pretended that her discontented spectre was often visible at night, traversing the battlements of the external walls, or standing motionless beside a particular solitary turret of one of the watch-towers with which they are flanked; but dissolving into air at cockcrow, or when the bell tolled from the yet remaining tower of St. Germain's Church. Superstition, too, had her tales of fairies, ghosts, and spectres—her legends of saints and demons, of rairies and of familiar spirits, which were nightly to be seen in every nook and corner of this rugged and romantic pile.

The early history of the Isle of Man is obscure. It was governed by a succession of Norwegian kings until Magnus, finding himself unable to preserve the Western Isles, sold them to Alexander III., King of Scotland, 1264. Soon after this, Alexander reduced the Isle of Man, and appointed Regulus king, with whom he entered into a treaty, stipulating that the King of Man should furnish ten ships for Scotland, on condition that Alexander defended the Isle from all foreign enemies. William de Montacute, with an English force, afterwards drove out the Scots; but his poverty prevented him from keeping the Isle, and it thus became the property of the Kings of England. In 1307, Edward II. bestowed the Isle first upon the Earl of Cornwall, and then on Henry Beaumont. The Scots, under Robert Bruce, recovered it and held it until 1340, when the Earl of Shaftesbury wrested it from Scotland in the reign of Edward III., and sold it to the Earl of Wiltshire, who was afterwards executed for high treason, and his estates were confiscated. Henry IV. granted the Island to Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, and in 1403 the Earl being attainted of high treason, and the Isle of Man forfeited, the King of England gave it, with the patronage of the bishopric and other ecclesiastical benefices, to William Stanley and his heirs, afterwards the Earl of Derby, for his aid in putting down the rebellion of Henry Percy, on condition

Peel
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that he should give the Kings of England two falcons on their coronation. Thomas, Earl of Derby, relinquished the title of King of Man, and took that of Lord. A new grant of the Island was made to James, Earl of Derby, in consequence of his adherence to Charles I. It will be recollected that, when about to perform the greatest service at Manchester, Lord Molyneux received peremptory orders from the King to take the forces raised by the Lord Derby and bring them at once up to Oxford, while Lord Derby was commanded to go to the Isle of Man. The faithful and patriotic nobleman, thus thwarted by a Court intrigue, when about to perform the greatest act of service, though he bitterly resented such treatment, would never disobey his prince. He sailed for the Isle of Man, which was indeed threatened by the Scots, as well as disturbed by a popular agitation. He left the Countess to the care of Lathom House.

After the memorable siege of Lathom, the Earl and Countess of Derby remained several years without molestation, but they were not to abide happy in this retirement, consoled by the affection of their Manx tenants and subjects. The Earl could not reconcile it with his notions of honour and duty to acknowledge the supremacy of the Revolutionary Government over the little Island which he ruled for his King. It was indeed a separate principality, and the laws made by the English Parliament were not there current. In vain was he tempted with an offer of the full restoration of all his English estates if he would surrender Man. From his impregnable fortress of Castle Rushen, in July, 1649, he wrote to General Ireton, "I scorn your proffers, disdain your favour, and abhor your treason." He wrote to his own boy, Charles, "Fear God, and honour the King. When I go to the top of Mount Barrule, by turning myself round I can see England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales; and think it a pity to see so many kingdoms at once, which is a prospect, I conceive, no place in any nation that we know under heaven can afford, and have so little profit from all or any of them." The Republican new masters of England revenged themselves by seizing upon his children and carrying them away from Knowsley House to a strict confinement at Chester. A few months later the Earl could not refrain from joining in the unlucky attempt of Charles II., in the third year after his father's decapitation, to reconquer England with a Scottish army. He landed, with a few hundred men, to rally his old friends in Lancashire around the young King's standard. His small party was surprised and cut up

in Wigan-lane ; the Earl himself had a narrow escape ; but he fought beside the King at Worcester, and aided Charles to escape in his hiding-place at Boscobel. A few days after this Lord Derby was taken prisoner, surrendering on promise of quarter ; and, being tried by court-martial at Chester, he was unjustly sentenced to death, and executed at Bolton.

James, Earl of Derby, dying without issue, the inheritance devolved upon James, second Duke of Athol, who was descended from the youngest daughter of the seventh Earl of Derby. In 1764, the Duke was empowered to sell his sovereign rights for 70,000*l.*, with his civil patronage, and the two Castles of Peele and Rushen ; though the Duke retained the title of Lord of Man, and subsequently enjoyed the honour of Governor General. By a subsequent arrangement, Great Britain enjoyed all the sovereign rights and privileges of the Island.

No part of the kingdom abounds so much in Danish remains. The various tumuli, barrows, weapons, coins,* and Runic characters, afford clear evidence of the connexion which the Northmen had with this Island. The Tinwald "Mount" (which means either a fence for an assembly, or "a juridical hill"), is approached by turf steps to the summit, where the King of Man formerly sat on solemn occasions. The local laws of the Island, in our time, continued to be read and promulgated here annually before the Governor, two deemsters, keys, council, and various officers of State ; and divine service concluded the solemnities of the day.

To return to Peele Castle. The area once included four churches : the remains of two—St. Patrick's and St. Germain's—are now only to be seen. The former was probably built before the Norman Conquest ; the latter, which was erected about 1245, is the cathedral church of the Island, but is only now used as a burial-place. Under these churches Waldron and others after him describe certain places of penance : "These have never been made use of since the times of popery ; that under the bishop's chapel is the common place of punishment for delinquents ;

* The arms of the Isle of Man are, *gules*, three legs conjoined in the fess-point, &c., *or*. The symbol of three legs conjoined no doubt denotes the triangular shapes of the Isle of Man, and Sicily or Trinacria. It is somewhat curious, that the earliest coinage of this island, A.D. 1709 (which, by the way, is cast, and not struck in the usual way : obverse, the crest of the Earls of Derby, the eagle and child, SANS CHANGER ; reverse, the three legs), has the motto QVOCVNQUE GESSERIS STABIT. The coinage of 1723 is exactly similar, but struck ; whereas that of 1733, and all the succeeding coinages, have QVOCVNQUE JECERIS STABIT, which is clearly the correct reading.

but the soldiers of the garrison permit them to suffer their confinement in the Castle; it being morally impossible for the strongest constitution to sustain the damp and noysomeness of the cavern even for a few hours, much less for months and years, as is the punishment sometimes allotted." Waldron's account of these ecclesiastical prisons is, however, doubted. He relates also the following:—

"An apparition, which they call the Manthe Doog, in the shape of a shaggy spaniel, was stated to haunt the Castle in all parts, but particularly the guard-chamber, where the dog would constantly come, and lie down by the fire at candlelight. The soldiers lost much of their terror by the frequency of the sight; yet, as they believed it to be an evil spirit, waiting for an opportunity to injure them; that belief kept them so far in order, that they refrained from swearing and profane discourse in its presence; and none chose to be left alone with such an insidious enemy. Now, as this Manthe Doog used to come out and return by the passage through the church, by which also somebody must go to deliver the keys every night to the captain, they continued to go together, he whose turn it was to do that duty being accompanied by the next in rotation.

"But one of the soldiers, on a certain night, being much disguised in liquor, would go with the key alone, though it really was not his turn. His comrades in vain endeavoured to dissuade him: he said he wanted the Manthe Doog's company, and he would try whether he were dog or devil; and then, after much profane talk, he snatched up the keys and departed. Some time afterwards a great noise alarmed the soldiers, but none would venture to go and see what was the cause. When the adventurer returned, he was struck with horror and speechless, nor could he even make such signs as might give them to understand what had happened to him; but he died, with distorted features, in violent agony. After this none would go through the passage, which was soon closed up, and the apparition was never more seen in the Castle."

Castle Rushen, in Castletown, one of the principal towns in the Isle of Man, was built, according to tradition, in the year 960, by Guttred, a Danish Prince, who is said to have been buried here. The stone glacis by which it is surrounded is supposed to have been built by Cardinal Wolsey. The stonework of the Keep and several of the interior portions of the buildings is nearly entire; but in consequence of the damage done by repeated sieges, the other parts have been repaired. The prisoners must have been lowered into the Keep by ropes, as there are no steps for descending.

Waldron, having described the entrance to the Castle, where there is

a stone-chair for the governor, and also two for the judges, or deernsters, next relates the following:—

“Further on there is an apartment which has never been opened in the memory of man. The persons belonging to the Castle are very cautious in giving any reason for it, but the natives, who are very superstitious, assign this: they tell you that the Castle was first inhabited by fairies, and afterwards by giants, who continued in possession of it till the days of Merlin. He, by force of magic, dislodged the greater part of them, and bound the rest in spells which they believed would be indissoluble to the end of the world. For proof of this they say, there are a great many fine apartments underground, exceeding in magnificence any of the upper rooms. Several men, of more than ordinary courage, have, in former times, ventured down to explore the secrets of this subterranean dwelling-place, but as none of them ever returned to give an account of what they saw, it was judged convenient that all the passages to it should be kept continually shut, that no more might suffer by their temerity. But about fifty years since, a person of uncommon courage obtained permission to explore the dark abode. He went down, and returned by the help of a clue packthread that he took with him, and brought this wonderful discovery:—That after having passed through a great number of vaults, he came into a long narrow place, which the further he penetrated, he perceived he went more and more on a descent, till having travelled, as near as he could guess, for the space of a mile, he began to see a little gleam of light, which, though it appeared at a vast distance, was the most delightful sight he had ever beheld. Having at last come to the end of the lane of darkness, he perceived a very large and magnificent house, illuminated with a great many candles, whence proceeded the light just mentioned. Having, before he began this expedition, well fortified himself with brandy, he had courage enough to knock at the door, which a servant, at the third knock, having opened, asked him what he wanted? ‘I would go as far as I can,’ he replied, ‘be so kind as to direct me, for I see no passage but the dark cavern through which I came hither.’ The servant directed him to go through the house, and accordingly led him through a long entrance passage, and out at the back door. He then walked a considerable distance, and at length beheld another house, more magnificent than the first; where, the windows being opened, he discovered innumerable lamps burning in every room. He was about to knock, but had the curiosity first to step on a little bank, which commanded the view of a low parlour. Looking in, he saw a vast table in the middle of the room: it was of black marble, and on it lay extended at full length a man, or rather

monster, for, by his account, he could not be less than 14 feet long, and 10 round the body. This prodigious figure lay as if asleep, on a book, and a sword beside him of a size proportioned to the hand supposed to make use of it. This sight was more terrifying to the traveller than the dark and dreary cavern he had passed through: he resolved, therefore, not to attempt to enter a place inhabited by a person of such extraordinary stature as that he had witnessed, but made the best of his way back to the first house, where the servant reconducted him, and informed him that if he had knocked at the second door, he would have seen company enough, but never would have returned. On this he desired to know what place it was, and by whom possessed. But the other replied, These things were not to be revealed. He then took his leave, and by the same dark passage got into the vaults, and soon after once more ascended to the light of the sun."

Nor is this the only tale of terror related of the Castle, for the people of the island say that, besides the fairies and wonderful beings already mentioned, it is also visited by the apparition of a woman that was executed some years previously, for the murder of her child. In this, as in similar cases, there are several testimonies adduced, and among them some of persons of good sense, and equal veracity, all of which tend to prove that a phantom in the form of a woman, makes a practice of passing in and out of the gates when they are shut, in the presence of the soldiers and others, insomuch that the sight has grown familiar to them; yet none has ever had the courage to speak to her, for which reason she cannot unfold the object of her coming.

BERWICK AND NORTHUMBERLAND.

Berwick-upon-Tweed, its Castle, and Sieges.

Berwick first appears authentically in the early part of the twelfth century, during the reign of King Alexander I., when it was part of the realm of Scotland, and the capital of the district Lothian. About this time it became populous and wealthy, contained a magnificent Castle, was the chief sea-port of Scotland, and abounded with churches, hospitals, and monastic buildings, and was one of the four royal burghs (boroughs) of Scotland. There is an interesting story preserved of Cnute, a merchant of Berwick, who, early in the reign of King Malcolm IV., had acquired from his riches the name of "the Oplent." Upon the treaty entered into with England for the ransom of William the Lion, who was taken prisoner near Alnwick, in 1174, the Castle of Berwick, with the fortresses in Scotland, was surrendered to the English king, but it was restored by Richard Cœur de Lion in 1188. In 1214 King John led an army to the North to chastise his disaffected barons, and also the king of Scotland, when the town and castle of Berwick were taken by storm, and the most horrible cruelties inflicted on the inhabitants by the English soldiers; they then committed the town to the flames, the English king commencing by setting fire to the house in which he had lodged! During the competition between Baliol and Bruce for the Scottish throne, the English parliament sat in Berwick; and Edward I. gave judgment in favour of Baliol, in the hall of the Castle.

In 1206, Edward besieged the town of Berwick both by sea and land, and took both town and castle, put the garrison to the sword, and butchered the inhabitants without distinction of sex or age.

In September, 1207, the Scots, under Wallace, gained a signal victory over their invaders at Stirling bridge. The English army retreated to Berwick, though soon deserted it, but the garrison retained possession of the castle. In the following spring, on the approach of a powerful army from England, the Scots evacuated the town, after which Berwick remained in the possession of England for twenty years; during that period large sums of money were expended in fortifying the town and the Castle, and a numerous garrison was employed in its defence.

In 1318 it fell into the hands of the Scots, through the treachery of

Peter de Spalding, an English soldier, who enabled a body of troops, cautiously assembled, to scale the walls secretly by night, and to become masters of the town. The details of the next siege are very interesting. The son-in-law of Bruce had been selected as the governor of the town, and the whole army of England, headed by King Edward, and under the command of the flower of the nobility, invested the place. After their earthen mounds had been completed, the English, on St. Mary's Eve, made a simultaneous assault by land and by sea. Whilst their force, led by the bravest captains, and carrying with them, besides their usual arms, the ladders, crows, pickaxes, and other assistance for an escalade, rushed onward to the walls, with the sound of trumpets, and the display of innumerable banners, a large vessel, prepared for the purpose, was towed towards the town from the mouth of the river. She was filled with armed soldiers, a party of whom were placed in her boat, drawn up mid-mast high; whilst to the bow of the boat was fixed a species of drawbridge, which it was intended to drop upon the wall, and thus afford a passage from the vessel into the town. Yet these complicated preparations failed of success, although seconded by the greatest gallantry; and the English, after being baffled in every attempt to fix their ladders and maintain themselves upon the walls, were compelled to retire, leaving their vessel to be burnt by the Scots, who slew many of her crew, and made prisoner the engineer who superintended and directed the attack.

This unsuccessful stratagem was, after five days' active preparation, followed by another still more desperate, in which the besiegers made use of a huge machine moving upon wheels; this contained several platforms or stages, which held parties of armed soldiers, who were defended by a strong roofing of boards and hides, beneath which they could work their battering-rams with impunity. To co-operate with this unwieldy and bulky instrument, which, from its shape and covering, they called a "sow," moveable scaffolds had been constructed, of such a height as to overtop the walls, from which they proposed to storm the town; and instead of a single vessel, as on the former occasion, a squadron of ships, with their top-castles manned by picked bodies of archers, and their armed boats slung mast-high, were ready to sail with the tide, and anchor beneath the walls. But the Scots were well prepared for them. By Crab, the Flemish engineer, machines similar to the Roman catapult, moving on wheels, and of enormous strength and dimensions, were constructed and placed on the walls at the spot where it was expected "the sow" would make its approach. In addition to this they fixed a crane upon the rampart, armed with iron chains and

grappling hooks; and large masses of combustibles and fire-fagots, shaped like tuns, and composed of pitch and flax, bound strongly together with tar-ropes, were piled up in readiness for the attack. At different intervals on the walls were fixed the springalds for the discharge of their heavy darts, which carried on their barbed points little bundles of flaming tar dipped in oil or sulphur; the ramparts were lined by the archers, spearmen, and cross-bows, and to each leader was assigned a certain station, to which he could repair on a moment's warning.

The Scots cheerfully and confidently awaited the attack; to which the English moved forward in great strength, and led by the King in person, on the 13th of September. The different squadrons rushed forward, so that the ladders were fixed, the ditch filled up by fascines, and the ramparts attacked with an impetuous valour which promised to carry all before it. The Scots, after a short interval advanced with levelled spears in close array, and with a weight and resolution which effectually checked the enemy. Considerable ground had, however, been gained in the first assault; and the battle was maintained from sunrise till noon, with excessive obstinacy on both sides; but it at last concluded in favour of the resolution and endurance of the Scots, who repulsed the enemy on every quarter, and cleared their ramparts of their assailants. At this moment, by Edward's orders, the sow began its advance towards the walls; and the crane, or catapult, armed with a mass of rock, was seen straining its timbers, and taking its aim against the approaching monster. On the first discharge the stone flew far beyond; and as the conductors hurried forward the immense machine, the second missile fell short of it. A third block of granite was now got ready, and an English engineer who had been taken prisoner, was commanded on pain of death to direct the aim; whilst the sow was moving forward with a rapidity which must, in a few seconds, have brought it to the foot of the walls. All gazed on for an instant in breathless suspense—but only for an instant. The catapult was discharged—a loud booming noise in the air accompanied the progress of its deadly projectile,—and in a moment afterwards, a tremendous crash, mingled with the shrieks of the victims and the shouts of the soldiers from the walls, declared the destruction of the huge machine. It had been hit so truly, that the stone passed through the roof, shivering its timber into a thousand pieces; and crushing and mangling in a frightful manner the unhappy soldiers who manned its different platforms. As those who escaped rushed out from its broken fragments, the Scottish soldiers shouted out that the English sow had farrowed. Crab now

cast his chains and grappling-hooks over the ruins of the machine, and dragging it nearer the walls, poured down his combustibles in such quantity, that it was soon consumed to ashes. It was near night-fall; when foiled on every side, the English entirely withdrew from the assault.

Berwick then remained in the possession of the Scots until the fatal battle of Halidon Hill, an eminence almost close to the Scottish border. After this battle, which was fought in July, 1333, Berwick again fell under the dominion of the English, and so continued until November, 1355, when it was surprised in the night by the Scots. The inhabitants fled to the Castle, leaving the town to pillage; and Fordun, the Scottish historian, refers with more than ordinary exultation to "the gold and silver and infinite riches" which became the prey of his countrymen. In the following January, Edward III. invested the town with a powerful army, when the Scots being unable to retain it, agreed to capitulate, and were suffered to depart with all their effects, almost every individual soldier being made wealthy with the booty he thus obtained.

In 1378 the Castle of Berwick was taken by a small band of Scottish adventurers, who slew the constable, Sir Robert de Boynton, and kept possession of the fortress upwards of a week: it was then retaken by the Earl of Northumberland, at the head of 10,000 men, and here his eldest son, the celebrated Hotspur, afterwards governor of the place, commenced his military career.

In 1384, during a truce, the Scots repossessed themselves by night of the Castle, and burnt the town; but the offer of a sum of money soon induced the enemy to abandon the conquest. After the accession of Henry IV., the Earl, believing that Richard II. was still alive, adhered to his fortunes, and in 1405 surrendered Berwick to the Scots, who pillaged and once more burnt it. The English King, with an army of 37,000 fighting men (according to Walsingham), besieged the Castle, the Earl and his adherents having previously deserted the town, and fled to Scotland. The garrison hesitated to surrender on being summoned, but a single shot from a large piece of ordnance threw down one of the towers, which so terrified the defenders, that they instantly gave up the fortress, and all of them were either beheaded or committed to prison. In 1416 the Scots attempted the recovery of Berwick, but without success. Henry VI., after his defeat by Edward IV., at Towton in 1461, fled to Scotland, and surrendered Berwick to the Scots, who continued masters of it and the Castle for twenty-one years. In July, 1482, the town again surrendered to the English, but the Castle held out until the 24th of August following, when through the in-

trigues of the Duke of Albany, the brother of James III., both town and castle were finally surrendered to Edward IV., and were never afterwards recovered by the sister kingdom.

Berwick still remains a walled town, but the fortifications do not inclose so large a space as they did in ancient times. The modern ramparts are generally in good repair, some ruins of the old wall yet remain, and the Bell Tower is still almost entire: it formerly contained a bell to give warning of the approach of enemies. The present walls were built in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. There are five gates. The castle, in the reign of Elizabeth, was in complete repair, but in that of Charles I. it was in ruins. An eye-witness at the latter period describes it as "in manner circular, but dilapidated, as having had mounts, rampiers and flankers, well replenished with great ordnance, and fair houses therein, the walls and gates made beautiful with pictures of stone (statues), the work curious and delicate."

Wark Castle.

On the south bank of the Tweed, where it forms the boundary between England and Scotland, are the remains of Wark Castle, celebrated in Border history. In 1137, David of Scotland attempted for three weeks to take this fortress, but failed with disgrace. Stephen subsequently advanced to Wark, forcing David out of the country, who, however, on the retirement of the former, destroyed Norham, and made a second unsuccessful attempt on Wark. After his defeat at the battle of the Standard, David resumed the siege, and after a defence of unequalled bravery, hardships, and privations, the garrison capitulated, and the Castle was demolished. It was restored, and in 1341, the Governor of the fortress, Sir Edward Montagu, made a sally on the rear of the Scotch army, under King David, returning from the sack of Durham, when 200 Scots were slain, and twelve horses laden with spoil taken by Sir Edward. To revenge this attack, David invested Wark, but was repulsed in two desperate assaults, the defenders being animated by the presence of the celebrated Countess of Salisbury, to whom Edward III. personally returned his thanks in this fortress. In 1419, Wark Castle was taken, and the garrison butchered by the Scots; but was shortly afterwards retaken by the English, who crept up a sewer from the Tweed into the kitchen, and retaliated. In 1460, the fortress was again taken and demolished. In 1523, it was successfully defended against the Scots and their French auxiliaries, commanded by the Duke of Albany, Regent of Scotland. At this siege

Buchanan the historian and poet was present, and had to endure many hardships.

Norham Castle.

Nothing can be more strikingly picturesque than Sir Walter Scott's description of this famous feudal fortress, in the two opening stanzas of his *Marmion*:

"Day set on Norham's castled steep,
 And Tweed's fair river broad and deep,
 And Cheviot's mountains lone;
 The battled towers, the donjon keep,
 The loophole grates where captives weep,
 The flanking walls that round it sweep,
 In yellow lustre shone.
 The warriors on the turrets high,
 Moving athwart the evening sky,
 Seemed forms of giant height;
 Their armour, as it caught the rays,
 Flashed back again the western blaze,
 In lines of dazzling light.

Saint George's banner, broad and gay,
 Now faded, as the fading ray,
 Less bright, and less, was flung;
 The evening gale had scarce the power
 To wave it on the donjon tower,
 So heavily it hung.
 The scouts had parted on their search,
 The castle gates were barred;
 Above the gloomy portal arch,
 Timing his footsteps to a march,
 The warder kept his guard,
 Low humming, as he paced along,
 Some ancient Border gathering song."

Norham Castle has withstood many a siege. In 1139, it was nearly destroyed by David, King of Scots, and the town reduced to ashes. He had previously, in 1136, taken possession of the Castle, in the cause of the Empress Matilda, but it was soon restored by treaty. In 1209, King John was for a few days at the fortress; and here he met William the Lion, and agreed to a treaty, which was confirmed by them here in 1211; and in 1213, King John was again at the fortress. In 1215, Norham Castle was unsuccessfully besieged for forty days by Alexander, King of Scotland, who, in 1219, with Stephen de Segrave, procurator on behalf of England and the Pope's legate, met at the Castle to settle the disputes between the two kingdoms. In 1291, Edward summoned his nobles to meet him at Norham, where he decided the claim for the Crown of Scotland in favour of the Baliols. By

others the dispute is said to have been settled in a field called Holywell Haugh, adjacent to the ford by which the English and Scottish armies made their mutual invasions before the bridge of Berwick was erected. In 1313, Norham was besieged by the Scots, but preserved by the bravery of the Governor, Sir Thomas Grey, and the timely aid of the Lords Percy and Nevill. The eastern district of the country was laid in ashes by the Scots. In 1322, Norham was retaken by Edward III.; but five years afterwards it was regained by the Scots. In 1497, in the invasion of England by James IV. of Scotland, who favoured the cause of Perkin Warbeck, Norham Castle was besieged by the King; but when reduced to the last extremity, was relieved by the approach of the gallant Earl of Surrey with an army, and James was compelled to retreat.



Holy Island Castle and Lindisfarne.

Holy Island is so named from its having in former times been inhabited by the monks of Lindisfarne, a monastery situated on the coast of Northumberland, nearly opposite to the Castle. To this fortress, it is supposed, the inmates of Lindisfarne were in the habit of repairing for security, in case they were threatened by the approach of an enemy. The island is separated from the mainland by a narrow neck of sand, which can be crossed by foot-passengers at low-water :

“ For with its flow and ebb, its style
Varies from continent to isle ;
Dry-shod, o'er sands, twice every day,
The pilgrims to the shrine find way ;
Twice every day the waves efface
Of staves and sandall'd feet the trace.”

The Castle is of unknown antiquity. From its summit may be seen, at seven miles' distance northward, the town of Berwick; and at the same distance southward, the romantic rocks on which is built Bamborough Castle.

In 1647, during the Interregnum, Holy Island Castle fell into the hands of the Parliamentary forces; and it appears even for some time after the Restoration, to have either neglected or refused to acknowledge the King's authority. During the rebellion in favour of the Pretender, a most daring, and to a certain extent successful, attempt was made by two men to get possession of this stronghold for Charles Stuart. The garrison at the time consisted of a sergeant, a corporal, and ten or twelve men. The man who had undertaken the task (his name was

Launcelot Errington, of an ancient Northumbrian family) being well known in that country, went to the Castle, and after some parley with the sergeant, invited him and the men not on duty to partake of a treat on board the ship of which he was master, then lying in the harbour. This invitation was accepted, and he so plied his guests with brandy, that they were soon incapable of any opposition. The men being thus secured, he went on shore, and with Mark Errington, his nephew, returned to the Castle, knocked down the sentinel, and turned out an old gunner, the corporal, and two other soldiers, being the remainder of the garrison; and shutting the gates, hoisted the Pretender's colours, anxiously expecting the promised succour. No reinforcement coming, but on the contrary, a party of the King's troops arriving from Berwick, they were obliged to retreat over the walls of the Castle, among the rocks, hoping to conceal themselves under the sea-weeds until it was dark, and then by swimming to the mainland, to make their escape; but the tide rising, they were obliged to swim, when the soldiers firing at Launcelot, as he was climbing a rock, wounded him in the thigh. Thus disabled, he and his nephew were taken, and conveyed to Berwick jail, where he continued until his wound was cured. During this time he dug a burrow under the foundation of the prison, depositing the excavated earth in an old oven; through this burrow he and his nephew escaped, and made their way to the Tweed-side, where, finding the custom-house boat, they rowed themselves over, and pursued their journey to Bamborough Castle, near which they were concealed nine days in a pea-stack, a relation who resided in the Castle supplying them with provisions. At length, travelling in the night by secret paths, they reached Gateshead, near Newcastle, where they were secreted until they secured a passage from Sunderland to France. After the suppression of the Rebellion, when everything was quiet, they took the benefit of the general pardon.

The Abbey or Cathedral of Lindisfarne, whose history is connected with that of the Castle, stands on the mainland of Northumberland, at the extremity of the sandy tract that leads to Holy Island. At the present day Lindisfarne is an extensive, but still splendid ruin; its original appearance is thus described by Sir Walter Scott:

“ In Saxon strength that Abbey frown'd,
 With massive arches broad and round,
 That rose alternate, row and row,
 On ponderous columns, short and low,
 Built ere the art was known,
 By pointed aisle, and shafted stalk,
 The arcades of an alley'd walk,
 To emulate in stone.

On the deep walls the heathen Dane
 Had poured his impious rage in vain ;
 And needful was such strength to these,
 Exposed to the tempestuous seas,
 Scourged by the winds' eternal sway,
 Open to rovers fierce as they,
 Which could twelve hundred years withstand
 Winds, waves, and northern pirates' band ;
 Not but that portion of the pile
 Rebuilt in a later style,
 Showed where the spoiler's hand had been ;
 Not but the wasting sea-breeze keen
 Had worn the pillars' carving quaint,
 And mouldered in his niche the saint,
 And rounded, with consuming power,
 The pointed angles of each tower ;
 Yet still entire the Abbey stood,
 Like veteran worn, but unsubdued."

The name of St. Cuthbert, who was at one time Bishop of Lindisfarne, is remembered and coupled with the relics of an ancient superstition. There is a Northumbrian legend, to the effect that, on dark nights, when the sea was running high, and the winds roaring fitfully, the spirit of St. Cuthbert was heard, in the recurring lulls, forging beads for the faithful. He used to sit in the storm-mist, among the spray and sea-weeds, on a fragment of rock, on the shore of the island of Lindisfarne, and solemnly hammer away, using another fragment of rock as his anvil. A remarkable circumstance connected with the legend is, that after a storm, the shore was found strewn with the beads St. Cuthbert was said to have so forged. They are, in fact, certain portions of the fossilized remains of animals, called *crinoids*, which once inhabited the deep in myriads :

" On a rock by Lindisfarne,
 St. Cuthbert sits, and toils to frame
 The sea-born beads that bear his name ;
 Such tales had Whitby's fishers told,
 And said they might his shape behold,
 And hear his anvil sound ;
 A deaden'd clang—a huge dim form
 Seen but, and heard, when gathering storm
 And night were closing round."

Lindisfarne has a tangled history. It was the mother of the northern churches of the district of Bernicia. Oswald, King of Northumbria, gave to Bishop Aidan, a monk of Iona, the island of Lindisfarne. On Oswald's death, in 642, his head was taken to the church of this monastery. Aidan died 651, and was buried in the churchyard of his brethren. When a larger church was built there, some time after, and dedicated to St. Peter, his bones were translated into it. His successor, Finan, another Scot, built a church in the isle of Lindisfarne ; nevertheless,

after the manner of the Scots, he made it not of stone, but of hewn oak, and covered it with reeds. About 650, Theodore, Archbishop of Canterbury, visiting the north, dedicated the church built by Finan to St. Peter; and Eadbert, who came to the see in 688, took off the thatch, and covered it, both roof and walls, with plates of lead. Cuthbert became Bishop of Lindisfarne in 685; he died two years afterwards, and was buried in the church. Eleven years after, the monks took up the body, dressed it in new garments, laid it in a new coffin, and placed it on a pavement in the sanctuary in a tomb.

On Farne Island, nine miles from Lindisfarne, where Bishop Aidan had dwelt, Cuthbert built himself a small dwelling, with a trench about it, and the requisite cell, and an oratory, the mound which encompassed his habitation being so high that he could thence see nothing but the heaven. Two miles distant from Farne Island, on the mainland, was the royal city of Bebban Burgh (Bamborough), as we shall presently describe. On the death of St. Oswald, his hands and arms, which had been cut off by his enemies, were carried by his brother in 643 and buried in this city. In Bede's time, the hand and arm of St. Oswald remained entire and uncorrupted, being kept in a silver case as revered relics in St. Peter's church. Not far from the city, the King had a country-house, where St. Aidan had a church and chamber. St. Aidan died here, in a tent set up against the west wall, so that he expired leaning against a post that was on the outside to strengthen the wall. Bede relates that the church being twice burned down by invaders, the post each time escaped untouched: on the third rebuilding of the church, the post was removed to the inside, and preserved as a memorial of the miracle.*

Bede calls the storied spot a semi-island, it being twice an island and twice a continent in one day; for at the flowing of the tide it is encompassed by water, and at the ebb there is an almost dry passage for horses and carriages to and from the mainland, as we have already described. Scott refers to this in his *Marmion*:

"The tide did now the flood-mark gain,
And girted in the saint's domain.

As to the port the galley flew,
Higher and higher rose to view
The Castle with its batter'd walls,
The ancient monastery's halls."

* Mr. Gordon Hills: *Journal of the British Archaeological Association*, 1863.

To the south-east of Holy Island lie the Ferne Islands. The largest is Home Island, and is the sequestered spot where St. Cuthbert passed the last two years of his life. The coast here is very dangerous, and lighthouses are placed on some of the islands. One of these, Longstone Island, is rendered memorable through the intrepidity of Grace Darling, who here perilled her life during the storm in September, 1838, to rescue the passengers and crew of the *Forfarshire* steamer. In St. Cuthbert's Chapel, on the Island, a monument, by Mr. Davies, the sculptor, of Newcastle, has been placed to Grace's memory: it consists of a cippus of stone, six feet in height, sculptured with the cross of St. Cuthbert, and bearing the following inscription:

To the Memory of
GRACE HORSLEY DARLING,
 A Native of Bamburgh,
 And an inhabitant
 Of these Islands:
 Who Died Oct. 20th, A.D. 1842,
 Aged 26 Years.

Pious and pure, modest and yet so brave,
 Though young so wise, though meek so resolute.

Oh! that winds and waves could speak
 Of things which their united power call'd forth
 From the pure depths of her humanity!
 A maiden gentle, yet, at duty's call,
 Firm and unflinching as the lighthouse rear'd
 On the island-rock, her lonely dwelling-place;
 Or like the invincible rock itself that braves,
 Age after age, the hostile elements,
 As when it guarded holy Cuthbert's cell.

All night the storm had raged, nor ceased, nor paused,
 When, as day broke, the maid, through misty air,
 Espies far off a wreck, amid the surf,
 Beating on one of those disastrous isles—
 Half of a vessel, half—no more; the rest
 Had vanish'd!"

WM. WORDSWORTH.

Another memorial to Grace Darling, and of the intrepidity of woman in extreme peril, has been raised in the churchyard of Bamborough, on the coast of Northumberland, where lie the remains of Grace, whose great exertions at the wreck of the *Forfarshire* will long be remembered, among many other instances of her heroic humanity. Poor Grace died of consumption at an early age. She was a native of the ancient town of Bamborough, and was lodged, clothed, and educated at the school in Bamborough Castle. The trustees of this property subscribed liberally towards the expense of this monument, which is an altar-tomb,

whereon is the recumbent figure of Grace Darling, sculptured in fine Portland stone, and surmounted by a Gothic canopy. The figure is represented lying on a plaited straw mattress, bearing an oar, such as is peculiar to the Northumberland coast.

The coast is beset with perils at, and near, this point; and here, on July 19, 1843, on Goldstone Rock, two miles and a half east or seaward from Holy Island, and between the Ferne group and the mainland, the *Pegasus* steamer, on her passage from Leith to Hull, was wrecked, and forty-nine persons drowned. Among them was Mr. Elton, the tragedian, a man of spotless reputation and amiable nature, and in behalf of whose orphan family of seven children the sympathy of the public was very powerfully excited. Soon after the catastrophe, a performance for their benefit was given at the Haymarket Theatre, upon which melancholy occasion the following touching address (written for the occasion by Thomas Hood, the humorist,) was spoken by Mrs. Warner:

“ Hush ! not a sound ! no whisper ! no demur :
No restless motion ! no intrusive stir !
But with staid presence, and a quiet breath,
One solemn moment dedicate to death !

(A pause.)

For now no fancied miseries bespeak
The panting bosom and the wetted cheek ;
No fabled tempest, or dramatic wreck,
Nor royal sire wash'd from the mimic deck,
And dirged by sea nymphs in his briny grave :
Alas ! deep, deep, beneath the sullen wave—
His heart, once warm and throbbing as your own,
Now cold and senseless as the shingle-stone !
His lips—so eloquent !—choked up with sand !
‘The bright eye glazed, and the impressive hand
Idly entangled in the ocean weed—
Full fathom five a father lies, indeed !
Yes, where the roaming billows roam the while,
Around the rocky Ferns and Holy Isle,
Deaf to their roar, as to the dear applause
That greets deserving in the drama’s cause,—
Blind to the horrors that appal the bold,—
To all the hoped or fear’d or prized of old,—
To love—and love’s deep agony—a-cold !
He who could move the passions—moved by none,
Drifts an unconscious corse !—poor Elton’s race is run.

Sigh for the dead ! Yet not alone for him,
O’er whom the cormorant and gannet swim !
Weep for the dead ! yet do not merely weep
For him who slumbers in the oozy deep !
But like Grace Darling, in her little boat,
Stretch forth a saving hand to those that float—
The orphan seven ! so prematurely hurl’d
Amidst the surges of this stormy world,
And struggling—save your pity take their part—
With breakers huge enough to break the heart.”

The following poetic episode, "The Nun of Lindisfarne," appeared in *Fraser's Magazine*, July, 1834:

Young Linda sprang from a lofty line ;
But though come of such high degree,
The meanest that knelt at St. Cuthbert's shrine
Was not so humble of heart as she—
Her soul was meek exceedingly,
She told her beads by the midnight lamp ;
Forlorn she sat in the cloister damp,
For the veil and the vows of a nun she had taken,
Soft were the visions from on high
That passed before her saintly eye ;
Sweetly on her ravished ear
Fell the soul of music near—
Music more lovely than vesper hymn,
Or the strains of starry cherubim,
Or the witching tones of melody sent
From sweetest earthly instrument.
Her thoughts were radiant and sublime,
And ever arose to the heavenly clime
Her aspirations sought the sky
Upon the wings of piety.
For more divinely pure were they
Than morning of a summer day,
Or the snow-white cloud that sleeps upon
The pasture-crowned top of Lebanon.

To visit this maiden of mortal birth,
An angel of heaven came down to earth.
He left the bright celestial dome,
His sweet and everlasting home,
Where choral cherubs on the wing
Of Love are ever wandering ;
But the glorious regions of the sky
He floated all unheeded by ;
Their splendours—what were they to him
Who shone above the seraphim,
And saw the throne of God arise
Unveiled before his mystic eyes !

He sought the spot where the holy maid
In vestal snow-white was arrayed—
'Twas in the chapel dim and cold
Of Lindisfarne's black convent old.
Meek and solemn and demure
Was her saintly look—and pure
As the fountains of eternity,
The glance of heaven in her eye.
At the sacred altar kneeling,
Her aspect turned up to the ceiling,
She seemed so pallid and so lone
A form of monumental stone.

Each nun hath heard the convent bell—
Each nun hath hied her to her cell ;
And the Ladye Abbess hath forsaken
Heavenly thoughts till she awaken ;

Linda alone, with her glimmering lamp,
 Will not forsake the chapel damp.
 Rapt in delicious ecstasy,
 Visions come athwart her eye ;
 Music on her ear doth fall
 With a tone celestial ;
 And a thousand forms by fancy bred,
 Like halos hover round her head.
 But what doth Linda now behold
 From that chapel damp and cold?
 She sees - she sees the angel bright
 Descending through the fields of light ;
 For, although dark before, the sky
 Was now lit up with a golden dye,
 And wore a hue right heavenly.

' Do I slumber?' quoth the maid,
 Of this vision half afraid—
 ' Do I slumber, do I dream?
 Or art thou what thou dost seem—
 One of that glorious choir who dwell
 Round the throne of the Invisible,
 Listening with heart-stricken awe
 To the thunders of His law—
 And now in the light of loveliness
 Comest down the sons of men to bless?'

' Daughter of earth,' the angel said,
 ' I am a spirit—thou a maid.
 I dwell within a land divine ;
 But my thoughts are not more pure than thine.
 Whilome, by the command of Heaven,
 To me thy guardianship was given ;
 And if on earth thou couldst remain
 Twice nine years without a stain,
 Free from sin or sinful thought,
 With a saint-like fervour fraught,
 Thy inheritance should be
 In the bowers of sanctitie,
 Side by side for ever with me.
 Thou hast been pure as the morning dew,
 Pure as the downy gossamer—
 Sinful thought had never part
 In the chambers of thy heart—
 Then thy mansion-house of clay,
 Linda, quit, and come away !'

Morning heard the convent bell,
 And each nun hath left her cell ;
 And to chapel all repair
 To say the holy matins there.
 At the marble altar kneeling,
 Eyes upraised unto the ceiling,
 With the cross her hands between,
 Saintly Linda's form was seen,
 Death had left his pallid trace
 On the fair lines of her face ;
 And her eye that wont to shine,
 With a ray of light divine,

At the chant of matin hymn,
 Now was curtained o'er and dim.
 Pale as alabaster stone—
 'Where hath Sister Linda gone?'

Quoth the Lady Abbess, in solemn mood,
 'She hath passed away to the land of the good ;
 For though a child of mortal birth,
 She was too holy, far, for earth.'

Bamborough Castle.

About five miles eastward of Belford, in the county of Northumberland, upon an almost perpendicular rock, looking over the sea, and about 150 feet above its level, stands the Castle of Bamborough, in past ages a fortress of might, and in our own, a house of charity. A stately tower, the only original part of this once famous stronghold that now exists, appears to have been built on the remains of some ancient edifice which once, perhaps, formed one of a chain of fortresses raised by the Romans to protect this part of the coast, when they were in the possession of the northern portion of the island.

Bamborough Castle is stated to have formerly possessed great strength, in many instances becoming the place of refuge for the kings, earls, and governors of Northumberland, in troublous times. Its origin is thus narrated. In the year 547, the English Ida landed at the promontory called Flamborough Head, with forty vessels, all manned with chosen warriors. Urien, the hero of the Bards, opposed a strenuous resistance, but the Angles had strengthened themselves on the coast. Fresh reinforcements poured in ; and Ida, the "Bearer of Flame," as he was termed by the Britons, became the master and sovereign of the land which he had assailed. Ida erected a tower or fortress, which was at once his castle and his palace ; and so deeply were the Britons humiliated by this token of his power, that they gave the name of the *Shame of Bernicia* to the structure which he had raised. Ida afterwards bestowed this building upon his Queen, Bebb, from whom it was, or rather is, denominated *Bebban Burgh*, the Burgh or fortress of Bebb, commonly abbreviated into *Bamborough*. The massive keep yet stands ; and the voyager following the course of the Abbess of St. Hilda, may yet see—

"King Ida's castle, huge and square,
 From its tall rock, look grimly down,
 And on the swelling ocean frown."*

* Palgrave's *History of England* : Anglo-Saxon Period, vol. i. chap. 2.

In the year 642, it was besieged by Penda, the pagan King of Mercia, who, not satisfied with the victories he had already gained, endeavoured to destroy the Castle itself by fire. He laid vast quantities of wood under the walls, to which he set fire, as soon as the wind was favourable; but no sooner was it in flames, than the wind changed and carrying it into his own camp, forced him to raise the siege.

In 705, Osred, son of Alfred the Great, shut himself up within its walls when pursued (after his father's death), by the rebel Edulph. The Castle suffered greatly by the fury of the Danes in 933; but was afterwards repaired, and esteemed the strongest fortress in the county. William the Second besieged this place in person, when Robert Mowbray, Earl of Northumberland, took refuge there after his treasonable acts. At the appearance of the King, the Earl made his escape, but was afterwards taken prisoner; still, however, Morel, his steward and kinsman, defended it against the King's forces. "The King had turned the siege into a blockade, and raised a fortress near it called *Malvoisin* (bad Neighbour), some time before the Earl fled. Morel still held out with such great resolution, that the King had recourse to policy, to effect that which he had failed to accomplish by force. He ordered the Earl to be led up to the walls, and a declaration to be made, that if the Castle was not surrendered, his eyes should be instantly put out. This threat succeeded; Morel no sooner beheld his kinsman in this imminent danger, than he consented to yield up the Castle to the King. For the servant's sake, probably, the incensed sovereign spared the life of the master, but kept him a prisoner in Windsor Castle, where he remained for thirty years."

In 1463, Bamborough Castle was taken and retaken several times by the Generals of Edward IV., and Henry VI.; and a little before the battle of Hexham, Sir Ralph Grey, the Governor, surrendered to the Earl of Warwick; during these conflicts, the damage done to the building was very extensive. Since this time, it has been in several instances used as a state prison. The castle is one of the oldest in the kingdom: within the keep is an ancient draw-well 145 feet deep, and cut through the solid basaltic rock into the sandstone below: it was first known to modern times in 1770, when the sand and rubbish were cleared out of its vaulted cellar or dungeon.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, after the memorable battle of Musselburgh, Sir John Foster, Warden of the Marches, was made Governor of Bamborough Castle. Sir John's grandson obtained a grant of it, and also of the manor, from James I. His descendant, Thomas, fortified both in 1715; but his relative, Nathaniel, Lord Crewe, Bishop

of Durham, purchased, and by his will, dated June 24, 1720, bequeathed them for charitable purposes: here

“ Charity hath fixed her chosen seat ;
And Pity at the dark and stormy hour
Of midnight, when the moon is hid on high,
Keeps her lone watch upon the topmost tower,
And turns her ear to each expiring cry,
Blest if her aid some fainting wretch might save,
And snatch him, cold and speechless, from the grave.”

Bowles.

In 1757, the trustees for Bishop Crewe's Charity commenced the work of repair, which was wanted, on the keep or great tower of the Castle. Dr. Sharpe, one of the trustees, converted the upper parts of the building into granaries, whence, in times of scarcity, corn might be sold to the poor at a cheap rate. He also reserved to himself certain apartments for occasional residence, that he might see his charitable objects carried into effect ; and the trustees still continue to reside here in turn. Dr. Sharpe contributed to the repair of the tower, and gave property for other good work ; and he bequeathed his library, valued at more than 800*l.*

Much has been done since his time, in reclaiming the venerable fortress from ruin, and converting it into apartments for the most wise and benevolent purposes. A large room is fitted up for educating boys on the Madras System ; and a suite of rooms is allotted for the mistresses and twenty poor girls, who are lodged, clothed, and educated. Various signals are made use of to warn vessels in thick and stormy weather from that most dangerous cluster of rocks, the Fern Islands. A life-boat, and implements useful in saving crews, and vessels in distress, are always in readiness. A constant watch is kept at the top of the tower whence signals are made to the fishermen of Holy Island, as soon as any vessel is discovered to be in distress. Owing to the size and fury of the breakers, it is generally impossible for boats to put off from the mainland in a severe storm ; but such difficulty occurs rarely in putting off from Holy Island. By these and other means many lives are saved, and an asylum is offered to shipwrecked persons in the Castle for a week, or longer. There are likewise provided instruments and tackle for raising sunken vessels, and the goods saved are deposited in the Castle. In the infirmary here 1000 persons are received during the year. The funds amount to 8000*l.* a year. Thirty beds are kept for shipwrecked sailors. To sailors on that perilous coast Bamborough Castle is what the Convent of St. Bernard is to the traveller in the Alps.

Tynemouth Priory and Castle.

Twelve hundred years have rolled away since an Abbey was first founded on the lofty promontory at the mouth of the river Tyne—since first at Tynemouth (in the picturesque language of Ruskin) “amid the murmur of the waves and the beating of the wings of the sea-birds against the rock that was strange to them, rose the ancient hymn—

“The sea is His and He made it,
And His hands prepared the dry land.”

It has been inferred from inscribed stones and an altar found at Tynemouth, that it was anciently a military station of the Romans. A wooden chapel was built there, A.D., 625, by Edwin, King of Northumbria. This simple structure gave place to an edifice built of stone by Edwin's successor, St. Oswald, and a colony of monks was established adjacent to it, for the service of religion. No place, perhaps, in the island was more exposed to the devastations of the Danish pirates. On the invasion in 865 the monastery was burned, and the nuns of St. Hilda, who had fled from Hartlepool to Tynemouth for refuge, were “translated by martyrdom to Heaven.” In 870, the monastery had been partially rebuilt; in 876, it was again the scene of devastation; but it was not until the early part of the eleventh century that a monastic community was driven by the Danes for any long period from Tynemouth. The church was sheltered by the Saxon Earls of Northumberland, within their castle upon this promontory. But the site was soon to know again the daily footsteps of a monastic fraternity; and the event which hastened its restoration was the discovery of the body of the holy king and martyr, Oswin. More than four hundred years had elapsed from the time of the sepulture of St. Oswin, when (according to the legend of the twelfth century) the sceptred shade appeared one evening, after the nocturnal office, to Edmund, the sacrist of the church, in a radiant human form, of mild and pleasing aspect and noble presence; and the sacrist declared that the apparition of the holy king had directed him to search for his grave, and restore him to memory in the place where he had once held sway. The vision was readily believed. The Lady Judith, wife of Tosti, at that time Earl of Northumberland, came with the Bishop of Durham to search for St. Oswin's place of sepulture. The relics of the saint were brought to light, and in the presence of a devout company, were raised joyfully to a place of honour; and the Earl commenced the foundation of a

monastery to be attached to the church that held remains so precious. Robert de Mowbray, a noble Norman, had now succeeded to the great earldom of Northumberland, and the custody of this castle of its Saxon earls. He destined the church of Tynemouth and its possessions for the Norman Benedictine Abbey of St. Alban, and determined that a colony of monks of St. Alban's should restore the church of St. Oswin. Thither they came, bearing their staves and service-books, but no riches of the world; unarmed, and barely attended, but eager and resolved. Their founder had enriched them with churches, manors, mills, and fisheries, and had bestowed upon the parent house of St. Alban the church of Tynemouth, and under his auspices the buildings of his predecessor were completed. In 1110, the relics of St. Oswin were translated with great honour and solemnity to the new monastic church.

But, four years previously Robert de Mowbray had died, after great vicissitudes. The Castle of Tynemouth was not long after his donation to St. Alban's the scene of a memorable incident of his eventful life. He there sustained the siege of King William Rufus, to whom his power had become dangerous; and when he could no longer defend Tynemouth, he withdrew to Bamburgh, and was proceeding from thence as a fugitive to join his allies in the then recently built fortress of Newcastle, when being pursued by the forces of his enraged sovereign, he fled to the sanctuary in the church of Tynemouth; but he was violently dragged from thence, and remained in captivity until the coronation of Henry I. At this period, he had become aged, sightless, and tired of wars; he then entered his beloved monastery of St. Alban, to pass there the remainder of his days. And so, the noble Norman, once the martial representative of his sovereign and the lord of territorial wealth, assumed the monastic habit, and devoted to religion the serene evening of a life whose noon had been passed in feudal strife. So died, in 1106, Robert de Mowbray, earl and monk, the refounder of Tynemouth Priory, and he was interred in the final sanctuary of St. Alban's Abbey Church.

In the reign of Henry II. the liberties of the monastery were extended by many royal grants. Although their rule forbade them to enjoy the chase in person, they knew how to appreciate venison. The Abbot of St. Alban's and his retinue seemed to have stayed a most unreasonable time on his visitations, and to have eaten up not only their venison, but all the live stock and provisions that the monks possessed; subsequently, the stay and number of followers of the abbots on their pastoral visits to this distant cell was limited.

The changeful fortunes in the history of the priory, its priors and monks, the Scottish incursions, and its sufferings in the Wars of the Roses, would detain us beyond our limits. The condition of the priory was prosperous in the early years of the reign of Henry VIII. But a fatal change was approaching. In 1534, the lesser monasteries had been suppressed; and the unhappy monks of Tynemouth beheld the approaching dissolution of their ancient home. To conceal the rapacity of the King and his favourites, expectant of abbey lands, the monks were everywhere accused, by visitors appointed by the Crown, of unheard-of enormities. Charges of immorality or of treason were sustained by means which outraged all legal procedure, and disgraced the name of justice. The reforming zealots hungered for the fair lordships and the dedicated riches of the Church. Refractory abbots and monks were hung under their own gateways; or when very mercifully treated, were only turned forth destitute and pensionless; while obsequious monks were tempted by grants from the revenues they had lately called their own. At length the brethren of Tynemouth assembled in their chapter-house to execute the deed of surrender of the noble priory. On January 12, 1539, the monastery was given up to the Crown by Robert Blakeney, last prior of Tynemouth, and eighteen monks. A life pension of 80*l.* was granted to the prior, and pensions of smaller amount were allowed to the monks. The common seal, a beautiful work of ancient art, was broken; the plate and jewels were taken for the King; the moveable property of the monastery was sold; the monastic buildings were dismantled; the church and the prior's house only were preserved, the former as a parochial church, and the latter as a residence for the farmer or purchaser of the demesne. The six bells that had sounded far over land and ocean, were taken down, and shipped for London. The lead was torn from all the roofs. The church-plate in gold, seized by the King's visitors, weighed 62 ounces; in silver, 1827 ounces:

“ Before them lay a glittering store—
 The abbey's plundered wealth:
 The garment of cost, and the bowl emboss'd,
 And the wassail cup of health.”

The manuscripts that were in the library seem to have been gradually dispersed. Some few relics of its once treasured contents have, however, come down to us; one of them, a Latin psalter, that was known as “The Book of St. Oswin,” and is in a handwriting old enough to have been looked upon by the holy King, was obtained by Sir Robert Cotton, when he visited the North in the following century, and after narrowly escaping destruction in the fire of his house at Westminster,

is now in the British Museum.* All that remains of this once magnificent Priory are some fragments at the eastern extremity of the cliff; they are of great elevation, and form a very conspicuous sea-mark; adjoining them is an excellent lighthouse. About a hundred yards west of the monastic ruins stands the Castle, now shorn of its olden features, and fitted up as a barrack.

Sir Walter Scott has left us a poetical sketch of this line of coast, as viewed by the nuns of Whitby, in their fancied voyage northward, one of the interesting incidents of his *Marmion* :—

“ And now the vessel skirts the strand
Of mountainous Northumberland :
Towns, towers, and halls, successive rise,
And catch the nuns’ delighted eyes.
Monkwearmouth soon behind them lay,
And Tynemouth’s Priory and bay ;
They marked amid her trees, the hall
Of lofty Seaton-Delaval ;
They saw the Blythe and Wansbeck floods
Rush to the sea through sounding woods ;
They passed the tower of Widdrington,
Mother of many a valiant son ;
At Coquet Isle their beads they tell,
To the good saint who owned the cell ;
Then did the Alne attention claim,
And Warkworth, proud of Percy’s name ;
And next they crossed themselves to hear
The whitening breakers sound so near,
Where boiling through the rocks they roar
On Dunstanborough’s caverned shore ;
Thy tower, proud Bamborough, marked they here,
King Ida’s castle, rude and square,
From its tall rock look grimly down,
And on the swelling ocean frown ;
Then from the coast they bore away,
And reached the Holy Island’s bay.”

TYNEMOUTH CASTLE took its rise as follows. In the time of the Conqueror the peninsula on which the Priory stood was inclosed on the land side by a wall and a ditch ; the place was afterwards more completely fortified, the walls being carried round the site towards the sea, where there are cliffs which rise to the height of nearly 60 feet, as well as towards the land, and was known as *Tynemoutb Castle*. In 1095, the Castle, under Robert de Mowbray, Earl of Northumberland (who had revolted in consequence of receiving no reward for his victory at Alnwick, two years previously) was, after a siege of two months, taken

* Abridged, by permission, from *Sketches of Northumbrian Castles, Churches, and Antiquities*. Third Series. By W. Sidney Gibson, Esq. F.S.A.

by William Rufus; but the Earl escaped to Bamborough Castle, which Rufus immediately invested, but being unable to take the place by siege, he commenced a blockade by building a castle called *malvoisin* (or *bae* neighbour), to intercept supplies from the surrounding country; when the Earl endeavouring to escape, was taken prisoner at Tynemouth, and his wife surrendered Bamborough Castle to the King, on his threatening to put out Mowbray's eyes if she refused. The Earl was carried to Windsor Castle, where he was imprisoned for thirty years. Tynemouth was garrisoned in the time of Elizabeth, and in the great Civil War was taken by the Scotch from the Royalists, who had occupied it. It was then restored and garrisoned by the Parliament, but the garrison having revolted, the place was stormed by a Parliamentary force from Newcastle, under Sir Arthur Hazelrigge; when the governor of the castle, Colonel Henry Lilburn, declaring for the King, he was beheaded. Considerable remains exist of the fortress: the gateway tower on the west, or land side, is in good condition, and the circuit of the walls appears to be entire.

The Castle and Hermitage of Warkworth.

Among the most beautiful of the rivers in the north of England is the Coquet, which rises in the north-west part of Northumberland, and after leaving the lofty naked hills, passes eastward with a clear and rapid stream through one of the most fertile and picturesque districts of the country. About a mile from the mouth of the river, on the crown of a rock of lofty eminence, stands the Castle of Warkworth. Through the village on the northern inclination of this hill lies a pleasing, though steep approach to the Castle, than which nothing can be so magnificent and picturesque from what part soever it is viewed; and though, when entire, it was far from being destitute of strength, yet its appearance does not excite the idea of one of those rugged fortresses destined solely for war, whose gloomy towers suggest to the imagination only dungeons, chains, and executions; but rather that of such an ancient hospitable mansion as is alluded to by Milton—

" Where throngs of knights and barons hold,
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold."

The Castle and moat occupied upwards of five acres of ground. The keep, or donjon, containing a chapel and a variety of spacious apartments, stands on the north side, and is elevated on an artificial mount, from the centre of which rises a lofty observatory. The area is

inclosed by walls garnished with towers. The principal gateway has been a stately edifice, but only a few of its apartments now remain. The Castle and barony of Warkworth belonged to Roger Fitz-Richard, who held them by the service of one knight's fee of the grant of Henry II. They were at length, by John of Clavering, settled upon Edward I. They were bestowed upon Henry Percy (the ancestor of the Earls of Northumberland) by Edward III. After being several times forfeited and recovered, they were finally restored, in the twelfth year of Henry V., to Henry, fourth Earl of Northumberland, and have since continued in the possession of the House of Percy. This Castle was the favourite residence of the Percy family, and in Leland's time was *well menteyned*; but in 1672 its timber and lead were granted to one of their agents, and the principal part of it was unroofed. It is not certainly known when it was built; the gateway and outer walls are the work of a very remote age, but the keep is more recent, and was probably built by the Percies.

On the north bank of the Coquet, about half a mile west of the Castle, is Warkworth Hermitage, which has obtained great celebrity by the beautiful poem, *The Hermit of Warkworth*, written by Dr. Percy, Bishop of Dromore, in 1777. The approach is by a narrow walk on the bank of the river, confined by lofty perpendicular rocks to about the width of four feet, which leads to the door of this holy retreat. From the summit of these rocks a grove of oaks is suspended, and from their base issues a spring of pure water, which formerly supplied the recluse:—

“ The sweet sequestered vale I chose,
These rocks and hanging grove;
For oft beside the murmuring stream
My love was wont to rove.”

The steps, vestibule, and chief apartments of the Hermitage are hewn out of the bosom of a freestone rock, whose face is about 20 feet high, embowered with stately trees. One tower and outward apartment are of ashlar masonry, built up against the side of the rock, and appear to have been used as a kitchen. From this building you ascend, by seventeen steps, to a little vestibule. Above the inner doorway appear the remains of an inscription from the Latin version of the Psalms, which is, in our translation, “My tears have been my food day and night.” Adjoining is a chapel, and at the east end an altar, with a niche for a crucifix, and the remains of a glory. On the right hand, near the altar, in another niche, is a table monument, with a recumbent female figure; and at the foot of this monument, and cut in the wall, is the figure of a hermit on his knees, resting his head on his right hand,

his left placed on his bosom. The whole is beautifully designed and executed in the solid rock. From the chapel is an entrance into an inner apartment, over the door of which is sculptured a shield with the Crucifixion, and several instruments of torture; here is another altar, like that in the chapel, and a recess in the wall for the reception of a bed. In this chamber is a small closet, cut in the wall, and leading to an open gallery, which commands a splendid prospect up the river. From these cells there are winding stairs cut in the rock, leading to its summit, where, it is supposed, the hermit had his garden.

It is the universal tradition, that the first hermit was one of the Bertram family, who had once considerable possessions in Northumberland, and imposed this penance upon himself to expiate the murder of his brother, to which he had been goaded by motives arising from jealousy:

“ ‘Vile traitor, yield that lady up!
 And quick his sword he drew;
 The stranger turn'd in sudden rage,
 And at Sir Bertram flew.
 With mortal hate their vigorous arms
 Gave many a vengeful blow;
 But Bertram's stronger hand prevail'd,
 And laid the stranger low.”

In the postscript to this poem, Dr. Percy asserts that the memory of the first hermit was held in such regard and veneration by the Percy family, that they afterwards maintained a chantry priest, to reside in the hermitage, and celebrate mass in the chapel, whose allowance, uncommonly liberal and munificent, was continued down to the dissolution of the monasteries; and then the whole salary, together with the hermitage and all its dependencies, reverted to the family, having never been endowed in mortmain. On this account we have no record which fixes the date of the foundation, or gives any particular account of the first hermit.

The only document extant relating to Warkworth Hermitage is addressed to the hermit, Sir George Lancastre. This has been frequently printed. It sets forth that the Earl of Northumberland, in return for the prayers and daily recommendation of the lives and souls of certain persons, including his own, by the hermit, grants him his hermitage in Warkworth Park, a yearly stipend of twenty marks, the occupation of one little grass ground called Conygarth, the garden and orteyarde of the said armitage, the gate and pasture of twelve kye and a bull, with their calves suking, two horses “goying and being” within his park, one draught of fish every Sunday, and twenty loads of firewood from the

wodds called Shibotell Wodd,—a snug provision, showing how completely, by the date of the document, 1531, the primitive fare and mode of life of the early hermits were abandoned.

The Castle of Newcastle.

The date of the first building of this massive Norman fortress is variously stated, which occasioned its historian, Brand, to lament that no one has written a work entitled "The Harmony of English Historians;" to which he adds from Grose, the antiquary, this very significant note: "When the Normans found the ruins of an ancient building on the site of their intended structure, they either endeavoured to incorporate it into their work, or made use of the materials; as may be seen by many buildings of known Norman construction, wherein are fragments of Saxon architecture, or large quantities of Roman bricks; which has caused them often to be mistaken for Roman or Saxon edifices." This, in all probability, explains the attributing of Roman origin to the keep of the Tower of London, as we have already explained at page 15.

The site of the Newcastle fortress is of historic interest. It was, probably, a fortification of the Brigantes against the Romans, and ere long came to be occupied by the military works of that great people, to whom it was of considerable value, as commanding the bridge of Hadrian, which gave the name of Pons Cœlii to the now busy mercantile town of Newcastle-upon-Tyne. The stations then of Agricola and of Hadrian occupied the precincts to which the fortress of the Norman Conqueror afterwards gave new importance and celebrity; and from the Roman *castra* was probably derived the ancient name of the town (Monkchester), when peaceful monks succeeded to military legions; and probably, they continued to occupy the place down to the time of the Norman Conquest.

The fortress was built by Robert, eldest son of William the Conqueror (A.D. 1079-1089), on his return from an expedition into Scotland; and in contrast to some more ancient edifice, it was called *New Castle*, whence the town itself came to be named. Like other Norman castles, it is quadrangular in plan. It is nearly 100 feet in height. The walls are seventeen feet in thickness in the lower part. It contains three floors, on each of which is a principal chamber, the surrounding walls being hollowed out at different levels into staircases, galleries, mural chambers for rest, and openings for various purposes. A gallery in the thickness of the wall surrounds each of the upper chambers; and the

walls are pierced occasionally with arrow slits. The Great Hall, the largest apartment in the Castle, is in the third story, and is approached by an inner and outer staircase: from the latter it is entered under a magnificently enriched doorway. The floors of the building possess amazing solidity, and are laid in a foundation of rough masonry, probably from a depth of twelve feet. The King's Chamber, adjoining the Great Hall, contains a Norman fireplace, ornamented with the billet moulding. Another apartment is called the Well-room, as to it water was raised within the Keep, from a depth of ninety feet. The most curious part is the chamber which has been re-opened, leading from the Guard-room on the ground-floor to a sally-port on the western side of the Castle. The tortuous windings of this passage from the sally-port, placed several feet above the ground till it enters the Guard-room near one of the windows, shows how zealously and yet how skilfully our Norman ancestors protected the approaches to their stronghold.

If, however, we believe our metrical annalist, Hardyng, the Castle was not erected till the reign of William Rufus. In his *Chronicle*, 1542, sings Hardyng:

“ William Rufus builded
 —The Newcastle upon Tyne
 The Scottes to gaynstande and to defende
 —he made them Westminster Hall
 And the Castell of Newcastle withall
 That standeth on Tyne, therein to dwell in warre
 Against the Scottes the countree to defend.”

Scarcely had the Castle been completed, before it was converted to a purpose very different from the intention of building it, having been secured to protect the rebellion of Earl Mowbray against William Rufus, who, in 1095, marched with a great army, and took it after a short siege, together with several of the partisans of the noble traitor. William, having missed the great object of his northern journey in this Castle, sat down before that of Tynemouth, in the taking of which also he was a second time disappointed, for Earl Mowbray was found to have taken refuge in the fortress of Bamborough. After a tedious and fruitless siege of that castle, rendered by its natural situation almost impregnable, the King returned southward, but not till he had erected a castle before it to cut off all hopes of throwing in succours, and filled it with his army, whom he directed to continue the blockade. Driven, perhaps, to great straits through want of provisions, Mowbray closed with an offer of some of his faithful adherents, of whose loyalty the King had however entertained no suspicion, as he had appointed them guards of this Newcastle-upon-Tyne. These had traitorously, and with

secrecy, invited the Earl to take shelter in it. The unfortunate nobleman escaped from Bamborough, but was discovered during his flight to this Castle, on which he suddenly changed his route, and took sanctuary in the church of St. Oswin, at Tynemouth. The holy asylum could not protect so formidable an enemy to the King, for after being wounded, he was dragged out by violence from the altar, and made a prisoner.

The Castle, or more strictly speaking, Keep of the original Norman edifice, which was the stronghold of the Conqueror's representative—the fortress and often the abode of the Anglo-Norman kings—the palace of David, King of Scots, upon one of his invasions—the hall of state in which the mightiest sovereigns held their courts, sat in judgment, and maintained regal hospitality—in which King John conferred with William the Lion, king of Scotland, and Henry III. with King Alexander—in which Edward I. and Edward III. held high festival and warlike council—fell into a state of dilapidation before the reign of James I. of England; its upper chamber became roofless, and its walls dilapidated before the time of the Great Rebellion. Thenceforth, for many years, the vaulted apartment on the ground-floor served as the County Prison. The property was held on lease from the Crown by private individuals; but in 1809 it became the property of the Corporation. It was then in a deplorable state. Wretched tenements and accumulated rubbish obscured its majestic features; the beautiful apartment above the Chapel was used as a currier's workshop, and the Chapel itself as the beer-cellar of a neighbouring hostelry. The Corporation, on coming into possession, repaired the ancient edifice; and next the Society of Antiquaries of Newcastle took measures for the restoration of the Keep and of its chapel more especially, believed to be rarely equalled for architectural richness and beauty.

Dunstanborough Castle.

The Castle of Dunstanborough, in the county of Northumberland, stood on an eminence of several square acres, sloping gently to the sea, and edged to the north and north-west with precipices, in the form of a crescent. The Castle and Manor was the seat of Edmund, Earl of Lancaster, a younger son of Henry III. From him it devolved to his son and heir, Thomas, who in the ninth year of the reign of Edward II. obtained a license from the King to fortify his manor-house, and accordingly about the same time built this Castle. The Earl,

soon after, associated with divers of the chief nobility of the kingdom for the expulsion of Piers Gavestone, who had grossly insulted him by giving the Earl the nickname of "the Stage Player." He headed the confederated Barons in order to remove the Spencers, and having assembled a considerable force at St. Albans, he sent the Bishops of Hereford, Ely, and Chichester to the King, who was then in London, requiring him to banish the Spencers, and to give him and his associates letters of indemnity. The King not only refused his demands, but raised a powerful army, giving his generals, Edmund Earl of Kent, and John Earl of Surrey, orders to pursue and arrest the Earl and his followers.

Lancaster, who had retired to his castle at Pontefract, was advised by several of the Barons of his party to march to Dunstanborough Castle; but he, fearing he should be forbidden to hold intelligence with the Scots, refused; however, on Sir Robert Clifford threatening to slay him with his own hand, he joined them; but, near Boroughbridge, in Yorkshire, being met and defeated by William, Lord Latimer, and Sir Andrew Hercla, of Carlisle, at the head of a body of the country people, he and divers of his followers were taken prisoners, and conducted to his castle at Pontefract, where the King, with the two Spencers, then lay. When the Earl was brought to this place, he was in derision called King Arthur. Several circumstances attending his apprehension, trial, and execution, are thus recorded in an ancient chronicle, written in French, by William de Packington, which strongly marks the ferocity of the times:—

"And then (that is, after the defeat) went Thomas Lancaster into a chapel, denying to render himself to Harkley, and said, looking on the crucifix, Good Lord, I render myself to thee, and put me into thy mercy! They then took off his coat of mail, and put on him a raycoat, or a gown of his servants' liveries, and carried him back to York, where they threw balls of dirt at him. And of the residue of the Barons, part were pursued from place to place; to the church, though the usual place of refuge, no reverence was given; and the father pursued the son, and the son the father. The King, hearing of this defeat, came with the two Spencers, and other nobles of his adherents, to Pontefract; upon which Thomas of Lancaster was brought to Pontefract to the King, and there he was put in a tower that he had newly built towards the Abbey, and afterwards tried in the hall, and judgment pronounced on Lancaster, who then said, 'Shall I die without answer, or permission to make my defence?' Then a certain Gascoyne (or Bravo), took him away, and put a broken hat, or hood,



ALNWICK CASTLE & LION BRIDGE.

on his head, and set him on a lean white jade, without a bridle; whereupon he cried out, 'King of Heaven, have mercy upon me, for the King of earth has abandoned me.' Thus he was carried, having a preaching friar for his confessor with him (while some threw dirt at him), to a hill without the town, where he kneeled down towards the east, till one Hughin de Muston obliged him to turn his face towards Scotland; where kneeling, a villayne (a menial servant, or wicked wretch) of London, cut off his head on the 11th of April, A.D. 1321."

When the execution was over, the Prior and the monks required the body of the Earl, which having obtained of the King, they placed it on the right hand of the altar. On the same day, five Barons, and a gentleman, were hanged, drawn, and quartered at Pontefract. The sentence of the Earl of Lancaster was, that he should be drawn, hanged, and beheaded; but in regard to his birth, the ignominious part of it was remitted. In the reign of Richard II. he was canonized, his picture set up in St. Paul's church, and the hill whereon he suffered was named St. Thomas's Hill.

The Castle continued in the Lancastrian family till the reign of Henry VI., when, after the battle of Hexham, Sir Peter de Bressay and 500 Frenchmen, taking shelter therein, were besieged by certain partisans of the House of York. After a vigorous defence, all the garrison, except Sir Peter, were made prisoners; and the Castle, which had been much damaged by the siege, was totally dismantled. From authentic records it appears to have belonged to the Crown, in the 10th of Elizabeth; but in the reign of James I. it was granted to Sir William Grey, baron of Wark, and confirmed by William III

Alnwick Castle, and the House of Percy.

This famous Castle stands to the north-west of the town of Alnwick, from which it was originally cut off by a deep ravine, on the south bank of the river Alne, which was formerly its defence against the Scot. Roman remains have been found on the site. It is at least certain that Alnwick was inhabited by the Saxons, and that the Castle, at the time of the Conquest, was the property of Gilbert Tysen, one of the most powerful chiefs of Northumberland. Tysen is thought to have contented himself, in these wild regions, with some primitive kind of timber fortress; for the earliest traces of masonry that have been found, are

late Norman, and are attributable to Eustace Fitzjohn, who married the daughter and heir of Ivo de Vesci, who is thought to have married Tysen's daughter. The Castle consists of a cluster of semi-circular and angular bastions, surrounded by lofty walls, defended at intervals by towers, altogether occupying a space of about five acres of ground. It is divided into three courts or wards, each of which was formerly defended by a massive gate, with a portcullis, porter's lodge, and a guard-house, beneath which was a dungeon. This last remains; the only entrance to it was by a trap-door, or iron-grate, through which prisoners were lowered by means of ropes. The entrance from the town to the Castle is through the outer gate, or barbican, the massive grandeur and gigantic strength of which is very striking, and thence a splendid view of the Castle is obtained. It has been a place of great strength and importance in earlier times, and the scene of many a brave encounter. The Postern Tower, or Sally Port, is one of the sixteen towers flanking the Castle wall, and is adjacent to "Hotspur's Chair," and the "Bloody Gap." Its upper part is now used as a museum for ancient arms; its lower part is a laboratory. One of the most memorable sieges sustained by Alnwick Castle was in the reign of William Rufus, when it was gallantly defended by Mowbray, Earl of Northumberland, from the assault of the Scots, under the command of Malcolm III. The garrison were on the point of surrendering, when a private soldier undertook their deliverance. He rode forth, armed, carrying the keys of the Castle dangling from his lance, and presented himself in suppliant posture before the King, as if to deliver up the keys; Malcolm advanced to receive them, and the trooper speared him through the heart. The monarch fell dead instantly, and in the confusion which ensued, the soldier sprung upon his horse, dashed through the swollen river, and reached a place of safety. Prince Edward, the king's eldest son, advancing rashly to avenge his father's death, fell mortally wounded by the enemy. The generally received name of the soldier who performed the above daring exploit is Hammond, and the spot where he swam the river is called "Hammond's Ford."

A chapel and hospital, dedicated to St. Leonard, were built by Eustace de Vesci, to the memory of Malcolm, and a certain spring hard by is called "Malcolm's Well;" the latter and the hospital were discovered in 1845. Two or three hundred yards north of the chapel is a cross, (supposed on the very spot where Malcolm was slain), which was restored in 1774, by the Duchess of Northumberland: the cross bears these inscriptions:—

Malcolm III.,
King of Scotland,
besieging
Alnwick Castle,
was slain here,
Nov. XIII. An. MXCIII.

K. Malcolm's Cross,
Decayed by time,
was restored by
His descendant,
Elizabeth,
Duchess of Northumberland,
MDCLXXIV.

Eustace, called De Vesci, flourished under Henry I. and Stephen, and died in 1157. He was a likely man to have constructed a great castle, being a baron of considerable power, sheriff of Northumberland, and founder of the Abbeys of Alnwick, and, in Yorkshire, of Malton. Also, he must have felt the want of a strong place; for, in his days, in 1135, Alnwick Castle was taken by David I., King of Scotland, in the interest of the Empress Maud. Beyond question, De Vesci constructed a castle in keeping with his wealth, and worthy of the chief baron of the Border; and traces of his walls have been found.

In July, 1174, William the Lion, on his way back from an invasion of Cumberland, found himself, to his surprise, before Alnwick. William, son of Eustace De Vesci, attacked him. He was unhorsed, captured, and sent into England, and beyond sea, to prison. Eustace, son of William, succeeded in 1190, and was visited by King John, in 1201 and 1209, when the King received at the Castle the homage of Alexander, King of Scotland. Four years later, John, the King, ordered Philip de Ulecote to demolish the Castle of Alnwick—a mandate which scarcely could have been obeyed, seeing the King himself was there Jan. 28, 1213, and Jan. 11, 1216, no doubt unwelcome visits, for Eustace was a Magna Charta baron. He met his death from an arrow before Barnard Castle, in the last year of King John. Henry III. visited Alnwick in 1256; and Edward I. was the guest of John de Vesci in 1291, 1292, and 1296.

The Barons de Vesci became extinct in 1297, by the death of William, seventh Baron, when the Castle and barony were acquired, it is said, by the fraudulent exclusion of the natural son of Antony Bec, the warlike Bishop of Durham, by whom, in 1309, 3 Edward II., they were sold to Henry de Percy, the representative of a warlike family, whose advent forms an important era in the history of the Border. Percy, as the leader of the Northern barons, made Alnwick his residence, and although in possession only five years, seems to have rebuilt much of the Castle, the rest being completed by his son of the same name, laid out nearly upon the Norman lines. The Percies maintained the fortress during nearly four centuries. They received here Edward I. and Edward III. Henry Algernon, the fifth earl, is well known for his

systematic magnificence and economy. It is remarkable that this earl was the first who having borne the title, died in his bed. Henry Algernon, sixth Earl, having married unhappily, died of a broken heart, in the same month that his brother was executed for his being involved in Aske's rebellion, 1536. The hereditary honours became extinct with him; but Queen Mary created the eldest son of Sir Thomas Percy, who had been attainted, Baron Percy, and next day Earl of Northumberland, who, as a zealous Catholic, conspired with the Earl of Westmoreland against Queen Elizabeth, and was beheaded at York. His brother Henry, succeeded as eighth earl: he was discovered in the Tower, (where he had been imprisoned under suspicion of favouring the liberty of Mary Queen of Scots), shot through the heart, the pistol in the chamber, the door being barred inside. Henry, ninth earl, his son and heir, succeeded. A misunderstanding arising between him and James I., in consequence of his being implicated in the Gunpowder Plot, he was sentenced by the Star Chamber to pay a fine of 50,000*l.*, and to be imprisoned in the Tower of London during the remainder of his lifetime. The Earl delayed for some years the payment of this enormous fine, but at length his estates were seized, and 20,000*l.* having been levied, he was released. This venerable nobleman, whose attachment to literature and science, and fondness for philosophic society, which he cultivated as far as he was able during his long imprisonment, passed the remainder of his life in dignified retirement at Petworth, "the home of the Percies, Seymours, and Wyndhams, with its Hotspur's sword and its magnificent park, 'Percy to the backbone,' in Horace Walpole's words."

From this date the family ceased to reside at Alnwick, and the Castle was neglected. The Percy line ended in Elizabeth, daughter of Jocelyn, the eleventh Earl, who, in 1682, married Charles, Duke of Somerset. Of their children, two had issue, Algernon and Catherine, who married Sir William Wyndham, and eventually conveyed to that family the Percy estates at Petworth, Egremont, and Leconfield. Algernon Seymour, Duke of Somerset, and by creation Earl of Northumberland, left one child, Elizabeth Seymour, who inhabited Alnwick, and married Sir Hugh Smithson, created Duke of Northumberland, and ancestor of the present family.

A Survey in 1567* shows Alnwick to have become almost a ruin, from which it was redeemed by the first Duke, who restored, and in part re-

* An entry in the minutes of this Survey informs us that the glass casements were taken down during the absence of the family, to preserve them from accident.

built the keep, and made the exterior of the Castle sound and good, and in keeping with what remained of the ancient buildings. Thus Alnwick remained until the accession of Duke Algernon, better known as Lord Prudhoe, who, under the sound advice of Mr. Salvin, the architect, has almost rebuilt the Castle, in which he has preserved all that admitted of preservation, and adapted his new work to the period of the first and second Percy, the founders of the later Castle. The towers now afford a complete set of offices to the castle, and many of them retain their original names, use, and destination. The Constable's Tower remains chiefly in its ancient state, as a specimen how the castle was once fitted up. In the upper apartment of the tower there are arms for 1500 men, formerly the Percy tenantry: in the under apartment is deposited the ancient armour.

Alnwick Castle is storied with recollections of its eventful history, and the great men associated with it. For example, "Hotspur's Chair" is the name given to the seated recess of the Ravine Tower, to which tradition points as the favourite resort of "the gallant Hotspur, young Harry Percy." Here, it is said, he was accustomed to sit while his troops exercised in the castle-yard beneath; and from hence he could view an approaching enemy, and take timely measures for their due reception. The fortress stands on a commanding situation; and through the loopholes on either side of the stone seat, Hotspur could have a very extensive prospect over the valley of the Alne, and to the distant sea-coast.

"The Bloody Gap" is another noted site, and is between the Ravine and Record or Round Tower. Its extent is plainly to be distinguished at the present day by the variations in the masonry. "The Bloody Gap" was the terrible name given to a breach in the wall made by the Scots during the Border Wars. The date and exact event are unknown; but according to tradition, three hundred of the Scots fell within the breach vainly endeavouring to make good their entrance. Many arrows have been found in the adjacent walls so placed as to lead to the supposition that they were shot from the opposite battlements and windows of the keep, when the assailants were making "the Bloody Gap." A broad walk runs along the walls and within the battlements of this second courtyard.

A complete account of the Castle, as it now stands, with Mr. Salvin's restoration of this great fortress of the Border, with strict regard to the rules of military architecture, appeared in the *Builder*, Oct. 2, 1869, whence the following is condensed:

Entering the court, in the wall is the very curious well. Within a

pointed panel are three deep recesses, of which the centre contains the mouth of the well, the shaft of which descends in the thickness of the wall. A wooden axle crosses above it, and is fitted, in the lateral niches, with two wheels, set round with pegs, for winding up the water-buckets by hand. Above, within the panel, in a small niche, is a figure of St. James blessing the source. This curious and probably singular well was the work of the first Henry de Percy, in 1312-15; but the figure of the saint is thought to be an insertion of the last century. There is a similar arrangement over the great gate of Goderich Castle, for working the portcullis.

Alnwick Castle is probably the finest extant example of a Norman castle, having an open keep and a complete *enceinte*; for, although most of the present buildings are either of the fourteenth or the nineteenth century, the plan is certainly Norman. It seems also that the keep was never a mere shell, like Cardiff or Arundel, but was always set about with towers and provided with a handsome gatehouse. Stone statues of warriors, placed upon the parapets, were remarkable for their absurdity in the repairs of the last century. They are seen at Bothal, and in Edwardian works, both at Caernarvon and Chepstow, but by no means so freely distributed as here. They were obviously intended for ornament only, and of all the figures that of the eagle at Caernarvon is the most appropriate. No archer would or could have stood on the crest of the parapet. Most of the later figures have been very properly removed by Mr. Salvin.

Upon the battlements of both walls and towers, in various parts of the Castle, is a convenient arrangement for slinging a moveable wooden shutter in the embrasures, so as to defend the warders from a Scottish shaft, and from the scarcely less keen edge of the bleak winds of the Border. The shutter hung horizontally, like a port-lid, and could be lifted in and out if necessary. The arrangement is precisely that applied to the roller of a round towel; a perfect example is seen on the barbican. Another may be seen on the east wall of Goderich.

The officers forming the staff of Alnwick Castle, as a civil residence, in 1567, were the constable or governor; the porter of the outer gate; the grieve, or executive officer, or bailiff; the receiver or auditor; the feodary, who looked up the services and tenures; the steward, learned in the law, who administered justice; the clerk of the courts, who engrossed the rolls and kept the records; and the foreign or outer bailiff, who collected the castle-guard and cornage money, and summoned the tenants and suitors. The annual payment to the whole was 58*l.* 18*s.*

Sir Bernard Burke quotes the following brief *précis* of the nobility of the Percies : “ Not more famous in arms than distinguished for its alliances, the House of Percy stands pre-eminent for the number and rank of the families which are represented by the present Duke of Northumberland ; whose banner, consequently, exhibits an assemblage of nearly nine hundred armorial ensigns ; among which are those of King Henry VII., of several younger branches of the Blood Royal of the Sovereign Houses of France, Castile, Leon, and Scotland, and of the Ducal Houses of Normandy and Brittany, forming a galaxy of heraldic honours altogether unparalleled.”

The Ducal seats include four castles—Alnwick, Warkworth, Kellder, and Prudhoe, in Northumberland ; Stanwick and Warrington Parks ; Sion House, and Northumberland House.

In October, 1869, there appeared in the *Times* journal a very interesting description of the writer's visit to Alnwick Castle, from which we select the following points :—

“ An English castle on the Scottish border, inhabited by the descendants of the old Northumbrian earls, is, indeed, the right thing in the right place. It would be positively painful to find a Percy in a mansion of modern style, however tastefully decorated, at a place so full of famous historical and poetical associations connected with his name as Alnwick. It was from Alnwick that Hotspur sallied forth to encounter the marauding force which, under Douglas, had laid waste with fire and sword the North of England to the gates of York ; and almost within sight of Alnwick, to the south, is the field of Otterburn, renowned in song, where Douglas fell by Hotspur's own hand, though the English lost the day, and Hotspur himself was taken prisoner. About the same distance from Alnwick, to the north, is Humbleton Hill, where the capricious fortune of war changed sides, as she was always ready to do with the utmost impartiality, and the Scots had to fly from the shower of ‘ England's deadly arrow-hail,’ leaving a crowd of nobles on the ground, and their leader Douglas, with five wounds but only one eye, a prisoner in the hands of the Percies. It was from the battlements of Alnwick Castle that the Countess, according to the poetic legend, watched ‘ the stout Earl of Northumberland ’ set forth

‘ His pleasure in the Scottish woods
Three summer days to take,’

—a pleasure trip from which he was never to return. Indeed, the history of this neighbourhood was once nothing more than an

eternal see-saw of victories and reverses, both sides being always as ready for a 'pretty quarrel' as Sir Lucius O'Trigger, and as loth to spoil it by too minutely scrutinizing its occasion. If the English went too long without killing some stray Scot, the Scotch made up for the omission by killing an Englishman, and, as it was a point of honour on both sides not to apologize for accidents of this kind—at least, not till after the fight—the materials for a quarrel were thus always handy; and the whole neighbourhood is so rife with the traditions and trophies of these border battles that the traveller who loves peace and owns a portmanteau is constantly reminded to bless the immortal Act of Union, and congratulate himself that the worst his Scotch cousins can nowadays do is to overcharge him, and that he may go to bed without risk of having to choose between being burnt in it or poniarded out of it by a mossrooper.

“ If Alnwick Castle, with its dungeon, postern-gate, barbican, and loopholed battlements towering within bowshot of the railway, is an anachronism, it has the merit of being a pleasantly suggestive as well as a highly becoming one to faint-spirited people who think that there are more agreeable occupations in life than perpetual fighting. Its warlike trophies show that it played a highly important part in the military history of the country long before even the days of the Percies, though they have held it continuously, barring occasional attainders and forfeiture for open rebellion or suspected treason, for nearly six hundred years, through either the male or female line. Near its forest gate a monument marks the spot upon which William the Lion of Scotland was, in 1174, taken prisoner while besieging the Castle; and at Malcolm's Cross, which stands about a mile from Alnwick, Malcolm III. met his death while similarly engaged. An odd tradition traces the name of Percy to the manner in which he was killed, averring that an English knight, under pretence of surrendering the keys of the Castle at the end of his spear, treacherously drove it into the king's eye, and hence got the name of 'Pierce-eye.' This quaint libel upon the Northumberland house is sufficiently met by the fact that the Percies were a well-known and powerful family before Malcolm's death, and the whole story is probably a fiction. The Castle passed into their hands in 1309, but the present structure, or rather the more ancient portions of it, were built by one of the De Vesci family about a century and a half before that date. Still further back in history it must have been a strongly fortified place, since it withstood a siege

by the Scottish King ; and by some its earliest origin as a fortification is traced to Saxon and even Roman times. Antiquaries still detect in its curtain walls evidences of the De Vesci period ; but as it now stands it is, I believe, almost entirely the work of the Percies, and is divisible, roughly, into two portions—that built soon after they came into possession, and that built only a few years ago by Algernon, fourth Duke of Northumberland. However, as no pains or expense was spared to make the new part harmonize with the old so far as it was possible to combine ancient architecture with modern requirements, the structure as a whole presents the most magnificent specimen in Great Britain—perhaps in the world—of the feudal Castle of mediæval days. Indeed, it was in consequence of a former failure to produce this result that the recent restorations were made. In the middle of the last century the interior of the Castle was rebuilt at great expense ; but the secret of architectural restoration was not understood then as it is now, and huge windows of modern fashion and inappropriate ornament made the new patch, by no means handsome in itself, look positively ugly from its want of harmony with the old garment. So, in 1854, the fourth Duke, who fortunately had taste as well as money, began the work of restoration all over again, sparing neither time, trouble, nor expense. I am afraid to tell you how many hundreds of thousands he is reported here to have spent on the task ; but, as it took as long as the siege of Troy, and he had during that time to keep a whole army of artists and craftsmen of all kinds, foreign and native, employed on it, superintended by the most eminent masters of their profession, the reader may suppose that the bill was a tolerably long one. However, like the siege of Troy, the work resulted in the restoration of a veritable Helen for stateliness and grace, and love's labour was not lost.

“ Nevertheless, the ancient parts, built when sieges of a rougher kind were the fashion, are naturally the more interesting. Of these the first in order, and perhaps in importance, is the barbican, or principal entrance from the town, a huge tower of enormous thickness and strength, once protected by no less than three massive iron-studded gates, the places for which are still to be seen in its walls. Its battlements are quaintly ornamented by stone figures of armed men represented in the act of hurling down weapons upon the heads of imaginary invaders. This ornamentation is used largely in other parts of the Castle, and on the whole with good effect, being both suggestive and animated, though the illusion is

spoiled by the unreal posing and dressing of the figures. Among the more remarkable of the ancient portions of the Castle are the Abbot's Tower, built by the first Percy; the Octagonal Towers, built by the second, and adorned with a succession of carved heraldic shields describing the marriage alliances of his family; the Constable's Tower, considered an unusually fine specimen of mediæval military architecture, with loopholed walls of immense thickness; and the Sallyport, or Postern Tower. Two curious relics of the olden time are a garret, called 'Hotspur's Chair,' and a place with the suggestive title of the 'Bloody Gap,' where tradition declares that a party of Scots contrived to find their way into the Castle, but were given no chance of ever again finding the way out. The top of the old draw-well is still preserved as a curiosity in its original place; and the prison and dungeon are also, I believe, in position and construction now what they always were, and 'dead men' probably are still to be found occasionally in the former, as it adjoins the cellar. The dungeon is a horrible hole under ground, dark as night, and with no ventilation but through an iron trap-door. The humane Englishman instinctively hopes, as he peers down its gloomy jaws, that none but Scots were ever locked up in such a chamber of horrors.

"It would take far more space than you would give me to go through each and every part of the Castle, for as yet I have not even mentioned the principal part—the Prudhoe Tower. It contains, I believe, all the chief apartments used by the family, and in point of architectural symmetry and graceful variety of outline is the most striking, as it is the largest, of all the towers. It is quite modern, having been entirely rebuilt by the fourth Duke; but still, as I have before said, in this, as in the other additions to the building, elaborate care has been taken to produce a general harmony between the new and the old, and from a little distance at certain points of view the spectator can easily persuade himself that he is looking at a genuine specimen of mediæval military architecture, and that the warlike group he sees before him of battlemented towers, iron-clasped gates, lofty pinnacles, and massive loopholed walls, outflanking and protecting each other, in picturesque contrast to the peaceful fertility of the rich landscape around, is really a feudal Castle, with the strength as well as the stateliness and grandeur of olden days. Indeed, I suppose that, actually and without the help of imagination, Alnwick Castle, as it now stands—give it time for a little preparation to strengthen a

weak point here and there—might be credited with full capacity most vigorously to withstand a siege if the enemy would only be chivalrous enough to forego the ‘villanous saltpetre’ which even in Hotspur’s day had, according to the dandy of the period, made fighting unfit for gentlemen.

“I ought not, however, to omit all mention of the splendid kitchen, which, with its lofty roof of intersecting arches and deep mullioned windows, is worthy to be the temple of the great Soyer himself, with a huge fireplace for altarpiece, at which busy priestesses, under the direction of a high priest, are perpetually offering sacrifice. Adjoining are the little chapels, or outer courts, in which the offerings are kept fresh and cool. In this mighty temple, I am told, dinner enough has been cooked for over 600 Northumbrian stomachs; and in the crypt below, where the steam-generating boilers and hydraulic engines are placed, are stowed away every season, it is said, 300 tons of coal. Lest I lose myself utterly in these vast and enticing regions, let me hasten to conclude my letter. I should have liked to have said something about Alnwick itself, which is full of interest, but it is completely eclipsed by its mighty Castle, which, by the courtesy of the Duke, is thrown open to visitors when the family are away. Even when they are at home admission to the pleasure-grounds and outer parts of the Castle can easily be obtained, but the interior is closed, for the very simple reason that it is lived in by the family and is in constant use.”

The Duke of Northumberland nominates the Bailiff of Alnwick as Constable of the Castle; and deputies from the adjacent townships attend him during the ceremony of proclaiming the July Fair, and keep watch and ward during the remainder of the night. Upon taking up the freedom of the town, the candidates pass through “Freeman’s Well,” a miry pool, said to be 20 feet across, and in many places from 4 to 5 feet deep. On St. Mark’s day (24th April) the candidates, clad in white, with white night-caps, mounted, and with swords by their sides, accompanied by the bailiffs and chamberlains, similarly mounted and armed, and preceded by music, proceed to this pool. They then dismount, scramble through the pool, several, perhaps, being tumbled over in the bustle; and after changing their garments, ride round the boundaries of the town. The tradition is, that the observance of this absurd custom was enjoined by King John, as a penalty for their carelessness in neglecting to keep up the roads near the town, owing to which he was bemired in a bog in the neighbourhood.

Dilston Hall.—The Last Earl of Derwentwater.

The remains of the manor and fortress of Dilston (a corruption of Devilstone) form one of the most interesting and picturesque of the many ruins which render the Border districts so attractive to the student of British history. This domain, now so profoundly isolated in its sylvan seclusion, was in early times the inheritance of the Lords of Tynedale, was afterwards the seat of a branch of the once powerful family of Radcliffe, and is now chiefly memorable as having been the home of the unfortunate James Radcliffe, the third and last Earl of Derwentwater, who forfeited his life and lost his vast estates in an attempt to re-establish the Stuarts on the throne of England, early in the eighteenth century. The grey and shattered ruins of the old castle are beautifully situated on an eminence, encircled on two sides by the brawling rivulet called the Devil's Water, about three miles from Hexham and eighteen miles west of Newcastle. The terrace on which the ruin stands commands an extensive view over the richly-cultivated valley of the Tyne, and the surrounding scenery is highly picturesque. Traces of the gravelled-walks and flower-gardens of the old mansion are still visible, and the remains of the terraced drives and walks to be seen in the neighbouring woods are still eloquent of the former beauty of the park.

Francis, the first Earl of Derwentwater, was the builder of the mansion of Dilston, or rather of those modern additions to the massive and lofty quadrangular tower which rendered this home of an ancient family suitable to the requirements of modern times, as it stood when inhabited by the last earl. Dilston was a plain extensive building, occupying three sides of a square, enclosing a handsome courtyard, paved with dark-veined limestone, in diamond-shaped slabs, and entered by an imposing gateway, built in the reign of James I. and still standing. The longest range of building occupied the northern side; in the centre was a large entrance-hall built of stone and approached from the paved courtyard by a few steps. The courtyard was bounded on its western side by the old tower, the original Dilston Castle, which still remains; and in connexion with this wing a range of buildings, comprising a number of rooms, was added by Lord Derwentwater, but the fitting and decoration of the rooms were never completed. The western façade, consisting of two stories, presented in the upper

story a range of nine windows overlooking the pleasing prospect of the vale of Hexham. This part of the hall comprised the intended state apartments.

Below the mansion an old bridge of one arch crosses the river and gives access to the ancient deer-park. Woodlands crown the hills to the south and west of the Castle-hill, and there is an extensive chase, which, though now almost oppressive from its solitude and desolation, was vocal with the sound of the hunting-horn and with the mirth of many a merry company in the olden time.

In the reign of Henry I. Dyvelstone, as it was then named, was held by William Fitz-Aluric, of whom little more than the name is known, but who was probably the descendant of one of those Norman barons whose devotion and service at the Conquest William so generously rewarded with fair English estates. In the reign of Henry II. the local lord had assumed as his own surname the name of his estate, and a Robert de Dyvelstone was assessed for scutage in respect of his barony in the eighteenth and twenty-third years of that reign. Thomas de Dyvelstone, Knight, sheriff of Northumberland in the ninth year of the reign of Edward I., married Lucia, daughter of Sir William Heron; but at his death without issue his barony and possessions were inherited by his cousin, William de Tynedale, and his grandson succeeded to the lordship of Dyvelstone in 1317. In 1357 the name of another William of Tynedale appears as lord of the barony. He left two daughters, but these dying without issue the estates passed to his cousin, Sir William Claxton. Sir Robert Claxton dying in the second year of Richard III. his daughter and co-heiress married John Cartington, of Cartington Tower. She survived her husband, and by her will Dilston was charged with certain portions to be paid on the marriage of each of the three daughters of Sir Cuthbert Radcliffe, Knight, to whom the manor and village of Dilston were devised to hold to him and his heirs male. The Radcliffe family acquired this fair inheritance by the marriage of Sir Edward Radcliffe, Knight, before 1494, to Anne, daughter and heiress to John Cartington and Johanna his wife. The father of this Sir Edward Radcliffe had, prior to his son's marriage with the heiress of Dilston, succeeded to the possessions of the old lords of Derwentwater in Cumberland. The possessions consisted of estates extending along the shores of the beautiful lake of the same name for two miles, as well as of large possessions in other parts of Cumberland and in other counties. Of the origin of the Derwentwater

family little is clearly ascertained, but they seem to have risen to importance as early as the reign of King John, and in the forty-eighth year of Edward III. Sir John de Derwentwater, whose seat was on the shores of the lake of the same name, held the warlike appointment of Sheriff of Cumberland. By the marriage of the daughter of this Sir John with Sir Nicolas Radcliffe, in the reign of Henry V., the magnificent estates of the Derwentwaters passed to the Radcliffe family.

The Radcliffes, a family as ancient as the Derwentwaters, took their name originally from the village of Radcliffe in Lancashire, and were of some standing prior to the reign of Henry II.

By this marriage of the heir of the Radcliffes with the heiress of the Derwentwaters the issue was a son, afterwards Sir Thomas Radcliffe, who married Margaret, a daughter of Sir William Parr—ancestor of that queen of Henry VIII. who, says Pennant, was indebted to her prudence for the privilege she enjoyed of descending to the grave without having suffered decapitation. Sir Thomas Radcliffe was succeeded by his third son and surviving heir, Sir Edward Radcliffe, who, as we have already mentioned, married Anne Cartington, the lady of Dilston, in 1494, and founded the family of the Earls of Derwentwater.

He was succeeded by his son Sir Cuthbert Radcliffe, of Dilston, Knight, and he again was succeeded by his son, George Radcliffe, heir of Dilston and Derwentwater, in 1545. The young lord was knighted in 1546, and had the honour subsequently of filling the offices of High Sheriff of Northumberland and Lord Warden of the East Marches. He died in 1588, and was succeeded by his son Sir Francis, who inherited the Radcliffe estates in Northumberland and Cumberland, and settled at Derwentwater. His successor, Sir Edward, made himself conspicuous for his loyalty, for which Parliament rewarded him by sequestrating his estates. The troubles and outrages to which he as a Royalist was subjected during the great Rebellion embittered the latter years of his life, and he died in 1663, and was buried in the family vault underneath the chapel adjoining Dilston Hall.

This unfortunate member of this ancient family was succeeded by his son, Sir Francis, afterwards created first Earl of Derwentwater. This was the nobleman who so much improved the old castle of Dilston, by raising extensive buildings on the north side of the original stone tower, which gave to the whole the character of a commodious hall or mansion. The additions were suffered to fall into

decay, and in 1768 they were entirely removed. The ground they occupied is now covered with level turf. The Earl himself, who from 1663 when he succeeded to the property till his death in 1697, made Dilston his residence, was succeeded by his eldest son, Richard, second Earl of Derwentwater. He married Lady Mary Tudor, one of the daughters of Charles II., by whom he had four children, the eldest of whom, his successor in his honours and estates, was James, the third and last Earl.

James Radcliffe was born in Arlington Street, London, in 1689, and on the death of his father, in 1705, succeeded to the illustrious title and the ample possessions of his father.

Meantime James II., with whose family the young Radcliffe was so nearly connected through his mother, had taken refuge in France, and had found the home of an exile at St. Germain. But in the chateau in which he had taken up his residence the dethroned monarch was not without the consolation of the companionship and the devoted loyalty of many who had served him faithfully in England; for many noble English, Scottish, and Irish emigrants, whom dislike to the new order of things in England, or the desire to flee the danger, the suspicion, and the persecutions to which residence in their native country exposed them, elected to share the exile of their King, and to evince in France the devotion to the royal line to which they did not dare to give expression in England.

Among the adherents who followed James into exile were the second Earl and the Countess of Derwentwater, bringing with them their eldest son James, for whose advantage education in France and training at the mimic court of the only King the Derwentwaters acknowledged, were deemed indispensable. The ties that drew together the families of the dethroned King and the Northumberland Baron were more than usually binding. There was actual kinship between the families, the Countess of Derwentwater having been the daughter of Charles II. Another circumstance served to draw the families more closely together. The son of James II., the young Prince whose birthright in the eyes of all Jacobites was the sovereignty of the British empire, and who afterwards figured in history as "the Pretender," was only one year older than the heir of Dilston and of the great estates in the North; and from a very early period a friendship seems to have sprung up between the boys which, on one side at least, developed in after years into the most loyal and self-sacrificing devotion. The free companion-

ship of the children of the Jacobite emigrants at St. Germain's was not denied to the young prince. The young children of their adherents were objects of much interest to the exiled king and queen, and were freely allowed to sport on the parterres of the chateau with the prince, or to form around him a mimic court or body-guard, as the humour seized them. It is also said that the heir of Derwentwater occasionally shared in the studies of him in whose cause he was destined to lay down his life. "With his last breath," says Mr. Gibson in his excellent and exhaustive work on Dilston Hall and its last Earl, "Lord Derwentwater declared the attachment and devotion he had felt from the time of his infancy towards the royal and ill-fated companion of his youth—an attachment on the part of the Earl which was induced by what he himself described as his natural love for the young Prince—a devotion prompted by the Earl's conviction that the youthful James Stuart was qualified to make his people happy; while on the part of the Prince, attachment was cemented by those amiable traits of character which a contemporary described as the extraordinary good qualities of the Earl, and by his power to win affection and esteem."

On the death of his father in 1705, James Radcliffe succeeded to the earldom. At this time he was only seventeen years of age. He did not immediately set out for Dilston and assume in Northumberland the proud position to which he had been born, but appears to have spent the whole of his minority on the Continent. In 1710, however, when he was in his twenty-first year, he first visited his patrimonial estate, and took up his principal residence there for the two following years.

At this time he is described as being rather under the middle size, and slender and delicate in figure though of active habits. "His hair was light," says his biographer, "his eyes grey, and his countenance handsome and prepossessing." Patten, a contemporary who was well acquainted with him, thus draws his general character:—"The sweetness of his temper and disposition, in which quality he had few equals, had so secured to him the affection of all his tenants, neighbours, and dependents, that multitudes would have lived and died for him; he was a man formed by nature to be beloved; and he had a beneficence so universal that he seemed to live for others." He seems to have made the poor of Dilston and its vicinity his peculiar care. And in dispensing his charities his kindness was limited by no consideration except the

necessity of the recipient. A Catholic himself, and the representative of an old Catholic family, he relieved the distressed without reference as to whether they were Papist or Protestant.

In 1712 he married Anna Maria, eldest daughter of Sir John Webb of Canford, in the county of Dorset, Baronet. The next two years of his life the Earl spent with his young wife at the mansion of Hatherhope in Gloucestershire, but in 1714 he returned to Dilston and took up his residence there.

In the autumn of 1714 events had occurred which gave the adherents of the Stuarts cause to hope that a rebellion against the family of Hanover and in favour of the old dynasty would be likely to meet with success. The Earl of Mar and other Scottish noblemen were the moving spirits of the projected rising. Active correspondence, with the object of realizing the scheme, was carried on between "the Court" at St. Germain's and the leading Jacobite families in England and Scotland. In August, 1715, the Prince was proclaimed in Scotland as James VIII., and on the same day a council of the Scottish leaders was held at which reliance upon a general rising in England was expressed. Among the English families which were expected to make an early and vigorous movement in favour of the Stuarts was that of the Earl of Derwentwater. And it was certain that Derwentwater, who had been cradled, so to speak, at St. Germain's, and who was an intimate and deeply obliged and devoted friend of "the Pretender," was thoroughly Jacobite in religion, in affections, and in sympathies.

But government was by this time awake to the growing danger, and warrants were being issued on all hands for the apprehension of such known Jacobites as from their wealth or influence were considered to be among the ringleaders of the movement. How far Derwentwater had compromised himself by corresponding with the exiled family, or plotting to restore them, was not known; but his political principles were known to be Jacobitish; he was known to have been the friend and companion of the Prince who was soon expected to land on the shore of Britain with a hostile force; he was young and enthusiastic, wealthy and powerful, and government resolved, to prevent more serious complications, to place him and his brother under confinement. The Earl, however, had been apprised of the approach of the officers of the law, and he and his brother opportunely left Dilston and sought a more secure retreat in the houses of friends or dependents, or in the wilder recesses among the mountains.

Up to this time the Earl had not yet openly declared what was to be his line of action in the event of the contemplated rising in favour of the Stuarts taking place; but the unconsidered conduct of government in issuing a warrant against him before accusing him of any crime, taken together with one or two other circumstances which were brought to bear upon him at this time, influenced him in definitely taking his stand for what he believed to be the cause of right. We know about these circumstances from tradition rather than from established fact, and probably too much importance has hitherto been attached to them.

X | The Countess of Derwentwater was a person it seems of a somewhat impatient temper, and a much more fervid Jacobite than her husband. On one occasion, when, after remaining in hiding amid the wilds for seven days, the Earl, desirous of having an interview with his own family, repaired in secret to Dilston, his wife reproached him with continuing to hide his head in hovels when the gentry of the north were already out in arms for "the Prince." The lady is reported to have concluded her exhortation by throwing down her fan on the ground before the Earl, and telling him to "take up that" and leave his sword to her. A still less excusable method of working upon the feelings of the Earl is said to have been employed by those who were anxious to see him declare against the House of Hanover at every possible risk. There had long been a tradition in his family that a mysterious and unearthly visitant appeared to the head of the house in critical emergencies—either to warn of danger or to announce impending calamity. One evening, a few days before he resolved to cast in his fate with the Stuarts, whilst he was wandering amid the solitudes of the hills, a figure stood before him in robe and hood of grey. The vision is said to have sadly reproached the Earl for not having already joined the rising, and to have given him a crucifix which was to render him proof against bullet or sword-thrust. After communicating this message the figure vanished, leaving the Earl confounded. The mysterious apparition is said to have spoken with the voice of a woman; and, as we know that in the more critical conjunctures of the history of the Stuarts every device was practised by secret agents to gain the influence or support of a wavering or lukewarm follower, we may be able to guess at a probable explanation of the ghost of the Dilston groves.

But led by whatever arguments or taunts, it is certain that Derwentwater after a period of indecision at last embraced the enter-

prise which was then engaging so much attention in Northumberland. From the hour he announced the decision at which he had arrived, every step he took, every preparation he made, showed a fixed determination and purpose. He arranged with a few friends in the neighbourhood the time and place for a meeting on the following day, and he commanded every one of his retainers to be then armed and in readiness to follow him.

On the 6th October, 1715, he marshalled his men and rode forward accompanied by his brother Charles, who showed much spirit throughout the campaign. The Earl's troop, which was under the command of Charles Radcliffe, now joined the men raised by Mr. Forster, a Northumbrian member of Parliament and Church of England man, and it was still further increased when, crossing the Tyne near Hexham, they halted at the seat of Mr. Errington. The party now amounted to about sixty horse. On the following day Lord Widdrington, with about thirty followers, joined the slender force.

Mr. Forster, who was chosen general, himself proclaimed James III. at Warkworth, with sound of trumpet. The company then marched to Alnwick, where James III. was also proclaimed. They entered the town of Morpeth a body of men three hundred strong.

The constitution of the rebel force at this time is thus described by Sir Walter Scott:—"Out of the four troops commanded by Forster, the two raised by Lord Derwentwater and Lord Widdrington were, like those of the Scots, composed of gentlemen and their relations and dependents. But the third and fourth troops differed considerably in their composition. The one was commanded by John Hunter, who united the character of a border farmer with that of a contraband trader, the other by a person named Douglas, who was remarkable for his dexterity and success in searching for arms and horses, a trade which he is said not to have limited to the time of the rebellion. Into the troops of these last-named officers men of slender reputation were introduced, who had either lived by smuggling or by the ancient Border practice of horse-lifting, as it was called. These light and suspicious characters, however, fought with determined courage at the barricades at Preston."

At the same time that this rising on a small scale was being effected, an insurrection of a more important nature was in course of organization in the south-west of Scotland. The leader of the

latter, Lord Kenmure, resolving to unite his force with that of Forster, marched through Hawick and Jedburgh and joined the English horse at Rothbury, on the south side of the Border. At the same time intelligence arrived that Lord Mar, who had been appointed Commander-in-Chief for the Pretender in Scotland, had sent a reinforcement to strengthen Forster and Kenmure. The junction was to be effected at Kelso, whither the troops on the English border now marched ; and here, on the 22nd, the reinforcement, consisting of 1400 foot under Macintosh, joined the Border horsemen—the latter numbering about 600 men.

At a council of war held at Kelso, Derwentwater proposed that the Prince's army should immediately march north into Scotland, should co-operate with Lord Mar's army, and having conquered the country, should then march upon England with the overwhelming force which the command of the Highlands would enable them to muster. This advice, probably the best that could have been acted upon under the circumstances, was disregarded, and in the debates which followed, the discord, the divided interests, and the general incapacity which marked the subsequent operations of this ill-fated expedition, made themselves painfully apparent. The Scottish officers refused to enter England ; the English officers were as much opposed to penetrate into Scotland. It was at last resolved to invade Lancashire, in which it was expected that large contingents would flock to the standard of the Pretender. In this scheme the Highlanders refused to co-operate in a body, and 500 of them, leaving the general army, marched northward by themselves. The remainder of the Prince's army, amounting to less than a thousand men, took the southward route into Lancashire.

On the 10th November the army, such as it was, entered Preston, and were joined by all the Roman Catholic gentry of the district, with their servants and tenants, many of whom, however, were quite unfit to join a warlike enterprise from the circumstance that they were unarmed.

Meantime the troops of King George were advancing upon the insurgents from different quarters. The rebels had no information of the movements of the government troops, and their cause was hopeless and deplorable from the beginning, owing to incapacity, divided counsels, and want of discipline. Brought to bay by a superior force, there was only one course open to the insurgents—to strengthen and defend the town of Preston with what success they might. The main avenues, four in number, were barricaded,

and the assault of the enemy awaited. The defences were charged with great spirit, but were defended with heroic obstinacy. The fight continued till after midnight. Next day the rebels surrendered, and their leaders were made prisoners.

The Earl of Derwentwater, with many of the noblemen and gentlemen who had been associated with him in the unfortunate and ill-conducted enterprise, was escorted to London, and to the Tower.

On the 9th January, 1716, Derwentwater was taken from the Tower to the bar of the House of Lords, and there "impeached of high treason, in levying war against his Majesty and proclaiming a pretender to his Crown to be the king of these realms." In answer he pleaded guilty. To the formal question whether he had any cause to show why judgment should not be passed against him, he replied in a touching speech, and with an emotion which has not yet faded out of the words, stating in his extenuation that though he had pleaded guilty, his "guilt was rashly incurred without any premeditation, as I hope your lordships will be convinced by one particular. I beg leave to observe I was wholly unprovided with men, horses, arms, and other necessaries, which in my situation I could not have wanted had I been party to any matured design." Sentence was passed in the usual form.

Every effort was used to obtain the pardon of the youthful Earl. His Countess begged for it from George I. on her knees only to be refused. Sir Robert Walpole stated in the House of Commons that 60,000*l.* had been offered to him if he would obtain the Earl's pardon.

The sentence was carried out on Tower Hill, 24th February, 1716.

Lord Derwentwater left two children, a son and daughter. The former died in France at the age of nineteen in consequence of sustaining an injury while riding; the latter was married to Lord Petre, in 1732. The Countess of Derwentwater died of small-pox at the age of thirty, and was buried at Louvain.

Charles Radcliffe, the younger brother of Earl James, followed his brother to the scaffold after an interval of thirty years, and with his grandson, who died without male issue in 1814, the family of the Radcliffes became extinct in the male line.

The splendid estates of the Derwentwaters were confiscated in 1716, and held by trustees till 1735. They were afterwards conferred upon the Royal Hospital for Seamen at Greenwich.

Ford Castle—Lady Heron—The Battle of Flodden.

This noble and memorable, but now almost deserted, mansion—the chief interest attached to which centres in the brief but fatal intimacy that sprang up here between Lady Heron, sometime its castellaine, and James the Fourth of Scotland—is situated in the north of the county of Northumberland, on the east bank of the Till streamlet, and within a few miles of the Scottish border.

In the reign of Edward I. a stronghold occupying the site of the present castle was the seat and manor of Odonel de Ford, of whom but little is known, save that his descendant and heiress, marrying Sir William Heron, carried Ford Castle with her into the Heron family. The Herons had established themselves in the North at an early date, and a Sir William Heron in the reign of Henry III. was a person of some consideration in his day, being governor of the castles of Bamborough, Pickering, and Scarborough, and Lord Warden of the Forests North of Trent and Sheriff of Northumberland for eleven successive years. This knight rebuilt Ford Castle in 1227. But the situation of this feudal stronghold must have subjected it to frequent assault, and in very early times it was probably often partially destroyed and as often rebuilt or repaired. In 1385 the Scotch, under the Earls of Fife, March, and Douglas, making an incursion by the Western Marches, laid waste the country as far as Newcastle, and demolished the fortresses of Ford, Wark, and Cornhill. In 1513, a few days previously to the Battle of Flodden, the Scotch, under their King James, stormed and razed the castle and took captive the Lady Heron, who, in the absence of her husband, Sir William Heron, took upon herself the responsibility of holding and defending the fortress. The daughter and heiress of Sir William married Thomas Carr, of the neighbouring property of Etal, and after this event Ford Castle was held by the Carrs. In 1549 the Scots were again in front of Ford, and, as they were on this occasion provided with four field-pieces, they succeeded in laying the greater portion of the fortress in ashes. One of the towers, however, defended by Thomas Carr, made a vigorous and obstinate resistance and remained unreduced. The daughter and heiress of Carr married Francis Blake, and his daughter and heiress, in like manner, married Edward Delaval, and thus this fortress came, after many vicissitudes, into the possession of the owners of

“The hall
Of lofty Seaton-Delaval.”

The Delavals, the gayest and most light-hearted race, perhaps, that ever took root in the North, were of most ancient and distinguished descent. They came over with the Conqueror, and Guy Delaval married Dionesia, second daughter of Robert, Earl of Morton, “brother by the mother’s side” to the famous William, Duke of Normandy. A descendant of the family was appointed one of the twenty-five barons to see the Magna Charta, which had been granted by King John at Runnymede, confirmed by the Pope.

In what manner or to what degree the alliance by marriage of the descendant of the fascinating Lady Heron influenced the family of the Delavals we have no direct evidence whereon to base conjecture, but it is certain that it was after that alliance that this famous Norman race acquired their reputation for courtly splendour of living and jovial hospitality. And for several generations everything in connexion with this brilliant family seemed naturally to induce to mirth and the enjoyment of luxurious gaiety. They were the inheritors of vast wealth, their princely home of Seaton-Delaval was the most magnificent mansion designed by Vanbrugh, and was adorned and fitted up in the richest style of art. Then the sons of this race were handsome and talented, the daughters lovely and witty, and for two generations enjoyment was the daily employment of the Delavals, and *l’Allegro* was the genius that directed the lively ceremonies of the seasons.

Extraordinary stories of the mode of life of the Delavals of these two generations are still remembered in the locality. Tales are still told of the crowds of visitors that filled the splendid hall perpetually with the gayest and most charming of mirth-loving company and of the *fêtes* of unimagined magnificence that were continually taking place, when the house and gardens glowed with more than an Eastern profusion of coloured lights, amid which flitted throngs of gay and lovely creatures, ready at once, at the call of mischief or merriment, to abandon themselves to the most extraordinary of frolics. Theatrical amusements were in high favour among the Delavals, and on one occasion the whole family performed at Drury Lane by permission. The daughters of the family, who were very handsome, are said to have been fond of assuming various disguises, and playing off all manner of pranks and practical jokes among their friends.

But continuous dissipation, however merry and elegant, can last

but for a limited time. The last Lord Delaval, who was great-grandson of Sir Francis Blake, of Ford Castle, had a large family and had several brothers; yet extinction, as by some inevitable fatality, fell like a blight upon this gay race. The last heir male died in the person of Edward Hussey Delaval, brother of the last Lord Delaval, and the estates, including Ford Castle, passed into the hands of a distant stranger.

It is necessary to return for a moment to Lord Delaval's family in order to trace the former and the present proprietors. One of the daughters of the last lord, an exceedingly lovely girl, whose hair was so richly luxuriant that when she rode it floated on the saddle, was married to Lord Tyrconnel, said to have been the finest-looking man of his time. He was, however, dissipated in his habits and kept several mistresses. Lady Tyrconnel, on the other hand, was said to be the mistress of the Duke of York. Of this Lady Tyrconnel the Marquis of Waterford was the grandson, and he inherited from his brilliant ancestress not only the fine estate of Ford Castle, but also his inveterate love for practical jokes, and the fair complexion and light hair of the Delavals.

Having now sketched the history of this castle from the earliest known instance of its having been mentioned in the annals of Northumberland down to the time when it passed from the Delavals into the hands of its present proprietors, we return to the building itself and describe it as it stands at the present date.

Ford Castle was regarded by the later Delavals as their *sporting seat*. Sir John Hussey Delaval commenced the building of the present edifice in 1761, and completed it within three years. In the work of reconstruction the ancient architectural style and feeling of the building were preserved. Indeed, the two towers, respectively on the east and west fronts, belong to the early mansion; but so careful has the architect been to secure harmony in his work that the new portions of the castle accord perfectly with the style of the old, and the whole seems pervaded with the genuine spirit of the old feudal times. Of the front, which faces the south, the centre is formed by a semi-hexagonal abutment, and its terminations are square turrets, from which on each hand a regular wing is advanced. On the west side of the area in front is an old square tower, formed by two turrets one above the other.

But the special charms of Ford Castle are its magnificent situation and the true "old English" air and feeling that invest it. Its very walls and court, its towers and battlements, seem instinct with

the solemn spirit of the ancient feudal times. Its situation is gloriously commanding and dignified. It crowns a bold ascent a mile in length, and is set in the centre of a most exhilarating natural environment consisting of lofty, wild, and rugged hills and fine belts of wood. Up the valley towards Wooler spreads a fine prospect, bordered by lofty eminences which, rising in precipitate steps, are broken in the most romantic manner. A dozen miles to the south-west the prospect is closed by the lofty Cheviots, their peaks affording ever-varying views in the continually changing light of the weather and the season—now looming portentous in the gathering tempest, now wreathed in the mist-drapery of the highlands, now glowing many-coloured in sunny light. Westward a mile, however, is the central attraction of the scene, the ever-memorable battle-ground of Flodden—the famous hill crowned by a climbing plantation of dark firs.

The interior of Ford Castle, until lately the dwelling of Mr. Blackburn, whom Sir Walter Scott numbered among his friends, presents many objects of interest. In the dining-room are a number of portraits of the Delaval family—Lord Delaval, Lady Audley, and Lady Tyrconnel &c. Here also are portraits of Sir Ralph and Lady Milbanke, the parents of Lady Noel Byron. Among the curiosities of Lady Delaval's dressing-room are two old cabinets inlaid with pearl. In the drawing-room is a fine portrait of the beautiful Lady Tyrconnel in a riding-habit and high-crowned hat with feathers and wearing a white muslin handkerchief on her neck and bosom. The face is wonderfully arch and piquant, the eyes full of mischief and mirth. In the old gallery are numerous paintings, chiefly illustrative of field-sports.

The gardens are all the more touching in their antiquity from the unbroken solitude which pervades and the staid formality with which they are laid out.

Perhaps the most surprising natural characteristic of Flodden is the prevailing colour of the scenery which surrounds it and of which it forms a part. As we gaze we recal the "dark Flodden" and the "red Flodden" of the poets and ballad-writers. The very name of the place has been associated in our minds with gloom and desolation and savage despair. Over there, across the valley from Ford Castle and at the foot of the fir-crowned hill, the King and his nobles fought against fate in determined and unbroken ring until the enclosing night hid foe from foe. As we call up the stern scene in imagination we involuntarily clothe it in sombre hues.

"Hung be the heavens with black" would be the language we would use if we wish to drape the hill as it appeared on the night of the battle. But the phrase "dark Flodden" is no longer applicable to this scene. The peaceful times introduced after the union had an equally striking effect upon the general tone of the scenery as upon the character of the borderers. The age of contention was at an end. It was no longer the interest of the inhabitants to have the "border" an inhospitable and impassable fortress, but to make every available acre of it "blithe with plough and harrow" and to convert its moorlands and upland slopes into profitable sheep-walks. This has at length been achieved, and the traveller who visits the most disastrous of Scotland's battle-fields will find cornfields where morass formerly extended, and the whole landscape wearing the cheerful hues of a cultivated country.

On reviewing the field of Flodden, tracing the positions occupied by the opposing armies, and recalling the evolutions that took place before the battle, it is impossible to resist the impression that had the Scots taken full advantage of every chance in their favour the result of the battle might have been very different to that recorded in history. But the war was entered into by James without sufficient reason, and the prosecution of a purpose thus injudiciously resolved upon is remarkable as evincing examples of still wilder injudiciousness.

It seemed as if the Scottish king, having once determined on war with England, so made his arrangements and so conducted the business of the war as to insure not victory, but defeat. In the opinion of the mass of his countrymen the voice of Heaven itself had gone forth against the projected war, and warnings and threats had been communicated to him by other than mortal means. At Linlithgow a few days before he set out for his army, whilst attending vespers in the Church of St. Michael, adjacent to his palace, a venerable stranger of a stately appearance entered the aisle where the king knelt; his head was uncovered, his hair, parted over his forehead, flowed down his shoulders, his blue robe was tied round his loins with a linen girdle, and there was an air of majesty about him which inspired the beholders with awe. Nor was this feeling decreased when the unknown visitant walked up to the king, and, leaning over the reading-desk where he knelt, thus addressed him:—"Sire, I am sent to warn thee not to proceed in thy present undertaking; for if thou dost it shall not fare well either with thyself or those who go with thee. Further, it hath been enjoined to

bid thee shun the familiar society and counsels of women, lest they occasion thy disgrace and destruction." The boldness of this strange herald of evil seemed to excite neither the indignation of the king nor those around him. All were struck with superstitious dread, whilst the figure, using neither salutation nor reverence, retreated and vanished amongst the crowd. Whither he went or how he disappeared no one, when the first feelings of astonishment had subsided, could tell ; and although the strictest inquiry was made, all remained a mystery. The story is recorded by Buchanan, the historian, who had received it from Sir David Lindsay and Sir James Inglis, who stood beside the King during the visit of the mysterious apparition.

But this was not the only warning given to the King and his supporters. All the Scottish historians narrate that at midnight, prior to the departure of the troops for the South, a voice not mortal, proclaimed a summons from the market cross, from which proclamations were usually read, calling upon all who should march against the English, to appear within the space of forty days before the court of the evil one. "The summons, like the apparition at Linlithgow, was probably," says Scott, "an attempt by those averse to the war to impose upon the superstitious temper of James IV."

James now saw himself at the head of a noble army, admirably equipped, and furnished with a train of artillery superior to that which had been brought into the field by any former monarch of Scotland. Leaving his capital he marched southward, entered England on the 22nd August apparently without having decided on any definite plan of action ; wasted two days and nights on the banks of the Till, and invested the castle of Norham, which surrendered after a week's siege. He then laid siege to the towers of Etal and Ford, and spent valuable time before each.

He had evidently forgotten, or had resolved to disregard, the plan which all the best Scottish leaders had pursued when carrying war into England. Had he benefited by their example he would have marched straight from Edinburgh across the border, would have struck a bold blow in the enemy's country, and either arranged an advantageous treaty with a baffled foe, or, having stripped the land of its resources, would have retired with his spoil upon the defences of his own mountains, leaving his dispirited enemies to follow him through a desolated land. But his delays before Norham, Etal, and Ford gave the English army time to assemble and advance.

The Scottish king had not begun his campaign in a manner that promised success, but he had yet to give way to temptations and to follies that insured defeat and rendered a crushing and a national disaster inevitable.

At the siege of Ford Castle he had taken Lady Heron, a beautiful but a treacherous and deceitful woman, captive. This dazzling and dangerous lady was the wife of Sir William Heron, who had been implicated in the murder of Sir Robert Kerr, a Scottish knight, and who, having been delivered up to James by King Henry of England on account of that crime, was cast by the former into the prison of Fast Castle. Heron was still lying in the dungeon of this gloomy stronghold at the time his lady was entertaining her royal captor and generous foe, the Scottish king. The pretence of endeavouring to inaugurate negotiations for the liberation of her husband has been set up in excuse of Lady Heron. But no such motive could have influenced her in living for days in privacy with a King who was notorious for his gallantries. On the contrary, it is certain that Lady Heron was both unfaithful to her husband and to James. She had not even the poor excuse of an unlawful love to excuse her error. She had no affection for King James, though she sacrificed the glory of her womanhood to him. Her kiss betrayed ; for even while she was enthralling the gay king with her Circean spells she was in frequent communication with the enemy against whom he had thrown down his life and the fate of his country in gage, and it is known (see Pinkerton's History and the authorities he quotes that this doubly false woman came and went between the armies of James and Surrey.

Of the nature of the fascinations which Sir Walter Scott supposed Lady Heron to have made use in enslaving the king and tempting him from the immediate object of his expedition, the following extract from "Marmion" will furnish some idea :—

“ Dame Heron rises with a smile
 Upon the harp to play.
 Fair was her rounded arm, as o'er
 The strings her fingers flew ;
 And as she touched and tuned them all,
 Ever her bosom's rise and fall
 Was plainer given to view :
 For, all for heat, was laid aside
 Her wimple, and her hood untied,
 And first she pitched her voice to sing,
 Then glanced her dark eye on the King,
 And then around the silent ring ;

And laughed and blushed, and oft did say
 Her pretty oath by Yea and Nay,
 She could not, would not, durst not play
 At length upon the harp with glee,
 Mingled with arch simplicity,
 A soft, yet lively, air she rung,
 While thus the wily lady sung :—

* * *

The monarch o'er the siren hung,
 And beat the measure as she sung :
 And, pressing closer and more near,
 He whisper'd praises in her ear.
 In loud applause the courtiers vied
 And ladies wink'd and spoke aside."

While James, in utter disregard of that army that had assembled at his call so willingly and were ready to die for him so devotedly, wasted his time in dalliance with a treacherous wanton, energetic Earl Surrey was marshalling the forces of England and advancing to meet him. The latter marched with 26,000 men northward through Durham, where he received the sacred banner of St. Cuthbert (a saint then held in high esteem in the Northern counties). In his progress towards the border he received reinforcements. On the 4th of September Surrey sent a challenge to the Scottish camp, offering King James battle on the succeeding Friday. This challenge was accepted by the king, against the advice of his best counsellors, who urged that to accept a challenge from an adversary and permit him to appoint a day for the encounter was against the usage of war. Meantime many of the Scotch, disgusted with James's obstinacy in wasting upon pleasures and upon the punctilios of chivalry the hours that might have been spent in active and advantageous warfare, deserted with the booty they had already collected and returned home.

James now changed his first encampment for a stronger position on the hill of Flodden, one of the last and lowest eminences which detach themselves from the range of the Cheviots ; a ground skillfully chosen, inaccessible on both flanks, and defended in front by the river Till, a deep, sluggish stream, which wound between the armies.

Surrey advanced and reconnoitred this position, and again sent a herald requesting the king to "descend from the eminence into the plain ;" and stating that in thus putting himself "into a ground more like a fortress or a camp than any indifferent field for battle," James acted ungallantly. The king, however, would not even admit the messenger into his presence. Surrey then attempted a decisive measure, which, had he not calculated upon the carelessness and in-

experience of his opponent, would have appeared a desperate step. Passing the Till on the 8th of September he proceeded along rugged ground on its eastern bank to Barmoor Wood, about two miles from the Scottish position, where he encamped for the night. His march was concealed from the Scottish army by an eminence to the east of Ford ; but, that it was executed without observation or interruption, evinced a shameful negligence on the part of the Scottish commanders.

Early on the following morning (the 9th of September), Surrey marched in a north-western direction, and then, turning suddenly to the eastward, crossed the Till with his vanguard and artillery at Twisel Bridge, not far from the confluence of the Tweed and the Till, while in person he led the rear division of his army over the Till at a ford about a mile nearer the Scottish camp.

While these movements were taking place, with a deliberation which afforded opportunity for a successful attack, the Scottish king remained unaccountably inactive. His veteran officers remonstrated. They showed him that if he advanced against Surrey when the enemy were defiling over the bridge, with their vanguard separated from their rear, there was every chance of destroying them in detail and so gaining an easy victory.

“ Even so it was. From Flodden ridge
The Scots beheld the English host
Leave Barmoor Wood, their evening post,
And heedful watched them as they crossed
The Till by Twisel Bridge.

• • • •

And why stands Scotland idly now,
Dark Flodden ! on thy airy brow,
Since England gains the pass the while,
And struggles through the deep defile ?
What checks the fiery soul of James ?
Why sits that champion of the dames
Inactive on his steed
And sees, between him and his land,
Between him and Tweed's southern strand,
His host Lord Surrey lead ?
What 'vails the vain knight-errant's brand ?
—O Douglas, for thy leading wand !
Fierce Randolph for thy speed !
Oh, for one hour of Wallace wight
Or well-skilled Bruce to rule the fight
And cry—' St. Andrew and our right !'
Another sight had seen that morn,
From Fate's dark book a leaf been torn,
And Flodden had been Bannockbourne !”

The aged Earl of Angus implored James either to assault the

English or to retreat ere it was too late. "If you are afraid, Angus, you can go home," replied the king, unfeelingly. The spirit of the brave old man could not brook the reproach. Bursting into tears he turned mournfully away, observing that the actions of his life might have spared him such a rebuke from his sovereign. Borthwick, the master of the artillery, now fell on his knees before the king and begged permission to bring his guns to bear upon Surrey's columns, which might then have been done with most destructive effect. James returned the preposterous reply that he would meet his antagonist on equal terms in a fair field, and scorned to avail himself of an advantage. Huntley and Lord Lindsay likewise appealed to him in vain.

Meanwhile Surrey, marshalling his army with the leisure which his enemy allowed him, drew up his entire line between James and Scotland, and advanced in full array against the Scots. On being made aware of this the king immediately set fire to the temporary huts and booths of his encampment and descended the hill, with the object of occupying the eminence on which the village of Branksome is built. His army was divided into five divisions, drawn up in line and about a bow-shot distance from each other. Their march was conducted in complete silence, and the clouds of smoke which arose from the burning camp, being driven in the face of the enemy, mutually concealed the opponents.

The arrangement of both armies, which was simple, is thus given by Tytler: The van of the English, which consisted of ten thousand men, divided into a centre and two wings, was led by Lord Thomas Howard, the right wing being entrusted to his brother, Sir Edmund, and the left to Sir Marmaduke Constable. In the main centre of his host Surrey himself commanded; the charge of the rear was given to Sir Edward Stanley; and a strong body of horse, under Lord Dacre, formed a reserve. Upon the part of the Scots the Earls of Home and Huntley led the vanguard or advance, the king the centre, and the Earls of Lennox and Argyle the rear, near which was the reserve, consisting of the flower of the Lothians, commanded by the Earl of Bothwell. The battle commenced at four in the afternoon by a furious charge of Huntley and Home upon the portion of the English vanguard under Sir Edmund Howard, which after some resistance was thrown into confusion and totally routed. Howard's banner was beaten down and he himself escaped with difficulty, falling back on his brother the Admiral's division. Lord Dacre then galloped forward with his

cavalry to the support of the vanguard. The timely assistance thus rendered restored the fortunes of the day on the English right. In the meantime a desperate contest was carried on between James and the Earl of Surrey in the centre. In his ardour, however, the king forgot that the duties of a commander were distinct from the indiscriminate valour of a knight ; he placed himself in the front of his spearmen, surrounded by his nobles, who, whilst they pitied the gallant weakness of such conduct, disdained to leave their sovereign unprotected. By this time Lord Dacre and the Admiral had been successful in defeating the division led by Crawford and Montrose, and, wheeling towards the left, they turned their whole strength against the flank of the Scottish centre.

“ By this though deep the evening fell,
 Still rose the battle's deadly swell,
 For still the Scots around their king,
 Unbroken fought in desperate ring,
 Where's now their victor vaward wing,
 Where Huntley and where Home?
 Oh, for a blast of that dread horn
 On Fontarabian echoes borne,
 That to King Charles did come;
 When Roland brave and Olivier,
 And every paladin and peer,
 On Roncesvalles died !
 Such blast might warn them, not in vain,
 To quit the plunder of the slain,
 And turn the doubtful day again
 While yet on Flodden side,
 Afar, the Royal Standard flies,
 And round it toils, and bleeds, and dies
 Our Caledonian pride !

* * * * *
 The English shafts in volleys hail'd,
 In headlong charge their horse assail'd ;
 Front, flank, and rear the squadrons sweep,
 To break the Scottish circle deep
 That fought around their king.
 But yet though thick the shafts as snow,
 Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,
 Though billmen ply the ghastly blow,
 Unbroken was the ring.
 The stubborn spear-men still made good
 Their dark impenetrable wood,
 Each stepping where his comrade stood
 The instant that he fell.
 No thought was there of dastard flight ;
 Link'd in the serried phalanx tight,
 Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
 As fearlessly and well ;
 Till utter darkness closed her wing
 O'er their thin host and wounded king.

Then skilful Surrey's sage commands
Led back from strife his shatter'd bands ;
And from the charge they drew,
As mountain waves from wasted lands
Sweep back to ocean blue.
Then did their loss his foemen know ;
Their king, their lords, their mightiest low,
They melted from the field as snow,
When streams are swollen and soft winds blow,
Dissolves in silent dew.
Tweed's echoes heard the ceaseless plash,
While many a broken band,
Disordered, through her currents dash
To gain the Scottish land ;
To town and tower, to down and dale,
To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,
And raise the universal wail.
Tradition, legend, tune, and song,
Shall many an age that wail prolong :
Still from the sire the son shall hear
Of the stern strife and carnage drear
Of Flodden's fatal field,
Where shivered was fair Scotland's spears,
And broken was her shield."

The Battle of Flodden was fought on the 9th September, and on the following day intelligence of its fatal result reached the Scottish capital. The news of the dread, universal calamity smote the people with an agony of grief and terror of which at this distance of time we can form but a very imperfect conception. But a few days before, a splendid army, the most powerful a Scottish king had ever marshalled, headed by a gallant monarch who drew after him the hearts of his people as only a Stuart could ; and now of this splendid host, embracing the flower of the nobility and chivalry of the land—dukes, earls, barons, knights, and civil rulers—only a few haggard and wounded stragglers had returned, bringing with them a tale of defeat more overwhelming and of carnage more general and terrible than had ever been heard in the land before. The incident of the first communication of the "news of battle," brought to the capital by a well-known burgess under whom the youth of the city had marched forth in their pride, is finely described in the following opening stanzas of the late Professor Aytoun's spirited ballad of "Edinburgh after Flodden :"—

" News of battle ! news of battle !
Hark ! 'tis ringing down the street :
And the archways and the pavement
Bear the clang of hurrying feet.
News of battle ! who hath brought it ?
News of triumph ? Who should bring

Ford Castle.

Tidings from our noble army,
 Greeting from our gallant king?
 All last night we watched the beacon,
 Blazing on the hills afar,
 Each one bearing as it kindled
 Message of the open war.
 All night long the northern streamers
 Shot across the trembling sky:
 Fearful lights that never beacon
 Save when kings or heroes die.
 News of battle! Who hath brought it?
 All are thronging to the gate,
 'Warder, Warder! open quickly!
 Man, is this a time to wait?'
 And the heavy gates are opened:
 Then a murmur long and loud,
 And a cry of fear and wonder
 Bursts from out the bending crowd.
 For they see in battered harness
 Only one hard-stricken man,
 And his weary steed is wounded
 And his cheek is pale and wan;
 Spearless hangs a bloody banner
 In his weak and drooping hand—
 God! can that be Randolph Murray,
 Captain of the city band?

* * * * *

Round him crush the people crying,
 'Tell us all—oh tell us true!
 Where are they who went to battle,
 Randolph Murray, sworn to you?
 Where are they, our brothers—children!
 Have they met the English foe?
 Why art thou alone, unfollowed?
 Is it weal or is it woe?'
 Like a corpse the grisly warrior
 Looks from out his helm of steel;
 But no word he speaks in answer,
 Only with his armed heel
 Chides his weary steed, and onward
 Up the city streets they ride;
 Fathers, sisters, mothers, children,
 Shrieking, praying by his side,
 'By the God that made thee, Randolph,
 Tell us what mischance hath come?'
 Then he lifts his riven banner
 And the asker's voice is dumb."

For a few hours the blow was felt to be crushing, and the senses of the stunned people reeled. The wail of private grief was loud and universal. In the capital were to be heard the shrieks of women who ran distractedly through the streets, bewailing the husbands, the sons, or the brothers who had fallen, clasping their infants to their bosoms and anticipating in tears the coming desolation of their now unprotected country. The strong men, the

watchers at the gates of the nation, had been cut down and the ravening enemy would find the land a defenceless prey. For not only a large proportion of the nobility and of the baronage, who had by right of birth the important task of distributing justice and maintaining order in their domains, but also the magistrates of the burghs, who, in general, had remained with the army, had fallen on the field ; so that the country seemed to be left open to invasion and conquest such as had taken place after the loss of the battles of Dunbar and Halidon Hill. Yet the firm courage of the Scottish people was displayed in its noblest colours in this formidable crisis ; all were ready to combat, and more disposed, even from the excess of the calamity, to resist than to yield to the fearful consequences which might have been expected. Edinburgh set a noble example of the conduct which should be adopted under a great national calamity. The provost, bailies, and magistracy of that city had been carried by their duty to the battle, in which, however, most of them, with the burghers and citizens who followed their standard, had fallen with the king. A certain number of persons called *Presidents*, at the head of whom was George Towrs of Inverleith, had been left with a commission to discharge the duty of magistrates during the absence of those to whom the office actually belonged. On the 10th, the day after the battle, and no doubt within a few hours after the first news of the national defeat had been brought, Towrs and the other Presidents published a proclamation which would do honour to the annals of any country in Europe. The Presidents must have known that all was lost ; but they took every necessary precaution to prevent the public from yielding to a hasty and panic alarm, and to prepare with firmness the means of public defence.

This remarkable proclamation, through which as through a glass we can perceive the grief and consternation of the people at the first communication of the mournful intelligence, runs as follows :—

“Whereas news has arrived, which are yet uncertain, of misfortune which hath befallen the king and his army, we strictly command and charge all persons within the city to have their arms in readiness, and to be ready to assemble at the tolling of the common bell of the town, to repel any enemy who may seek to attack the city. We also discharge all women of the lower class, and vagabonds of every description, from appearing on the street to cry and make lamentations ; and we command women of honest fame and character to pass to the churches and pray for the king and his army, and for our neighbours who are with the king’s host.”

The courage, judgment, and noble feeling with which this public order is inspired had a reassuring effect, and as it was soon discovered that, for the moment at least, Surrey had suffered too severely to be in a position to invade Scotland or to take any advantage of the victory he had obtained, the panic of the citizens of the Scottish capital was speedily allayed.

When the immediate fear of an enemy thundering at the city gates had been dispelled there was time to think of the dead. Of the whole Scottish army but a few wounded fugitives, and these principally of humble rank, had as yet returned. Where was the main body of the troops? where the noble leaders themselves, numerous enough at this battle to have formed troops and battalions? If time allayed one passion in the heart of the people it intensified another. Their fear was calmed, their grief deepened. It seemed to every man that all his kindred were among "the *unreturning* brave," or that those who were still left to him at home were but of small account. "The flowers of the forest were a' wede away." More precise information as to the loss of the Scots at Flodden was at length obtained. "The victors," says Sir Walter Scott, "had about five thousand men slain, the Scots twice that number at least. But the loss lay not so much in the number of the slain as in their rank and quality. The English lost very few men of distinction. The Scots left on the field the king, two bishops, two mitred abbots, *twelve earls, thirteen lords, and five elder sons of peers*. The number of gentlemen slain was beyond calculation—*there is scarcely a family of name in Scottish history who did not lose a relative there.*"

"Green Flodden! on thy blood-stained head
Descend no rain nor vernal dew!
But still, thou charnel of the dead,
May whitening bones thy surface strew!"

But while most families deplored the loss of one son on "dark Flodden," others had to bewail the loss of several. For in these times in Scotland whole families often took the field in company and perished together. One instance of the slaughter of a chief and his whole band—a story otherwise romantic and pathetic—is given in Scott's "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." Under the vigorous administration of James IV. the young Earl of Caithness incurred the penalty of outlawry and forfeiture for revenging an ancient feud. On the evening preceding the battle of Flodden, accompanied by three hundred young warriors arrayed in green, he presented himself before the king and submitted to his mercy. This

mark of attachment was so agreeable to that warlike prince, that he granted an immunity to the Earl and all his followers. The parchment on which this immunity was inscribed is said to be still preserved in the archives of the Earls of Caithness, and is marked with drum-strings, having been cut out of a drum-head, as no other parchment could be found in the army. The Earl and his gallant band perished to a man in the Battle of Flodden; since which period it has been reckoned unlucky in Caithness to wear green, or to cross the Ord on a Monday, the day of the week on which the chieftain advanced into Sutherland."

But of the whole band of noble slain the chief interest centres in the king. The Scots were loth to believe that their beloved king had fallen. Some said he had escaped, retired from the kingdom, and gone on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem; but these fables only evince the affection of an imaginative people toward a prince whom they wished to convince themselves was too great for defeat, too gallant for death. The body was found by Lord Dacre, who knew James well, carried to Berwick, and presented to Surrey, who, as he also knew James, could not have failed to recognise him. The body was also recognised by James's two favourite attendants, Sir William Scot and Sir John Forman, who wept at beholding it.

King James having died under the ban of excommunication, no priest dared pronounce the funeral service over him. His unburied remains, to which the shelter of a grave was thus denied, were embalmed, and conveyed to the monastery of Sheen in Surrey. The following particulars of their ultimate disposal are degrading to the memory of his conquerors:—

"After the battle," says Stowe, "the bodie of the same king being found, was closed in lead and conveyed from thence to London, and to the monastery of Sheyne in Surrey, where it remained for a time, in what order I am not certaine; but since the dissolution of that house in the reygne of Edward the Sixth, Henry Grey, Duke of Suffolk, being lodged and keeping house there, I have been showed the same body so lapped in lead, close to the head and body, throwne into a waste room amongst the old timber, lead, and other rubble. Since the which time workmen there, for their foolish pleasure, hewed off his head; and Lancelot Young, master glazier to Queen Elizabeth, feeling a sweet savour to come from thence, and yet the form remaining with the hair of the head and beard red, brought [the head] to London to his house in Wood Street, where for a time he kept it for the sweetness; but in the end

caused the sexton of the church to bury it amongst other bones taken out of their charnel."

The poetic instincts of the Scottish people were deeply moved by the tragedy of Flodden. Leyden's "Ode on Visiting Flodden" bears the spirit of a noble patriotism; "I've heard them liling,"—the old and only genuine form of the "Flowers of the Forest," is a perfect work of art—a gem, exquisite in finish and complete in detail; while the ever-famous "Marmion," with its description of the battle, may be compared to a great cartoon boldly and powerfully drawn, and masterly in its contrasts of light and shade.

NORTH WALES.

Flint Castle.

It is conjectured by Pennant that Flint, the capital of the county, was a Roman station; and some fortification probably existed here from an early period. The site occupied by the town was a rectangle surrounded with a vast ditch and two great ramparts; and having four gates, with streets regularly laid out, and crossing each other at right angles; many antiquities apparently Roman, have been dug up in the neighbourhood; and there is a tradition that in very remote times there was a large town upon this spot. Here are traces of Roman establishments for the smelting of the lead-ore dug in the neighbourhood. On an insulated rock in a marsh on the Dee, a Castle was built, most probably by Edward I., a short time before the year 1280; though some writers carry back its foundation to the time of Henry II. Soon after its erection it appears to have been taken by the Welsh, in their revolt, A.D. 1282. In the Civil War of Charles I. this Castle was garrisoned for the King by Col. Sir Roger Mostyn, but taken after a gallant defence by the Parliamentarians. It shortly after fell into the hands of the Royalists; but was finally taken by the opposite party, under General Mytton, and was, with the other Welsh castles, dismantled in 1647, by order of the Parliament.

As the railway traveller proceeds along the Holyhead line from Chester to Rhyl, the remains of the Castle are conspicuous on a low free-stone rock. It is supposed that the low-water channel of the Dee once ran close under the fortress walls, and there are still, in some parts, the rings to which ships were moored.

The design is a square, with a large round tower at three of the corners; and a fourth, or Keep, of huge size and strength, which was called the double tower, and was detached from the main building, to which it was joined by a drawbridge. This large tower was the donjon of the Castle, and from its situation and the great thickness of the walls, was almost impregnable. It has a lofty circular gallery on the lowest floor, vaulted by four arched openings into a central area more than 22 feet in diameter. One part is suddenly lowered, sloping

towards the Castle, and afterwards rising upwards, it had a communication with an upper gallery: the windows were all on the upper floors. It was in one of these rooms that the unkingship of Richard II. was performed. To this "dolorous castell," as Hall terms it, the unfortunate monarch was inveigled by the Earl of Northumberland, with the assurance that Bolingbroke wished no more than to be restored to his own property, and to give the kingdom a parliament. Northumberland, with a small train, first met Richard at Conway, then on his return from Ireland. The King distrusted the Earl, who, to remove all suspicion, went with him to mass, and at the altar took an oath of fidelity. Richard fell into the snare; and proceeded with the Earl for some time, till he perceived about the precipice of Penmaen Rhôs, a large band of soldiers with the Percy banners. The King would then have retired; but Northumberland, catching hold of his bridle, forcibly directed his course. Richard was hurried on to Rhuddlan, where he dined, and reached Flint the same night, attended by Owen Glendower, squire of the body to the King, whose fortunes he followed to the last. Next day, the Duke of Lancaster having arrived at Flint, went to the King, who said to him, with a cheerful countenance, "Cousin of Lancaster, you are welcome." The Duke, bowing thrice to the ground, replied, "My Lord the King, I am come sooner than you appointed me; because the common fame of your people is, that you have for this one-and-twenty years governed very ill and rigorously, with which they are not at all satisfied; but if it please God I will help you to govern them better for the future." To which the King returned, "Fair cousin, since it pleases you, it pleases me also."

Froissart, the Chronicler, speaking of Richard's departure from Flint Castle, in the custody of the Duke of Lancaster, says:—"I heard of a singular circumstance that happened, which I must mention. King Richard had a greyhound called Math, beautiful beyond measure, who would not notice nor follow any one but the King. Whenever the King rode abroad the greyhound was loosed by the person who had him in charge, and ran instantly to caress him, by placing his two forefeet on the shoulders. It fell out that as the King and the Duke of Lancaster were conversing in the court of the Castle, their horses being ready for them to mount, the greyhound was untied; but, instead of running as usual to the King, he left him, and leaped to the Duke of Lancaster's shoulders, paying him every court, and caressing him as he was formerly used to caress the King. The Duke, not acquainted with this greyhound, asked the King the meaning of this fondness, saying, 'What does this mean?' 'Cousin,' replied the King, 'it means a great

deal for you and very little for me.' 'How?' said the Duke; 'pray explain it.' 'I understand by it,' answered the King, 'that this greyhound fondles and pays his court to you this day as King of England, which you will surely be, and I shall be deposed, for the natural instinct of the dog shows it to him; keep him, therefore, by your side, for he will now leave me and follow you.' The Duke of Lancaster treasured up what the King had said, and paid attention to the greyhound, who would never more follow Richard of Bordeaux, but kept by the side of the Duke of Lancaster, as was witnessed by thirty thousand men."

The story of Richard's imprisonment and reputed death in Pontefract or Pomfret Castle will be found at pp. 274 and 275 of the first volume of the present work; since which account appeared there has been published the following remarks upon this much vexed question, in a very interesting Memoir of Bishop Braybrooke, 1381-1404, by Edward W. Brabrook, F.S.A., in the *Transactions of the London and Middlesex Archaeological Society*, vol. iii. part x. 1870:—

"The controversy carried on in the Society of Antiquaries with excellent temper in the year 1819 between Mr. Amyot and the Rev. John Webb, leaves the precise manner of Richard's death still a matter of historic doubt. The theory of violent assault by Piers Exton, as vividly described by Shakspeare, is very weakly supported: that of slow starvation has greater probability. 'Men sayde forhungered he was,' says Hardyng, the contemporary chronicler. But whether this starvation was an act of murder by Henry's orders, or an act of voluntary suicide, is uncertain. The secrets of the dreadful prison-house at Pomfret have never been revealed; and the documentary evidence, when allowance is made for the partialities of the writers, is about equal on either side. There remains, however, another alternative, for which there is no documentary evidence whatever, but which may, after all, afford the true explanation—that Richard's death was natural; that the few short steps between the prisons and the graves of princes were traversed the sooner by the natural effect of his recent sad experiences on a constitution weakened by indulgence. Not a single testimony rests upon any personal knowledge, and the tongues of rumour are always busy when the great ones of the earth die suddenly.

"Richard's remains lay for two days (the 12 and 13 March, 1399-1400) in St. Paul's Cathedral, 'in the state of a gentleman, to show him to the people of London, that they might believe for certain that he was dead.'

"At Poules his masse was done and diryge."

The body so exposed, it is maintained, was not the King's, but that

of Maudelyn, a priest, who bore a strong resemblance to him, and is believed to have been his natural brother.

Rhuddlan Castle.

The grand stronghold of Rhuddlan remains on the site of which the Welsh were the first to take advantage; for the artificial mount called Tuthill, a furlong south of the Castle, was undoubtedly occupied by a strong Border tower: this was strengthened very early in the eleventh century by Llewelyn ap Sitsylt, Prince of Wales, who also fortified a portion of the ground on which the existing fortress stands. Llewelyn's structure, in the time of Gryffydd ap Llewelyn, A.D. 1063, was surprised and burnt by the Saxons under Harold: it was soon restored, but shortly afterwards reconquered by Robert, nephew of Lupus, Earl of Chester. Robert fortified the Castle with new works; and at subsequent periods it was repeatedly attacked and taken by the Welsh and refortified by the English. Baldwin, Archbishop of Canterbury, in his progress through Wales, was nobly entertained here. In the invasion of Wales by Edward I., that monarch made Rhuddlan his *place d'armes*, and magazine of provisions. In 1281, it was attacked by Llewelyn, the last prince of Wales, and his brother David, but without success. David was confined here previous to his removal to Shrewsbury, where he was executed as a traitor, by hanging, drawing, and quartering.

Edward, sensible of the importance of the place, built the Castle which we now see, a little to the northward of the former one; the finishing of which occupied a considerable time. A large garrison was always maintained here, and in the other Norman castles; and the politic monarch made the town of Rhuddlan a free borough, granting it various privileges, the object of which was to conciliate the Welsh, and to induce them to keep up a friendly intercourse with their conquerors. He also assembled here, in 1283, a Parliament or Council, in which Wales was divided into counties, ancient laws and customs which appeared detrimental were abolished, new and more advantageous ones introduced, and many important regulations established, by what was called the *Statute of Rhuddlan*. Here he also promised the Welsh to give them for their Prince a native of the Principality, who never spoke a word of English, and whose life and conversation no man could impugn. He fulfilled the letter of his promise by presenting to them his infant son, then just born at Carnarvon. An old building called the Parliament House, was, probably, the place where the King held the

above Council. Rhuddlan Castle was, in the Great Civil War, garrisoned for the King, and was able, for a time, to resist General Mytton, who battered it from Tuthill, in 1646, in which, or the following year, it was dismantled.

The castle of Edward I. is placed on a steep bank, washed by the Clwyd. It was built of red sandstone from the neighbouring rocks, and formed a square externally. Six massive towers flank the lofty curtain walls. All the sides except the North are tolerably entire, and "the King's Tower" is shown.

From a roll of the expenses of Edward I. at Rhuddlan in the tenth and eleventh years of his reign (1281-2) we gather the rate of wages paid to the different workmen, tradesmen, archers, &c., at the above period. Carpenters 1*d.* per day, their constable 8*d.*; overseers 6*d.*, smiths 3*d.* and 4*d.* per day, shoeing smiths 3*d.*, sailors of the King 3*d.* and 6*d.* per day, cross bowmen 4*d.*, and archers 2*d.* per day, master masons 6*d.* and workmen 3*d.* and 4*d.*, mowers 1½*d.* per day, spreaders of hay 1½*d.* and 2*d.* per day. Hire of a cart and three horses 6*s.* 10*d.* per day "Carriage of turf, with which the house was covered in which the hay was placed, 1*s.* 5*d.*" For an iron fork to turn the hay 3*d.* "For the carriage of turves to cover the King's kitchen, 7*s.* For 22 empty casks, bought to make paling for the Queen's courtyard, 16*s.* 4*d.*" Fisherman 10*d.* per day, and his six companions, the Queen's fishermen, 3*d.* per day each, fishing in the sea. "Repairing a cart of the King's, conveying a pipe of honey from Aberconway to Rothelan, 1*s.* 4*d.* Men carrying shingles to cover the hall of the Castle 2½*d.* each per day. *Gifts:* To a certain female spy, as a gift, 1*s.* To a certain female spy, to purchase her a horse, as a gift 1*l.* To Ralph de Vavasour, bringing news to the Queen of the taking of Dolinthalieu, as a gift, 5*l.* To John de Moese, coming immediately after with the same news, with letters of the Earl of Gloucester, by way of gift, 5*l.* To a certain player, as a gift, 1*s.*"

On a marsh, in the neighbourhood of Rhuddlan, was fought, in 795, a battle between the Saxons and the Welsh, in which the latter were defeated, with the loss of their prince, Caradoc; the event was considered as so disastrous, that a plaintive tune, long popular in Wales, was composed on the occasion, and lasted until our time.

To the south of this Castle, at about a furlong distance, is a large artificial mound called Tut-hill, or Toot-hill, in which the Castle of Llewelyn ap Sitsylt and Robert of Chester seems to have stood. About half a mile south of the Castle stood the Priory of Black Friars, founded some time before A.D. 1268: a fragment remains, used as a

farmhouse and a barn. The Toot-hill and ruins of the Priory are comprehended in an extensive area, surrounded by a fosse, which communicates with the Castle ditch. In Cliffe's *North Wales*, we read:— "At the village of Newmarket, in this neighbourhood, it is conjectured that the great battle between the Britons and Agricola, at which 60,000 of the former fell, took place; and the names of places, especially near Castell Edwin, tell a wild and plaintive story. Thus we have Bryn y Saethau, or *the Hill of Arrows* (the brow of Coparleni); Bryn y Lladdfa, *the Hill of Slaughter* (which is full of human bones); Pant y Gwae, *the Hollow of Woe*; Bryn y Coaches, *the Hill of War Chariots*; Pwll y Crogwen, *the Hollow of Execution*; Braich y Dadleu, *the Hillock of Contention*; Pant Erwin, *the Hollow of Severity*; Coetia yr Orsedd, *the Tribunal Field*. At Bryn Sion, a golden torque of great beauty was found some years ago, and added to the Eaton Hall collection by the Marquis of Westminster, who purchased it for 400*l.*"

Holywell, and St. Winifrede's Well.

Holywell, now the second town in North Wales, though a place of great antiquity, was at the beginning of the last century but an inconsiderable village. The houses were few, and for the most part thatched, the streets unpaved, and the place destitute of a market. It is now a prosperous and well-built town.

About a mile to the northward of the town are the ruins of Basingwerk Abbey, of which the wall and some pillars of the refectory are the chief remains. The Knights Templars had an elegant chapel here, founded in 1131, by Randle, Earl of Chester.

Before entering upon a description of the Well, as it now exists, we must make our readers acquainted with the ancient legend of St. Winifrede, of whom there is a life, in MS., in the Cottonian Library, of the date of 1100. In the seventh century lived a virgin of the name of Winifrede, of noble parents, her father, Thevith, being a rich noble, and second man in the kingdom of North Wales, next to the King. At a very early age she was placed under the care of her maternal uncle, Beuno, a holy man and a priest. Under his care she lived with certain other pious maidens, in a small nunnery, erected for her by her father, near the site where the spring now is. Having been seen by Caradoc, Prince of Wales, he was struck by her great beauty, and, finding it impossible to gain her in marriage, he attempted to carry her off by force; she fled towards the church, pursued by the prince, who,

on his overtaking her, in the madness of his rage, drew out his sabre and struck off her head. The severed head bounded down the hill, entered the church-door, and rolled to the foot of the altar, where St. Beuno was officiating. Where the head rested, a spring of uncommon size burst forth,—a fragrant moss adorned its sides; her blood spotted the stones, which, like the flowers of Adonis, annually commemorate the facts by assuming colours unknown to them at other times. St. Beuno took up the head, and, at his prayers and intercessions, it was united to the body,—the virgin was restored to life, and lived in the odour of sanctity fifteen years afterwards. Miracles were wrought at her tomb, the waters of the spring proved as sanative as those of the Pool of Bethesda, all the infirmities to which the human body is liable were cured by the use of the waters. The votive crutches, barrows, &c., to this moment remain pendant over the well as so many evidences of those miraculous cures.

Setting aside this fabulous legend, the Well of St. Winifrede is sufficiently remarkable, more so than the celebrated fountain of Vaucluse, near Avignon. At the foot of a steep hill, from an aperture in a rock, rushes forth a torrent of water, which, from its quantity and regularity, is calculated to astonish the ignorant and interest the geologist. Pennant, who resided near this place, says in his *History of North Wales*, that the quantity of water which issues from this spring is twenty-one tons (which is about eighty-four hogsheads) per minute; it varies very little in wet or dry seasons, and has never been known to freeze. The water is so clear, that though the basin is four feet deep, a pin may be easily perceived lying at the bottom.

The Well is surrounded at certain seasons by a fragrant moss, called by the vulgar St. Winifrede's hair; but this moss is by no means peculiar to the fountain, the same being found in another spring in Caernarvonshire. It is the *Jungermania asplenioides* of the naturalist. The redness on the stone at the bottom of the basin is also produced by a peculiar kind of moss, called by Linnæus *Bissus iolithus*, or the violet-smelling. It causes any stone to which it adheres to have the appearance of being smeared with blood, and if rubbed, yields a smell like violets. Linnæus considered it serviceable in eruptive disorders. The waters of this spring are indisputably endowed with every good quality attendant upon cold baths, and multitudes have, no doubt, experienced the good effects that result from their natural qualities.

The spring-head is a fine octagon basin, twenty-nine feet two inches in length, and twenty-seven feet four inches in breadth. An elegant and highly ornamented dome covers the basin, rising eighteen feet

above the spring, and supports a chapel. The present exquisite Gothic building was erected by Henry VII., and his mother, the Countess of Richmond and Derby. The ceiling is curiously carved, and ornamented with coats of arms and figures of Henry VII., his mother, and the Earl of Derby. The water flows from the first into a second basin, which is uncovered. It is forty-two feet long, and about fifteen broad, with a handsome flagged walk round, with steps for bathers to descend into the water, as the great impetuosity of the spring-head, which is like a boiling caldron, prevents its being used as a bath.

The resort of pilgrims to the fountain has considerably decreased. In the summer season, a solitary individual may occasionally be seen in the water in deep devotion, offering up prayers to the saint, or performing a number of evolutions round the Well. But these are rare occurrences; it has long ceased to attract the rich and enlightened amongst the Roman Catholics. James II., who lost three kingdoms for a mass, paid a visit to this Well in 1686, and received as a reward the under garment worn by his great-grandmother, Mary Queen of Scots, on the day of her execution.

A chapel of the order of Knights Templars was established at Basingwerk, and it was an extremely powerful Abbey; nor were other miracles beside that of St. Winifrede wanting to give it celebrity. There exist here certain sands which extend to a considerable distance: they are called "The Constable's Sands," for the following reason:—Hugh Lupus, the celebrated Constable of Chester, had a son, who, on his return from Normandy, inspired by pious fervour, resolved on a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Winifrede. The turbulent Welsh attacked him on his way, and after a short struggle, unable to contend against numbers, he fled and took refuge in Basingwerk Abbey. He knew that his father's men would soon come to his relief if his danger was known; but the wide river was between them, and the Welsh were watchful; the pious pilgrim cast himself at the foot of St. Werburgh's altar, the saint who presided over the welfare of Chester, and implored his assistance. Suddenly a great cloud obscured the air, which, dispersing by degrees, discovered to the attentive monks that a huge bar of sand, firm and hard, had been miraculously placed between Flintshire and the opposite coast of Wirral, and across it, as by a bridge, the horses and mail-clad warriors of the Constable of Chester were seen advancing, with banners displayed, to the utter consternation of the Welsh marauders, and the exultation of the devout young knight and his holy friends.

In this neighbourhood is the seat of the Mostyn family, which gave refuge for a time to Owen Tudor's grandson, Henry of Richmond. An opening is still shown, called "the King's Window," through which the future monarch escaped when pursued by a party of Richard III.'s soldiers. Richard ap Howel, the host of the Duke, joined his forces at the battle of Bosworth, and was rewarded by the conquering Henry with the belt and sword he himself wore on that day.

Mold and Caergwrle Castles.—Tower.

Mold, the county town of Flintshire, is called in Welsh, "Yr Wyddgrug," a lofty hill, which designation it owes to the "Bailey-hill," an eminence partly natural and partly artificial, on which formerly stood an ancient Castle. There is no certain mention of the place until the time of William Rufus, when the Castle was in the possession of the English. In 1144 it was stormed by the Welsh, under their Prince, Owen Gwynedd, and razed. It was afterwards rebuilt, and repeatedly taken in the contests between the English and the Welsh. Of the Castle itself there is no part remaining, but the ditches which defended it or separated its parts from each other may still be traced. The "Bailey-hill," so called from the *Ballia* or courts of the Castle, is even now of difficult access; its summit, which was walled by art in order to the construction of the ancient fortress, is now completely covered with plantations of larches and other trees.

Caergwrle, a decayed place, nearly midway between Mold and Wrexham, is thought to be derived from *Caer Gawr Lle*, "the camp of the giant legion," from the 20th Roman Legion, which was named *Victrix*, and had its headquarters at Deva (Chester). It is conjectured that this legion had an outpost here, and the conjecture is confirmed by the circumstance of a Roman sudatory, or vapour-bath, hollowed out in the rock, roofed with polished tiles, on some of which was an inscription, "*Legio XX.*," having been found here. The Roman outpost is supposed to have been the spot now occupied by the ruins of the Castle. Its oblong form, its comparative deficiency of towers, and its general agreement in structure with other castles whose origin is known, lead to the conclusion that it was of Welsh rather than Saxon origin. Previous to the final subjugation of Wales, it changed masters more than once, and appears to have been known by the English under the name of Hope Castle, and gave name to the district of Hope Dale; while with the Welsh it bore its native designation, *Caergwrle*.

Eleanor, Queen of Edward I., rested here on her journey from Rhuddlan to Caernarvon. King Edward sent the Queen by this roundabout route through the interior, because it was much safer than that by the coast. In Leland's time the Castle was in a state of decay, and it is now a mere ruin. The importance of this fortress was derived from its strong position, and its command of the entrance into the Vale of Alen; the hill on which it stood is precipitous on one side, and of steep ascent on the other; on the accessible parts it was protected by deep ditches cut in the rock.

Near the town of Mold is a fortified house, or "Tower," of the fifteenth century, joined to a mansion of Queen Anne's time. The Tower is of three stories, machicolated and embattled. Cliffe describes it as the abode, during the Wars of the Roses, of Reinallt ap Gruffydd ap Bleddyn, a chief of royal descent, who kept up a constant feud with the citizens of Chester, of which Pennant and other writers give some curious particulars. The Chester men seem to have been frequently worsted by the stout Welshman, who, in an affray at Mold Fair, in 1475, which led to great loss of life, took the Mayor of Chester prisoner, conveyed him to Tower, and hung him to a staple in the hall there, where one is shown and believed to be such. "This produced great exasperation, and an attempt was made to seize Reinallt, 200 men having sallied from Chester for that purpose; but apprized of their design, he retired to a neighbouring wood, permitted part to enter his Castle, when suddenly rushing from his concealment, he fastened the door, and setting fire to the place, burned them without mercy. He then attacked the rest, and pursued them to the seaside, where those who escaped his vengeance perished in the channel. This Reinallt received pardon for these exploits from Thomas, Lord Stanley, which was afterwards confirmed by Edward IV."

Hawarden Castle.

+ | This Castle, placed on an eminence in the village of Hawarden, five miles east of Chester, was the seat of the Barons of Montault, Stewards of the Palatinate of Chester, who greatly increased their honours by intermarriage with noble families. In 1281, the Lord of Denbigh, being reconciled to his brother Llewelyn, Prince of Wales, besieged and took this fortress, putting numbers to death, and carrying Clifford away captive.

The Castle was destroyed, but was rebuilt before 1280. On the

night of Palm Sunday, 1282, during a tempest, which favoured the design, it was stormed by David, brother of Llewellyn, in their last struggle with the English.

In the time of the Civil Wars of Charles I., a portion of his army that had served against the Irish, being recalled to support the royal cause in Britain, landed at Mostyn, and laid siege to Hawarden Castle. They sent a verbal summons, by a trumpet, to the garrison, in return to which they received a refusal, together with an admonition not to change Papist for Protestant enemies. The besiegers replied that "they came not to hear the garrison preach, but to demand them to surrender." Several letters passed between them, one of which, from the famous royal partisan, Sandford, is as follows:—

"GENTLEMEN,—I presume you very well know, or have heard, of my condition and disposition, and that I neither give nor take quarter. I am now, with my firelocks (that never yet neglected opportunity to correct rebels), ready to use you as I have done the Irish. But loth am I to spill my countrymen's blood; wherefore, by these, I advise you to your fealty and obedience to His Majesty, and show yourselves faithful subjects, by delivering up the Castle into my hands for His Majesty's use. In so doing, you shall be received into mercy, &c.; otherwise, if you put me to the least trouble, or loss of blood, to force you, expect no quarter for man, woman, or child. I hear you have some of our late Irish army in your company; they will know me, and that my firelocks use not to parley. Be not unadvised; but think of your liberty; for I vow all hopes of relief are taken from you; and our intents are not to starve you, but to batter and storm you, and then to hang you all, and follow the rest of the rebel crew. I am no bread-and-cheese rogue, but, as ever, a loyalist, and ever will be, while I can write a name.

"THOMAS SANDFORD."

Though this letter did not take immediate effect, yet the Castle was surrendered after a fortnight's siege, without much bloodshed. It is supposed, however, to have fallen again into the hands of the Parliament before the taking of Chester. The building, probably, was laid in ruins by virtue of an order of the House, in a commotion (occasioned by long arrears), among their own soldiers in North Wales, when, in 1647, many castles were demolished.

The name of Hawarden is Saxon, and the place was, probably, at the time of the Conquest, one of the residences of Edward, Earl of Mercia. The remains of the Castle are a fine circular tower or Keep

on the summit of the mound ; there are no other remains, except a few walls and the foundations of some rooms.

“ In this Castle, once a fortress of importance,” says Miss Costello, in her charming book on North Wales, “ where nothing now remains entire, and little but a part of the Keep can be traced, Llewelyn, the hero of Wales, and her last Prince, held a conference with the revolted Simon de Montfort, who had sided with him against the conquering Edward I. ; and in these walls was signed a peace between Wales and Cheshire, not fated long to endure. Probably, it was here that young Llewelyn first saw the infant beauty, Eleanore, daughter of Montfort, whom he never afterwards forgot. She was then promised him as a bride, when her age was more matured, and the youthful lover saw her depart for France, to her convent at Montargis, with a pang which his present successes could scarcely remove. Edward, then a discomfited foe, captive to the proud and overweening Montfort, heard in his prison of the promise given to his rival, and resolved, if possible, to thwart his hopes : fortune afterwards gave him the power, and for many years he detained the fair and constant Eleanore from him she loved. At length, he made her the means of reconciliation, and took advantage of the passage of Llewelyn to gain his object at the expense of the lover’s interest. Eleanore was granted to the Welsh Prince, and Edward triumphed in his successful art. For a time the pair lived only for happiness, and the murmurs of Llewelyn’s subjects were scarcely heeded. Whenever Edward’s aggressions and oppressions roused her husband to resistance, Eleanore’s voice was raised to obtain peace, and more than once she succeeded ; but relentless Fate, which had already spoken the doom of Wales, removed the only barrier between the foes. Eleanore died in giving birth to a daughter, and Llewelyn, after little more than two years of blissful dreaming, found himself desolate.”

Denbigh Castle.

Castell Caledfryn yn Rhôs, “ the Castle of the Craggy Hill in Rhos,” has been compared to Stirling, and must in the seventeenth century, when the whole of the vast fortifications, including the walls of the old town, $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles in circumference, were entire, have presented a very noble object. The great gateway of the Castle is a majestic example of the military architecture of the end of the thirteenth century,—grand in desolation. You enter beneath a vast Gothic arch, over which is a stately robed statue of Henry Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, the founder. !t

was flanked by two large octagonal towers, one of which (the west) remains. The breaches, as Pennant expressively says, are "vast and awful." David, the ungovernable and treacherous brother of Llewelyn the Great, held Denbigh and its lordship in defiance of him; at which time there was a Welsh Castle here. "He made it his residence till the conquest of the country; soon after which he was taken near the place, and carried, loaden with irons, to Edward at Rhuddlan." The King then granted Denbigh to the Earl of Lincoln, who built a great part of the present structure—incorporating no doubt some of the old one—but did not finish it, in consequence of the death of his only son, who was drowned in the Castle well. De Lacy was defeated near this place by the Welsh in 1294. Edward II. bestowed the Castle on the notorious Hugh Despenser; and the equally notorious Leicester made additions during the reign of Elizabeth. In September, 1645, the King, on his flight from Chester after the battle of Rowton Moor, passed two or three nights here, and then went on to Chirk; the tower in which he slept is still called *Siamber y Brenhin*, the King's tower. In 1646 the Royalists sustained a severe defeat at *Llanrhaidr*, two miles from the town; but the Parliamentarians were unable to make any impression on the Castle, which held out against General Mytton until the end of October, when it was surrendered on honourable terms; it is said that the governor threw the keys to Mytton from the Goblin tower. Charles II. had it dismantled by blasting the walls with gunpowder. Seldom are such walls seen. The huge fragments that remain, with the shell of the exterior, impress the mind vividly with their stupendous strength. Passages and dungeons have been explored on the east side of the entrance, to the extent of 30 yards, in one of which the skeleton of a horse was found; these passages led into the town. A chamber near the entrance tower, which had been walled up, was discovered full of gunpowder.—*Abridged from Cliffe's North Wales.*

Chirk Castle.

This great quadrangular mansion, although partly modern, has a curious history. A fortress, called *Castell Crogen*, was built here early in the eleventh century. Leland, in the sixteenth century, describes it as "a mightie large and strong castel, with divers towers, a late well repaired by Sir William Standeley the Yerle of Derby's brother." In 1644, it was, curiously enough, besieged by its then owner, Sir Thomas Myddelton. Sir Thomas was a Parliamentarian, and his Castle had fallen into the hands of the Royalists, who kept possession of it, not-

withstanding some stout attacks, until the end of February, 1646, when Sir J. Watts, the governor, marched out with a gallant band, who were taken prisoners in a few days. Sir T. Myddelton became a devoted Royalist in 1648, being disgusted with his party, and rose against the Government in 1659, but was compelled to surrender, when the demolition of the Castle was resolved upon by Parliament; but, luckily, the political events that followed saved it. Still it had been so battered, that 30,000*l.* were subsequently spent in repairs. The Myddelton family purchased the property of Lord St. John in 1595: the famous Sir Hugh Myddelton, of "New River" celebrity, was one of them.

The chief entrance is under a lofty gateway in the centre of the north front, formerly defended by a portcullis and two towers. The south-west side preserves much of its original character, and its interior is a massive example of the feudal fortress. It is said that on a very clear day, portions of seventeen counties can be seen from the summit. The view from the terrace is exceedingly fine; and the grounds, within which is a large lake, are a combination of the beautiful and the wild, striking effects being frequently produced by inequalities of surface and judicious planting.

The deep and picturesque Vale of Ceroig, which runs from the Berwyn on the south side of the park, was the scene of a memorable but inconclusive encounter between the armies of Henry II. and Owen Gwynedd, at the beginning of a second campaign which the British monarch made against the Welsh. Henry soon afterwards advanced to the summit of the Berwyn, where he remained for some time, threatening Corwen; but was so harassed by dreadful rains, and by the activity and prudence of Owen, who cut off all supplies, that he was obliged to return ingloriously, with great loss of men and equipage.

Castle Dinas Brân.

This fortress, of which there remains a remarkably picturesque ruin, was situated on an artificial plateau on the top of a conoid hill, which rises about 1000 feet above the river Dee, in North Wales. The hill rises so suddenly, and it is so completely detached from the surrounding heights, that it frowns savagely down upon the quiet glens of the neighbourhood, and seems to overawe the valley of Llangollen. An earlier structure on the site is said to have been destroyed by fire in the tenth century.

The place, in its almost inaccessible seclusion, afforded a secure

① refuge from the infuriated Welsh, when Gryffydd ap Madoc Maelor—his sympathies weaned from his native Wales by his English wife—took part with Henry III. and Edward I. in their endeavours to subjugate his countrymen.

There is a tradition that the present building sustained a siege at the commencement of the fifteenth century by Owen Glyndower, when held by Thomas Fitzalan, Earl of Arundel, a strenuous supporter of the House of Lancaster.

Dinas signifies beyond all doubt a fortified place; but as regards the signification of Brân there seems to be great difference of opinion. Some have supposed that it was derived from a corruption of the name of Brennus, King of the Gauls, the brother of Belinus, as conflicts are said to have taken place between the brothers in this neighbourhood; whilst others conjecture that the name was taken from Bryn, a mountain, or from Bran, the mountain stream which runs at the foot of its northern slope. The only author of reputation who advocates the former derivation appears to be Humphrey Llwyd, an antiquary of good repute, in 1568.

It should be mentioned that Bran, in Welsh, means a crow; and the Castle is called "Crow Castle" by the inhabitants of Llangollen, where is an inn with that sign. And in Gough's *Camden* it is noted:—"Dinas Brân is vulgarly called *Crow Castle*, from *Bran*, a crow, but more probably derived by E. Lhuyd, from the brook *Bran*, which is crossed by a bridge near Llangollen."

The walls are built chiefly of small slaty stones imbedded in a good mortar. In many places the wall of the enceinte can scarcely now be traced; and it is only at those parts which appear to have been the principal entrance and the Keep, that any considerable mass of masonry is now standing. In no part does any upper room remain; indeed the only portion of the ruins which is not open to the sky, is a chamber with three small circular holes in its vaulted roof, near the principal entrance, and which has proved an enigma to all recent inquirers. The Castle was in ruins in Leland's time; and the fragments that remain are falling rapidly into decay. In some places are to be found mutilated free-stone voussoirs, bases of shafts, groins, sills, and corbels, apparently of the stone of the neighbourhood obtained at Cefn. The principal approach was from the south east, through Llandin farm, just below which a bridge once crossed the *Dee* on the road of communication between Castell Dinas Brân and Castell Crogen (Chirk Castle). This road doubtless formed a connecting link in the great chain of Border-fortresses in the Welsh Marches.

(2) The ardour of a lover-bard, Howel ap Einion Lygliw, could not pass unnoticed the steepness of the hill; for, writing a long poem to the celebrated beauty, Myfanwy Vechan, a descendant of the House of Tudor Trevor, and whose father probably held the Castle under the Earls of Arundel, in 1390, he says—

X " Though hard the steep ascent to gain,
Thy smiles were harder to obtain."

? { It has been stated that the lovely Myfanwy's tomb is to be seen at Valle Crucis Abbey; but this appears to have been the resting-place of another Myfanwy, the wife of Yeaf ap Adam of Trefor.

There were drawbridges over the fosse. About a mile distant to the west there existed formerly, it is said, a tower, which was a sort of advanced post of the Castle; and there is the common rumour of a subterranean passage having existed between the two places.

What can be further said of the history of this interesting old fortress? The date of its abandonment is unknown; and in the days of Henry VIII. Leland could only say—"The Castelle of Dinas Brane was never bygge thing, but sette al for strenght as in a place half inaccessible for enemyes. It is now al in ruine, and there bredith every yere an egle. And the egle doth sorely assaut hym that distroith the nest, goyng down in one basket, and having a nother over his hedde to defend the sore stripe of the egle."

Conjecture, however, is busy on the subject. Pennant says that a primitive Welsh castle formerly occupied the position. He is further of opinion that Eliseg, prince of Powys, whose pillar still stands on a mound in one of the meadows near Valle Crucis Abbey, lived here; and remarks that the letters on that pillar resemble those in use in the sixth century.

From the absence of any evidence of a later time, and notwithstanding the date which has been given to one of the vousoirs at the north-east entrance, it appears probable that the Castle was built in the days of Henry III., by one of the Welsh lords of Bromfield and Yale; possibly by the Gryffydd ap Madoc Maelor, to whom reference has already been made, and who was buried at Valle Crucis Abbey, in 1270. He was the only son of Madoc ap Gryffydd Maelor, who founded the Abbey in 1200, and the great-grandson of Owen Gwynedd, Prince of North Wales, about 1137. The Maelors seem to have been a powerful family. They were lords of Bromfield and Yale, of which Castell Dinas Brân formed part, and also of the territory of Tref y Waun, in which Chirk Castle formerly called Castell Crogen, now stands.

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 Gryffydd retired to Dinas Brân to seclude himself from his infuriated fellow-countrymen, when, after his marriage with an English woman, Emma, daughter of James, Lord Audley, he transferred his sword as well as his heart to the foreigner. But what the Welsh in those days considered no doubt a righteous judgment fell upon him. After his death the guardianship of his young sons was conferred by Edward I. on two of his favourites; John, seventh Earl of Warren, received under his tutelage Madoc, and Roger Mortimer, son of Roger, Baron of Wigmore, was appointed guardian of Llewelyn. It is stated that the two children were soon afterwards drowned under Holt Bridge, which is seventeen or eighteen miles distant. This is said to have happened in 1281. John, Earl Warren, obtained the fortress of Dinas Brân, with the lordship of Bromfield and Yale; his grant bears date 7th October, 10 Edward I. (1282), whilst Mortimer made himself master of Tref y Waun. According, however, to a statement in Watson's *Memoirs of the Earls of Warren*, it is uncertain whether the King himself did not cause the children to be put to death. From the Warrens, Castell Dinas Brân passed by marriage to the Fitzalans; it now belongs to Colonel Biddulph, of Chirk Castle.—Abridged from an interesting Paper by Walter R. Tregellas, in the *Archæological Journal*, No. 84, 1854.

Bangor Iscoed.

Is situated on the banks of the Dee, in the detached part of Flintshire, and is well described by Cliffe, in his *Book of North Wales*. This is a most interesting place in the annals of the early British Church; the site of the most ancient British college, which contained 2400 monks. It appears to have been founded by Lucius, one of the last tributary Christian Kings of Britain under Roman rule, about A.D. 180. and was converted into a monastery by Dunawd, who, with many of his brethren here, had a celebrated contention with Augustine, and like the rest of the British clergy, strenuously resisted the pretensions of the Romish Church. Soon after the Second Synod, which was convened relative to the claims of Augustine, had been held, 1200 of the unarmed ecclesiastics of Bangor Iscoed were slain on a battle-field near Chester by Ethelfrith, King of Northumbria—a memorable event in Welsh history. This heathen warrior afterwards sacked the monastery, which was very rich in manuscripts; but the Welsh princes, having combined their forces, soon after gave him battle, and routed him with great slaughter. After the Norman Conquest, William of Malme-

bury speaks of many ruined churches, and immense heaps of rubbish here; and Leland, much later, mentions that the extent of its walls was equal to those round a town, and that the two chief gates were half a mile asunder. Pennant gives engravings of five very interesting coffin-lids found at Bangor. Human bones and other relics, including Roman coins (the Roman *Bovium* has been placed here), have been ploughed up during the present century.



Vortigern's Castle—its Goblin Builders.

Nant Gwynant, the Vale of Waters, so called from its beautiful lake, extends for about six miles, and is full of sublimity and beauty. Here rises the steep rock called Dinas Emrys, the Fort of Merlin, the site of many wondrous traditions connected with the famous bard and necromancer,

“Who could call up spirits from the vasty deep?”

It is said that Vortigern, the British Prince, after having, in an evil hour, trusted the treacherous Saxons, and accepted the hand of Rowena, retired into the recesses of Snowdon, and there began to revolve in his mind the means of contending against those whom he found too powerful and dangerous. The fatal feast had taken place on Salisbury plain, and Hengist's awful words, “Take your swords,” had been followed by the massacre of 360 British nobles; and their imprudent weak prince, who had suffered himself to be lured by beauty, had been dragged captive to a dungeon, till he yielded to all the demands of the victors.

Sullen and heart-stricken, but yet not quite subdued, Vortigern summoned to his aid all the sages of his kingdom, and by their advice commenced the construction of a fortress in Nant Gwynant, which was to secure him against attacks and make him independent of his foes. All the materials for his building were got together, but the workmen found to their amazement that certain spirits called the Goblin Builders, whose dwelling is in Snowdon, every night removed the walls which they had constructed with so much care.

The wise men consulted together, and at length delivered their opinion to Vortigern: “This Castle,” they said, “will never be completed until the stones are sprinkled with the blood of a child who has had no earthly father.” The King sent east and west, in every valley and in every town throughout Britain; and still his workmen toiled,

and still the Goblin Builders destroyed all they had done. One day, as one of the emissaries was passing through a village, he observed a group of boys at play: presently they began to dispute with one, and called him, in contempt, "a son without a father." Vortigern's messenger immediately sought the mother of this child, and having secured both her and her son, brought them to the King. On being questioned, the woman acknowledged that her fate had been strange, and that the child before them owed his birth to an Incubus.

The death of this wonderful child was decreed beforehand; but even on his journey he had so amazed his conductors by the astonishing wisdom of his remarks, that they could not but report of him in such a manner as to excite the interest of Vortigern, into whose presence he was brought, and desired to reply to the sages, who were to decide on his fate. The boy, who was called Merlin, at the first word entirely confounded and shamed the wise conclave assembled, for he showed their ignorance, and offered to point out to Vortigern the reason of the failure of his building, if he would grant him a private interview. This was granted, and handing the King to the top of the mountain, Merlin made him look within, and there disclosed to him the fearful sight of two dragons furiously contending—one white, the other red. "While these contend," said Merlin, "it will be impossible to build your Castle, they have great power, and the spirits obey them; but you see before you one who is the son of a greater, and has knowledge which can control them. You cannot sacrifice me if you would; instead of that, I can be your friend if you will."

After this, there was no impediment to the building of Vortigern's Castle, and great and wonderful were the works which Merlin performed there. The King afterwards gave it to the necromancer for his own dwelling; and he constructed another in the Vale of Gwrtheyn, where Vortigern at length retired to end his days, after the persecutions of the Saxons and the rage of his own subjects had driven him to despair.

To this day the curious inquirer may behold the Cell of the Diviner, in a dark rock, and near it the Tomb of the Magicians, which latter is a huge stone supposed to cover the grave where the ignorant *wise men* were enclosed, who had given false counsel to the British King. Whoever has courage to enter a black cavern nearly on the top of Snowdon, may, by searching far enough, discover the golden chair which Merlin concealed there from the Saxons, and the jewels and money which still lie scattered in heaps around. Some of the enterprising miners who

now search into the very heart of Snowdon, will, doubtless, come upon these treasures some day.

The Welsh traditions name this neighbourhood as the scene of Merlin's famous grotto, which he constructed for the love of the fairy Viviana, or the White Serpent, with whom he lived in that magical retreat, and whose treachery converted it into an eternal dungeon. Some say it is to be found covered with the stone which can never be removed near Carmarthen, though the Bretons claim it as belonging to their country. The voice of the mighty master may, at all events, be frequently heard here amongst the hollow rocks, reverberating along the mountains in thunder, and bewailing his weakness in yielding to the force of beauty, as his pupil Vortigern had done, to their mutual destruction.

We are indebted for this legend to Miss Costello's delightful *Fords, Lakes, and Mountains of North Wales*, with cleverly executed illustrations by Thomas and Edward Gilks.

Caernarvon Castle.

The Romans, during their sojourn in Britain, founded an extensive military station on the shores of the Menai, called *Segontium*; in the immediate neighbourhood of which there is good ground for concluding that the native princes of the district first commenced the building of Caernarvon.

Constantine, who married Helena, a daughter of one of the Princes of North Wales, is supposed, from some remains which have been found here, to have resided for a short time at this station;—in Welsh it is called *Caer Custenit*, the City of Constantine.

The town of Caernarvon, which has been designated "the boast of North Wales," is beautifully situated at the mouth of the river Seiont, on the south-eastern side of the strait of Menai, about four miles from St. George's Channel. It is chiefly surrounded by the massive and lofty remains of its ancient walls, which are flanked and strengthened by numerous semicircular towers. But the glory of the place is its Castle; a fortress, which, it has been well observed, from whatever point or whatever distance it is viewed, assumes a romantic singularity of appearance, that excites mingled feelings of awe and pleasure in the beholder.

A fortification seems to have been erected here shortly after the Norman Conquest of England, by Hugh, Earl of Chester, who had,

after an arduous conflict, succeeded in temporarily dethroning the Welsh monarch, and in nominally possessing himself of the greater part of North Wales. The present structure, however, was built by Edward I., after the completion of his conquest of North Wales, in 1282. The care bestowed in the plan and construction of this magnificent fortress, sufficiently indicates the important light in which Edward regarded his acquisition, and the difficulty which he foresaw would arise in keeping it, from the restless and undaunted character of the Welsh people.

The Castle occupies the summit of an extensive rock, boldly projecting into the Menai Strait. On one side it was surrounded by the sea, on another by the river Seiont, whilst the two other sides were environed partly by a fosse and partly by a creek from the adjacent strait. Its external fortifications are still nearly perfect, and display an example of decorated castellated architecture, which is perhaps unrivalled; it is indeed this combination of strength with ornament which gives so remarkable an effect to Caernarvon Castle. Above the embattled parapets of the walls, rise numerous turreted towers of singular beauty, not uniform, but pentagonal, hexagonal, and octagonal in their shape, and 13 in number.

The walls of the Castle are of great height, and generally about 10 feet thick, having, within, a narrow gallery, with occasional loop-holes for the discharge of arrows in time of siege. In front of the principal entrance-tower is a statue of Edward, who is represented with a sword half-drawn from its scabbard in his hand. This massive gateway is defended by four portcullises. The interior of the Castle is in a state of considerable dilapidation, but it is magnificent in its ruin. The state apartments have been extremely extensive, and were lighted by spacious windows profusely adorned with tracery, much of which remains. A corridor, or covered way, ran completely round the entire structure, of which about seventy yards are nearly perfect. On the east side of the Castle is the Queen's Gate, so called, according to tradition, because Queen Eleanor entered this way.

We cannot even glance at the changeful history of this stupendous relic of the olden time. It was last used for the purposes of defence during the Civil War, when it was repeatedly taken and retaken by the Royalists and Republicans. In 1660, Charles II. issued a warrant for the demolition of the fortress and town walls, and it is not known how this was disregarded.

At the north-east corner was a deep well, and water was conveyed throughout the Castle by leaden pipes. Several dungeons may still be

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traced: the only person of note confined here was the well-known Prynne, in the reign of Charles I. While imprisoned in the Tower, Prynne published his *News from Ipswich*, reflecting severely upon Laud and several of the bishops, for which he was prosecuted in the Star Chamber, and sentenced to pay a fine of 5000*l.*, to be set in the pillory, to be branded on both cheeks with the letters S. and L. (Seditious Libeller), to lose the remainder of his ears, and to be *closely imprisoned for life in Caernarvon Castle*. These sentences were rigidly executed; and the usual consequence of undue severity appeared in the popular sympathy and party spirit which it excited. The Puritan friends of Prynne flocked to Caernarvon Castle in such numbers, that it was thought necessary to change the scene of his confinement; and after he had been at Caernarvon about ten weeks, he was illegally removed by a warrant from the lords of the council to the Castle of Mont Orgueil, in the island of Jersey.

The Eagle Tower (so called from a figure of that bird sculptured on its walls) is, perhaps, the most interesting part of the fabric. "Within a little dark room of this tower," says Mr. Pennant, "not 12 feet long, nor 8 in breadth, was born Edward II.; so little, in those days, did a royal consort consult either pomp or conveniency." This assumption has, however, been disproved; and the scene of the royal accouchement must be sought elsewhere. There are some remarkable traditional circumstances connected with the event. "Edward," says the historian, "had, by the Statutes of Rhuddlan, annexed the principality to the kingdom of England, and in a great degree incorporated it, as to the administration of civil justice, with that country." But the Welsh became impatient under this usurped dominion, and the principal chieftains, who mostly remained in their inaccessible mountain-fastnesses, at last acquainted the English monarch, that they would never acknowledge him as their sovereign, unless he would reside in Wales. This being a proposition which it was impossible to comply with, the Welsh ultimately modified their requisitions, and after setting forth the cruel oppressions and unjust exactions of the English officers, stated, in a strong remonstrative memorial, that they never would acknowledge or yield obedience to any prince, but of their own nation and language, and of an unblamable life. "King Edward," continues the historian, "perceiving the people to be resolute and inflexible, and absolutely bent against any other prince than one of their own country, happily thought of this politic, though dangerous expedient. Queen Eleanor was then daily expecting to be confined; and though the season was very severe, it being in the depth of winter, the King sent

for her from England, and removed her to Caernarvon, the place designed for her accouchement. When the time of her delivery was come, King Edward called to him all the barons and chief persons throughout Wales, to Rhuddlan, there to consult about the public good, and safety of their country. And being informed that his Queen was delivered of a son, he told the Welsh nobility, that whereas they had oftentimes entreated him to appoint them a prince, he, having then occasion to depart out of the country, would comply with their request, on condition they would allow of, and obey, him whom he should name. The Welsh readily agreed with this proposition, only with the same reserve, that he should appoint them a prince of their own nation. King Edward assured them he would name such a one as was born in Wales, could speak no English, and whose life and conversation nobody could stain; he then named *his own son, Edward*, but little before born in Caernarvon Castle. The conqueror, having by this bold manœuvre succeeded in obtaining what might be deemed the unqualified submission of the country, began, without any regard to justice, to reward his English followers with the property of the Welsh." It was not, however, until his son had attained his seventeenth year, that the wily monarch deemed it advisable to invest him with the delegated sovereignty. In that year (1301), we are told "*the Prince of Wales* came down to Chester, and received homage of all the freeholders in Wales. On this occasion, he was invested, as a mark of imperial dignity, with a chaplet of gold round his head, a golden ring on his finger, and a silver sceptre in his hand." It is very remarkable, that long after this event neither the title of Prince of Wales, nor the sovereignty of that country, was apparently considered absolutely hereditary in the heirs apparent of the British throne. The Black Prince, and many of the eldest sons of our Kings, were elevated to the dignity by letters patent; and it was not until the reign of Henry VII. that *the title* was looked upon as descendible by birthright. The title, however, is not inherited, but conferred by special creation and investiture, and was not always given shortly after the birth of the heir-apparent. We have seen that Edward's creation of Prince of Wales dates from the year 1301, when he was seventeen years old; his son was ten years old when he was created Prince of Wales.

We must now explain the error as to the birthplace of the first Prince of Wales, by aid of Mr. Albert Hartshorne:—"It is so popular a tradition that Edward II. was born in the Eagle Tower of Caernarvon Castle, that one almost shrinks from attempting to disprove what has received such universal credence, but it is desirable that the

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historical events connected with the place should be brought before the public divested of the air of romance and fancy with which they have hitherto been disguised.

“In the first place, let us examine the chamber in the Eagle Tower where Edward II. is said to have been born. It is shapeless and low, and is a thoroughfare to two other rooms of a better kind, besides being contiguous to one of the grand central apartments of the tower. It is somewhat singular that this inconvenient room should have been selected, when there were others on the same level and in the same tower more suitable for the Queen’s reception, and these circumstances alone bespeak improbability; but there has fortunately been preserved among the public records such documents as indisputably prove that the Eagle Tower was actually not finished until thirty-three years after the birth of Edward II., and when he had sat ten years upon the throne. We gather from the *Operation Rolls* of Caernarvon Castle that the Eagle Tower was roofed in 1316, and floored in the following year. From entries on the Great Roll of the Pipe, we find that the Castle was commenced by Edward I. in 1283, at the north-east corner, and gradually carried on towards the south-west; that the works were taken up by Edward II. and carried out to their completion in 1322, the whole building having extended over a period of 39 years; yet we are gravely assured at Caernarvon that the whole of this vast pile was erected in twelve months.

“Edward II. was born April 25, 1284, one year after the commencement of operations for the Castle. It is difficult to conceive that any part of the building could at that time have been in a fit state for the Queen’s reception, when we consider the slowness with which the works were carried on; but there seems no reason to doubt that the first Prince of Wales was born in the town of Caernarvon. The sources from which our information has been derived have been of the most reliable kind—namely, the public records. It is hardly necessary to add that the equally unerring test of architecture corroborates them in every particular.”

It is not easy to understand what honour can attach to any spot from its being the birthplace of Edward II., one of the few kings of England who were deposed by Parliament for their many crimes. But Caernarvon rejoices in the honour of being the birthplace of the first Prince of Wales. It is, however, difficult to understand why the inhabitants of the counties and towns of North Wales should rejoice to speak of the son of the Conqueror as “the first Prince of Wales,” as if they had wholly forgotten their last Llewelyn, as if

there had never been such a prince as Gruffydd, the head and shield and defender of Britons; the warrior whom it needed all the might of Harold to overthrow. Still, Caernarvon claims its *Castle* as the birth-place of the Prince, though this is a strange perversion of the facts of history. When, in April, 1868, the Prince of Wales visited Caernarvon, he was welcomed in the Castle "on this the anniversary of the birth within these walls of the first Prince of Wales," and reference was made to "the period in which the first Prince of Wales was presented to a reluctant population from the gates of this majestic and venerable building." Lastly, "the Prince and Princess of Wales were conducted to the Eagle Tower, the chamber in which, according to tradition, the first Prince of Wales was born." In all these words and deeds there is a flagrant falsification of history. Nothing is more certain than that Edward II. was not born in the present Caernarvon Castle, least of all in the Eagle Tower which he himself built. And the truth of the matter is perfectly well known, and perfectly well known on the spot. The late Mr. Hartshorne twice, in 1848 and in 1857, lectured to large audiences in the Castle, and explained its history. Mr. Hartshorne's discoveries are not only familiar to all antiquaries, but they are quite familiar at Caernarvon.

Nor are these all the strange stories of the Castle. It has been affirmed, on authority, that the Castle was built in one year; and that the Eagle Tower was named from a now shapeless figure of an eagle, brought, it is alleged, from the ruins of Segontium; but an eagle was one of Edward's crests. The whole edifice was repaired about twenty years ago, at a cost of upwards of 3000*l.* The late Marquis of Anglesey was long governor of the fortress. Painful as it may be to contemplate the downfall of such a tradition, historic truth is of greater consequence to establish. The "first Prince of Wales" was certainly born in the town of Caernarvon, and most probably in some building temporarily erected for the accommodation of the royal household.

Letters of the First Prince of Wales.

There exists a roll of letters written by Edward, the first Prince of Wales, of which facsimiles have been obtained by the process of photozincography. This curious roll appears to have been kept by the Prince's Secretary as a duplicate copy of all letters despatched by his Highness, and furnishes proof of the extent of the Prince's correspondence and the method by which it was distinguished. It is for one

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* all crests: p 17: "Eagle" derived from arms of Wm. de Grandison - in 1188

year only, 1304, yet it contains the copies of above 700 letters on all sorts of subjects, political, financial, and domestic, from the one with which the roll commences, to Adam the Poleter of Reading, commanding him to lodge four tuns of good wine in the Abbey of Reading against the arrival of the Prince's servants at the tournament about to be held there, to that to Pope Clement V., relative to his projected marriage with the Princess Isabella of France. The letter immediately preceding this is one of credence to the Pope in favour of the Prince's two Secretaries, Sir John de Bankewell, Knight, and William de Bliburgh, his Chancellor, whom he despatches to his Holiness with private intelligence, possibly connected with the same subject. It is written in Latin, and in a singularly inflated and pedantic style, which can hardly have emanated from the Prince himself.

Among the facsimiles for illustrating this record of the feelings and pursuits of the first Prince of Wales is one in which he entreats the Queen, and in another the Countess of Holland, his sister, to intercede with the King for the admission of Perot de Gaveston among his attendants. Prince Edward was twenty years old at the time, and this is perhaps the earliest mention of that unhappy intimacy which dishonoured his reign and had such fatal consequences for himself and his favourite. Two others are in favour of Ladalli, a Castilian money-lender, who had the King's jewels in pawn, and one to the Mayor and Sheriffs of London in favour of the Lady Mortemer du Chastel Richard, who seems to have been imprisoned and very harshly treated by the civic authorities on the bare word of her accusers. To Sir John de Bretagne he writes that he had recommended Henriot de St. Oweyn to the King his father; but as the King has sent word back that he is to meddle with nothing, he dares not do anything further for him. From various entries on this roll, the Prince of Wales appears to have been at the time in disgrace with the King, although, in a letter to the Earl of Gloucester, he assures him that the extent of the King's displeasure has been much exaggerated. Appended to this letter is a note in Latin by the Prince's Secretary, to the effect that "my Lord" thanks the Countess of Gloucester for having given up her property for his use, and also for having lent him her seal, which he returns by the hands of Ingelard de Warle, to whom it was delivered, enclosed under the Prince's own seal, on the 21st of July, in the Archbishop's chamber, at Lambeth. The Secretary adds that the Countess's seal was at first about to be returned in an open enclosure, but that the Lord Chancellor immediately sealed it up with "my Lord's." One or two instances are given of the Prince's fondness for sporting, and the con-

cluding facsimile is that of a letter to Sir Hugh le Despenser acknowledging a present of grapes which reached him just as he was going to breakfast, and which he assures the sender could not have arrived at a more opportune moment. The great majority of the letters are in Norman-French.

Conway Castle.

This venerable fortress, one of the noblest piles in Britain, is most picturesquely placed, a short distance from the mouth of the river Conway, at the northern extremity of the county of Caernarvon. Sir Richard Colt Hoare says of it: "I have seen no town where the military works of art are so happily blended with the picturesque features of nature; and no spot which the artist will at first sight view with greater rapture, or quit with greater reluctance." "The shape of the town is fancifully said to resemble a Welsh harp, to the form of which it really has much affinity."

There is a tradition current in Wales, that King Edward I., when he had completed the conquest of that country, ordered all the bards that fell into his hands to be put to death; upon this tradition Gray has founded his famous and beautiful Pindaric ode, *The Bard*, beginning—

" On a rock whose lofty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Robed in a sable garb of woe
With haggard eyes the poet stood"—

Miss Costello, in her agreeable legendary tour, notes: "this passage has so impressed those of the inhabitants of Conway who have read it, that ingenuity has been greatly taxed to discover and fix on the exact spot whence the bard plunged into the roaring tide, and I was gravely assured by several enthusiastic and poetical persons, of the positive site of the event."

Here King Edward I. completed a Castle in 1284, which he built in order to bridle his new subjects, the Welsh. It stands upon a high rock, and is thought to have replaced a Welsh fort. Soon after its erection, the royal founder was besieged in the Castle, in 1290, by the natives in their revolt under Madoc, an illegitimate son of Llewelyn, and reduced to great extremity by famine before the place was relieved by the arrival of a fleet with provisions. When King Richard II. mustered his forces to oppose his rival Bolingbroke (afterwards Henry IV.), after disgusting his adherents and weakening his forces by delay

and fickleness, he on a sudden quitted his army by night, and privately sheltered himself in Conway Castle, from whence he was soon afterwards allured and delivered into the power of his enemies; and in the stately hall of Conway he signed his abdication.

At the commencement of the Civil War, Conway Castle was garrisoned in behalf of King Charles by Dr. John Williams, Archbishop of York, who, in 1645, gave the government of it to his nephew, William Hookes. Two years afterwards the Archbishop was superseded in the command of North Wales by Prince Rupert, which so irritated his grace that he went over to the side of the Parliament, and assisted their general, Mytton, in the reduction of the town and Castle. The town was stormed in 1646, and the Castle surrendered in the following November. All the Irish among the prisoners were tied back to back and thrown into the river. Mytton himself was besieged by Sir John Owen two years after, but the siege was raised owing to the approach of a superior force; and a terrible battle, fought soon after close to Penmaen Mawr, at which the gallant Sir John was made prisoner, decided the fate of North Wales.

The superiority of the fortress seemed to inspire respect, for while the Parliament forces dismantled other Castles, they did not destroy this. It was afterwards granted by King Charles to the Earl of Conway and Kiluta, who had scarcely obtained possession ere he ordered an agent to remove all the timber, lead, iron, and other materials: but the vessel in which they were being conveyed to Ireland was wrecked, and all the property lost. One of the towers of the Castle has a large breach in the lower part, caused by the inhabitants undermining it while digging for slates; the strength of the masonry has kept the upper part in its place. This is called "the Broken Tower."

Thus unroofed and unprotected, the Castle has suffered much from wind and weather, but it still presents a fine specimen of an ancient fortress. It is in the form of an oblong square, and stands on the edge of a steep rock, washed on two sides by an arm of the river. The walls, which are partly covered with ivy, are all embattled, and are from twelve to fifteen feet thick. They are flanked by eight vast circular embattled towers, forty feet in diameter, each of which formerly had a slender machicolated tower rising from the top. The chief entrance was from the town by a drawbridge over a very deep moat, and through a portullised gateway, to the larger court. The interior consists of two courts, bounded by the various apartments, all of which are in a lamentable state of decay, though still bearing marks of their former magnificence.

The stately hall is one hundred and thirty feet long, thirty-two feet wide, and thirty feet high ; it was lighted by nine windows. Four of the arches out of eight are left ; underneath were the provision cellars and ammunition vaults. Of the State apartments, one is twenty-nine feet by twenty-two feet. The King's Tower communicates with that of the Queen on the opposite side. Queen Eleanor's Oratory is a fine example of the architecture of the close of the thirteenth century, when the Early English style was merging into the Decorated. The Castle was designed by Henry de Elreton, the architect of Caernarvon Castle.

The iron Suspension Bridge, which crosses the river exactly opposite to the Castle, is a structure of peculiar elegance, and of great national importance, as it forms part of the communication between Liverpool and Dublin. It was commenced in 1822, with a view to supersede the dangerous ferry which formerly existed here ; the designs for it were by Mr. Telford, and it was opened to the public on the 1st of June, 1826. The towers, on which the chains rest, are built in the same style of architecture as the Castle, so as to harmonize with it ; and a slight effort of the imagination would lead us to suppose that the present structure was the original drawbridge of the ancient fortress. The chains of the bridge are fastened at the west extremity into the rock beneath the Castle, and at the eastern end into an island rock, which is connected with the shore by an embankment, upwards of 2000 feet in length. The length of the bridge, between the supporting towers, is 327 feet, and the height of the roadway, above high water of spring-tides, about fifteen feet.

The river Conway has been celebrated from the earliest period for its pearl-fishery. Pliny asserts that Julius Cæsar dedicated to Venus Genetrix, in her temple at Rome, a breast-plate, set with British pearls ; and Suetonius says, that the chief motive assigned by the Romans for the invasion of Britain, was to obtain possession of the pearl-fishery. This branch of commerce is not, however, held in much estimation at the present day, though the species of mussel, called by Linnæus the *Mya Margaritifera*, which produced the pearls, is still found in the river. A pearl presented to the queen of Charles II. by Sir R. Wynne, was placed in the regal crown.

The town of Conway was formerly surrounded by high massive walls, one mile and a half in circumference, strengthened at intervals by twenty-four circular and semicircular towers, great part of which, with the four principal gateways, yet remain in a tolerable state of preservation. A Cistercian Abbey was founded at this place by Llewelyn ap Iorwerth in 1185, but scarcely any vestiges of it exist.

Snowdonia.—Dolbadarn Castle.

The poetical appellation of Snowdonia has been given to the central part of the county of Caernarvon, the most romantic district of North Wales—from its grand feature being the magnificent mountain of Snowdon. “Nature has here,” says Camden, “reared huge groupes of mountains, as if she intended to bind the island fast to the bowels of the earth, and make a safe retreat for Britons in the time of war. For here are so many crags and rocks, that the lightest troops, much less an army, could never find their way among them. These mountains may be truly called the British Alps; for, besides that they are the highest in the whole island, they are, like the Alps, bespread with broken crags on every side, all surrounding one which, towering in the centre, far above the rest, lifts its head so loftily, as if it meant not only to threaten, but to thrust it into the sky.”

In a region so fitted by Nature for the strategies of war, there were, doubtless, many strongholds erected in the troublous times of Britain. Throughout the district exist some traces of the Roman conquest of the aboriginal inhabitants; although there is some difficulty in determining by what tribe of native Britons Caernarvonshire was inhabited at the above early period. The neighbouring districts of North Wales were peopled by the Ordovices; and Caernarvonshire has, with great show of probability, been included in the territory of that tribe.

Caernarvonshire was the chief stronghold of the country, from the invasion of the Romans down to the reign of Edward I. The natural defences of the district were so skilfully strengthened that Snowdonia was rendered a vast mountain fortress. On the east the passage of the Conway was guarded by Castell Diganwy, and the pass of Bwlch y ddaufaen (near the Vale of Llanrwst) by a fort at Caerhun. There were the great hill camp of Penmaen Mawr, and forts at Aber and in Nant Francon; the pass of Llanberis was guarded by Dolbadarn Castle; a fort overlooked the pass under Mynydd Mawr, and another in Bwlch Gyfelin; “while the passage over the Traeth Mawr, or great sands, was defended on one side by the strong Castle of Harlech, in Merionethshire, and on the other by that of Criccieth, with a watch-tower at Castell Gwyvarch, and a fort at Dolbenmaen; the disposition of the whole displaying in that rude age considerable military skill.”

The campaigns in Wales are thus described:—"John advanced as far as Diganwy, opposite Conway, but the Welsh so harassed him with skirmishes, and by cutting off his supplies, that he was ultimately compelled to retreat with great loss. Some months after, he contrived to cross the Conway, and advanced as far as Bangor, which he burned, seizing the bishop before the high altar of the cathedral; this led Llewelyn ap Iorwerth to seek John's daughter, Joan, in marriage. Henry III. spent ten weeks in strengthening Castell Diganwy in 1245, but did not venture to pass the Conway, being opposed by Davydd, the reigning prince, who greatly harassed him. Llewelyn, the Great kept the English in check for about twenty-five years, and regained much of the Principality; but he was at one time humbled by Edward I., who shut him in the Snowdon mountains, and in turn cut off his supplies from Anglesey and other parts, which he was able to effect by the aid of a powerful fleet. The English monarch sustained some time after, however, a most serious repulse on the shores of the Menai, at Moel y Don ferry, which he attempted to cross by a bridge of boats. His troops were outgeneralled by the Welsh, and in the action which ensued 15 knights, 32 esquires, and 1000 common soldiers, were either slain or drowned; and Edward, whose position had become critical, was compelled to fall back on Rhuddlan Castle. Llewelyn was killed near Builth soon after; his brother Davydd II., a weak prince, was chased like a mountain-wolf, and his body, after his execution, barbarously mangled. Dolbadarn Castle fell; others were abandoned; the mountain passes left unguarded, and Edward penetrated in person, with an army, "into the inmost recesses of the Snowdonian mountains, setting fire to the houses and slaying great numbers of the Welsh," who, however, resisted him with the highest bravery in one pass. During the subjugation of the level tracts which followed, a terrible example was also made by Edward of his revenge, and he erected the Castles of Caernarvon and Conway to keep the Welsh down, and subsequently Beaumaris to guard the Menai Strait, and awe Anglesey. In 1294, however, three serious insurrections arose, in consequence of an attempt to impose a war-tax on the people; and an illegitimate son of the great Llewelyn, named Madoc, who assumed the title of Prince of Wales, gained possession of all Caernarvonshire and Anglesey—including Caernarvon Castle—except Conway, where Edward, who had marched suddenly thither from England, was placed for a short time in great peril. Madoc was defeated soon after, but remained in insurrection until taken prisoner during a foray in the Marches. Edward I. converted the Snowdonian mountains into a

royal Forest, for the purpose of driving out, as far as possible, its turbulent inhabitants.

Dolbadarn Castle was the work of a very remote age, but whether anterior or subsequent to the Roman conquest, is doubtful. It was one of what Sir Richard Hoare calls the first class of Welsh Castles—"the original British, placed on high and almost inaccessible mountains." It is situated about two miles from the village of Llanberis nearer to Caernarvon. The name, Dolbadarn, or Padarn's Meadow, is referred to Padarn, a British saint of obscure note. Sir Richard Hoare adds: "the Castle, standing near the junction of the two lakes of Llanberis, is the only one that remains in all the narrow passes of North Wales. As it was impossible for an enemy to climb the chain of mountains, which are a guard to Caernarvonshire and Anglesea, and as there were five narrow passes, the British secured each with a castle: this was the central one." Its remains are a small round tower, or Keep: its inner diameter ten yards, and its height twenty-five yards. This seems to have been the principal part of the fortress, since it occupied the whole of a small elevated rock: it would scarcely accommodate fifteen men, and is hardly larger than one of the bastions of Caernarvon Castle. The strongholds of the British Kings, we must recollect, cannot be compared in magnitude with the Norman fortresses.

Dolbadarn has been for centuries in ruins; since Leland (*temp.* Henry VIII.) described only a decayed tower. Within its walls Owen Goch was confined upwards of twenty years, for having joined in a rebellion against his brother, Llewelyn ap Gruffydd, the last Prince of Wales.

The view from Dolbadarn is extremely beautiful, embracing the two lakes, nearly three miles in extent, and the vast mountain-chain which bounds the vale. The effect of the castled crag, reflected in the crystal lake, the stupendous mountains on each side, and the upper lake, stretching to the church of Llanberis, with mighty Snowdon in the background, present a scene of the sublime and the picturesque, which baffles the eloquence of the pen and the mastery of the pencil.

This Welsh Ode, or Awdl, on Owen's imprisonment, Miss Costello regards as singularly similar to the Ode of the Troubadour, in the romance of Richard Cœur de Lion:—

"THE CAPTIVE OF DOLBADARN.

" From yonder height a captive's sighs
Are wafted towards me by the gale—

- Where chain'd, abandon'd, Owen lies,
 And I still live to tell the tale!
 To tell how, by a brother's doom,
 Yon towers are Owen's living tomb.
- " I roam'd amongst those mountains drear,
 Lamenting for my hero gone,
 When sounds of sorrow met my ear—
 I paused and startled at the tone,
 For in the voice I loved so well,
 I seem'd to hear my Owen's knell.
- " Of mighty and of royal birth,
 Of gallant deeds and courage high,
 What Saxon dar'd invade our hearth,
 Or draw the sword when he was nigh!
 In Avar we knew him by his broken shield,
 Like the great Rod'rick never born to yield.
- " His palace gates no more unclosed,
 No harp is heard within his hall,
 His friends are vassals to his foes,
 Grief and despair have vanquish'd all.
 He, the defender—he, the good and just,
 Is gone; his name, his honour, in the dust!
- " He prized but treasures to bestow,
 He cherish'd state but to be free;
 None from his walls unsped might go,
 To all he gave, but most to me!
- " Ruddy his cheeks as morning's light,
 His ready lance was firm and bright,
 The crimson stains that on it glow
 Tell of the Saxons' overthrow.
- " Shame, that a prince like this should lie
 An outcast, in captivity,
 And oh! what years of ceaseless shame,
 Should cloud the Lord of Snowdon's name!"

Beaumaris Castle.

The Isle of Anglesey became, after the death of Llewelyn the Great, the headquarters of most of the Welsh chieftains; and Edward I., finding that those turbulent warriors could not be kept in check by the Castles at Caernarvon and Conway, erected at Beaumaris, in 1295-6, a fortress, with his usual judgment. The disadvantage of a low site was counterbalanced by access to the sea, obtained by means of a short cut outwards from the deep fosse that surrounded the structure. Great skill is shown in the defences of this large and most interesting fortress.

In plan, says Cliffe, in his *Book of North Wales*, describing it from actual inspection, it resembles a modern citadel, and consists of a square within a regular hexagon. In case of a surprise, the attacking party could only carry the outer walls, behind which rose an inner and prodigiously strong line of ramparts and grim bastions, capable of accommodating a large garrison. The substance of the following further description is taken from Lewis's *Topographical Dictionary* :—

"The Castle consists of two courts, the outer comprehending a spacious quadrilateral area, defended by 14 circular towers, of which those at the angles are much larger than the rest, and have the principal entrance towards the sea, flanked by two strong round towers, between which is a pointed archway, defended by a portcullis. Near this entrance is a long, narrow, advanced work, with a platform, called the Gunner's wall, which was anciently carried over the moat by a lofty arch, still remaining, and near which is one of the iron mooring-rings for shipping. The inner quadrangle is 190 feet long, and nearly the same broad, surrounded by the principal range of buildings, which are much loftier than those of the outer court, and defended by 10 round towers. Within this quadrangle are the state apartments; on the north-west side the great hall, 70 feet long and 24 feet wide, lighted by a noble range of five lofty traceried windows. To the east is the chapel, late Early English, and in good preservation, with a groined roof. The walls are embellished with 21 elegantly canopied niches, between which are lancet windows of great beauty, and behind them are recesses gained in the thickness of the walls. A narrow corridor, much inferior to that at Caernarvon, formed within the walls, is carried nearly round the whole building except on the north-west side; there are some recesses within, with square apertures, supposed to have been for the trap-doors of dungeons below. Within the inner court are a tennis-court and bowling-green." One or two good ghost and treasure stories belong to this Castle.

In 1642, Beaumaris Castle was garrisoned for King Charles by Thomas, Lord Bulkeley; and it was held until 1646, when it was surrendered after the Royalists had suffered a reverse in a sharp engagement, near at hand, with a superior force under General Mytton, in which the gallantry of the islanders was conspicuously displayed. One officer (Royalist) left his men locked up in the church tower, and ran off. He had the *sobriquet* of Captain Church for the remainder of his life.

Beaumaris is rather more regular in form than Caerphilly, though of less magnitude. Here the hall is in one of the gatehouses, and the chapel occupies a mural tower. The inner walls are of unusual height

and thickness, and contain two very curious tiers of triforial galleries, of which the lower one covers a series of sewers. There are but two concentric lines of wall. The outer line is represented by a sort of spur-work, which extends towards the sea, and commanded the whole port. Beaumaris was built by Edward I., and marked the establishment of his power in North Wales when he turned the flank of Snowdon.

Joanna and the Bard.

The empty stone coffin of Llewelyn the Great, which was removed, first from the Abbey which he founded at Conway, and then from Malnan, and now lies on the floor of Gwydir Chapel, in Llanrost Church, is all that remains of the great Welsh Prince, whose name is so often repeated in history, and who died in 1240.

Llewelyn had been induced by the artful promises of the smooth traitor King John to accept the hand of his daughter, the Princess Joan, but his having thus allied himself did not prevent the aggressions of his father-in-law; and John having cruelly murdered twenty-eight hostages, some of the highest Welsh nobility, Llewelyn's indignation overcame all other considerations, and he attacked John in all his Castles between the Dee and Conway, and for that time freed North Wales from the English yoke.

There are many stories told of the Princess Joan, or Joanna, somewhat contradictory, but generally received. She was, of course, not popular with the Welsh, and the Court bard, in singing the praise of the Prince, even goes so far as to speak of a female favourite of Llewelyn, instead of naming his wife. It is related that Llewelyn, at the battle of Montgomery, took prisoner William de Breos, one of the knights of the English Court, and while he remained his captive, treated him well, and rather as a friend than enemy. This kindness was repaid by De Breos with treachery, for he ventured to form an attachment to the Princess Joan. He was liberated, and returned to his own country; but scarcely was he gone than evil whispers were breathed into the ear of Llewelyn, and vengeance entirely possessed his mind: he, however, dissembled his feelings, and still feigning the same friendship, he invited De Breos to come to his palace at Aber as a guest. The lover of the Princess Joan readily accepted the invitation, hoping once more to behold his mistress; but he knew not the fate which hung over him, or he would not have entered the portal of the man he had injured so gaily as he did.

The next morning the Princess Joan walked forth early, in a musing mood: she was young, beautiful: she had been admired and caressed in her father's court, was there the theme of minstrels and the lady of many a tournament—to what avail? Her hand without her heart had been bestowed on a brave but uneducated prince, whom she could regard as little less than savage, who had no ideas in common with hers, to whom all the refinements of the Norman Court were unknown, and whose uncouth people, warlike habits, and rugged pomp, were all distasteful to her. Perhaps she sighed as she thought of the days when the handsome young De Breos broke a lance in her honour, and she rejoiced, yet regretted that her dangerous knight, the admired and gallant William, was again beneath her husband's roof. In this state of mind she was met by the Bard, an artful retainer of Llewelyn, who hated all of English blood, and whose lays were never awakened but in honour of his chief, but who contrived to deceive her in a belief that he both pitied and was attached to her. Observing her pensive air, and guessing at its cause, he entered into conversation with her, and having "beguiled her of her tears" by his melody, he at length addressed to her these dangerous words:—"Tell me, wife of Llewelyn, what would you give for a sight of your William?" The Princess, thrown off her guard, and confiding in the harper's faith, imprudently exclaimed—"Wales, and England, and Llewelyn—all would I give to behold my William!"

The harper smiled bitterly, and, taking her arm, pointed slowly with his finger in the direction of a neighbouring hill, where, at a place called Wern Grogedig, grew a lofty tree, from the branches of which a form was hanging, which she too well recognised as that of the unfortunate William de Breos.

In a dismal cave beneath that spot was buried "the young, the beautiful, the brave;" and the Princess Joan dared not shed a tear to his memory. Tradition points out the place, which is called *Gae Gwilyn Dhu*.—*Abridged from Miss Costello's North Wales.*

Harlech Castle.

An ancient British fortress, called originally *Twr Bronwen*, from Bronwen, the fair-bosomed sister to Bran ap Llyr, father of the great Caractacus, was erected at Harlech, on a steep rock overhanging the sea, by the early British princes, and occupied the site of the present Castle, which was commenced by Edward I. in 1286. Owen Glendowe

seized this strong fortress in 1404, and held it for four years. Margaret of Anjou took refuge here in 1460, after the defeat of her husband, Henry VI., at the battle of Northampton; and here she rested from harassing warfare for a time. In the Civil War of the Roses, Harlech was held for the Lancastrians by a Welsh chieftain, named Dafydd ap Ijevon ap Einon, who "held this fortress through the long period of nine years in defiance of Edward IV.'s whole power, after his possession of the crown. In 1468, Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, invested the place, and the answer of the Welsh hero is on record. 'I held a castle in France,' said he, 'till all the old women in Wales heard of it, and now I will hold this Welsh tower till all the old women in France hear of it.' Sir Richard, brother of the Earl, who conducted the siege, could reduce it only by the slow assault of famine, and Dafydd surrendered on honourable terms, his life being spared as a condition of his surrender. Edward, barbarous and ungrateful, at first refused to ratify the promise given by Sir Richard; but he, more generous, nobly replied, 'Then, by —, I will put Dafydd and his garrison into Harlech again, and your highness may fetch him out again, by any one who can, and if you demand my life for his, take it!'"

After the war was concluded, the county (Merionethshire) became, and long continued to be, a scene of confusion. Outlaws and felons perpetrated a variety of crimes, burning, robbing, and murdering, in large bands, and driving cattle in open day with the greatest impunity. To quell these outrages, Queen Mary issued a commission, when 80 of the outlaws and felons were seized and punished. To revenge this severity, one of the leaders of the commission was waylaid and murdered, in 1555, at a place now called, from the foul deed, "The Baron's Gate." The vigorous measures to which this outrage gave rise led to the extirpation of the banditti, some of whom were executed and the rest fled. The traditions of the country attest the terror which these ruffians excited; travellers forsook the common road to Shrewsbury to avoid their haunts.

In the Civil War of Charles I., Harlech Castle was the object of contention: the fortress changed masters once or twice, but was finally taken by the Parliamentarians, under General Mytton, March, 1647, it being the last fortress in North Wales that stood out. It was reduced by famine, for such was the state of the roads at that time, that Mytton could not bring artillery. It was ordered to be demolished, but the order was only partly acted upon in the interior. From a survey made in the reign of Henry VIII., we gather that there were then extensive outworks and two drawbridges towards the sea. The fortress is rudely

built; its walls are tolerably perfect; they form a square of about 70 yards each way, with a round tower at each corner. From these corner towers formerly rose elegant turrets, but these are in great part destroyed. The only approach was on the east, between two grand towers, by the great gateway, defended by three portcullises. The apartments, now open to the sky, are very spacious; the stately hall looks over the sea. "Margaret of Anjou's Tower" is shown. There are traces of the ancient British fortress in the foundations of the present Castle. Seaward it was protected by the inaccessible precipice on which it stood; on the land-side it was strengthened by a deep ditch, cut with enormous labour in the solid rocks.



Valle Crucis Abbey, and Eliseg's Pillar.

Just above Llangollen, on the road to Ruthin, commences Valle Crucis, and here, on a tumulus, in the middle of the glen, are the remains of one of the most ancient columns, or crosses, in Great Britain. It was entire until the Civil War of the seventeenth century, when it was thrown down and broken by some ignorant fanatics, who thought it had too much the appearance of a cross to be suffered to stand.

This pillar, or cross, was a memorial of the dead, an improvement upon the rude columns of the Druidical times, cut into form, and surrounded with inscriptions, and considered among the first lettered stones in Britain. In height it was originally 12 feet. The inscription states it to have been erected by Concenn, in memory of his great-grandfather Eliseg; and that Concenn was the grandson of Brochmail, a Prince of Powys, who was defeated in the memorable battle of Chester, A.D. 603; and the memorial is called Eliseg's Pillar, and the limestone rocks of the valley are called the Eglwysig Mountains. But some antiquaries insist that they are so named from a church which formerly stood in a meadow at their foot, and which is still known as "The Meadow of the Church." Some maintain that Craig Eglwysig means the *halloved rock*; and a church is thought to have been built here by one Egwestl, at the end of the fifth century. Valle Crucis Abbey, of which very fine ruins exist, was founded in 1200, by Madoc ap Griffith Madoc, lord of the neighbouring Castle of Dinas Brán, who was buried here after a life of rapine and violence. During a struggle with the English, commenced by Llewelyn ap Jorwerth, in the reign of King John, Madoc resolved to dedicate a portion of his substance to the establishment of a great church and monastery in some peaceful retreat, and Valle Crucis was

chosen. The community was Cistercian. The Abbey was dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and had many Welsh names. The ruins consist of the church, the Abbot's lodgings, refectory, and dormitory. The church was cruciform: it is now nearly roofless; the east and west ends and south transept are tolerably perfect. There is still much of the Abbey; and in a farmhouse adjoining are several chambers which formed part of the convent. The old poet Churchyard leads us to consider there to have been a central tower to the Abbey, when he sings:

"An Abbey near that mountayne towre there is,
Whose walls yet stand, and steeple too, likewise."

Beautiful as are the architectural remains, their picturesqueness is much increased by the fine ash-trees which bend over the ruined arches, and ivy climbing among the clustered columns. The lancet windows are very fine: one circular arch is filled with three of these windows, with delicate tracery, and each is surmounted with a rose.

"The Stone of the Arrows," near Aber.

In one of the mountain-passes of Caernarvonshire is a curious relic, which is known by the popular appellation of "*Carreg-y-Saelhan*"—the Stone of the Arrows—and is situated on a path about three miles above Aber on the northern shore of Caernarvonshire, in a pass among the mountains called "*Nant-an-Afon*"—the Valley of the River. The stone is flat, measuring about six feet in length; the path crosses directly over it, and, according to tradition, on the commencement of war the chieftains were accustomed to sharpen their arrows or other weapons upon this rock, and the marks upon the surface, which are about a quarter or half an inch deep, were made by the arrow-heads. They undoubtedly present the appearance of having been produced by the points of spears or arrows. In the neighbourhood of Aber, the Welsh princes had a residence adjoining an artificial mound, called "*The Mwd*," about six miles west of Bangor. The Welsh princes, Llewelyn ap Jorwerth, at the close of the twelfth century, and Llewelyn ap Gryffydd, A.D. 1246 to 1282, lived much in this part of the county, which is full of traditions and vestiges of ancient interest. The entrenched dwelling near the Mwd was the scene, according to tradition, of the tragical death of William de Breos, described at page 456, and where is an artificial cave. Llewelyn seems to have forgiven his frail consort; she survived this tragical event eight years, and was buried in the Dominican convent

which she had founded at Llanvaes, near Beaumaris. The numerous historical traditions associated with the neighbourhood of Aber seem to corroborate in some degree the supposition that the Stone of the Arrows may have been a relic connected in a certain manner with early warfare.

The Legend of St. Monacella.

In a very retired spot on the banks of the Tanat is Pennant Melangell—the shrine of St. Monacella, or as the Welsh style her, Melangell. Her legend relates that she was the daughter of an Irish monarch, who had determined to marry her to a nobleman of his court. The Princess had vowed celibacy. She fled from her father's dominions and took refuge in this place, where she lived fifteen years without seeing the face of man. Brochmail, Prince of Powys (see p. 459), being one day hare-hunting, pursued his game till he came to a thicket; when he was amazed to find a virgin of surprising beauty, engaged in deep devotion, with the hare he had been pursuing under her robe, boldly facing the dogs, who had retired to a distance howling, notwithstanding all the efforts of the sportsmen to make them seize their prey. Even when the huntsman blew his horn, it stuck to his lips. Brochmail heard her story; and gave to God and her a parcel of lands to be a sanctuary to all that fled there. He desired her to found an Abbey on the spot. She did so, and died Abbess, at a good old age. She was buried in a neighbouring church, called Pennant. Her hard bed is shown in a cleft of a neighbouring rock. The legend is perpetuated within the church by some rude wooden carvings of the Saint, with numbers of hares scuttling to her for protection. They were called St. Monacella's Lambs. Until the seventeenth century no one would kill a hare in the parish; and much later, when one was pursued by dogs, it was firmly believed that if any one cried "God and St. Monacella be with thee," it was sure to escape. In the churchyard are two mutilated recumbent effigies, representing St. Monacella and Jorwerth Drwyndwm, or "Edward with the broken nose."—Cliffe's *North Wales*.

The Castle of Montgomery.

At Montgomery, Baldwin or Baldwyn, who had been appointed Lieutenant of the Marches by William the Conqueror, built a Castle, or other military post, and laid the foundation of the town, A.D. 1092.

Both appear to have been almost immediately captured by the Welsh, from whom they were taken again in the following year by Roger de Montgomery, Earl of Arundel and Shrewsbury. The Earl fortified the place, and called it by his own name; but in 1094 it was taken by the Welsh, who put the garrison to the sword, and ravaged this part of the Border-land. William Rufus assembled an army and repulsed them, and strengthened and provisioned the Castle of Montgomery. It was, however, again taken and utterly destroyed by the Welsh; but after a severe contest, the Norman power prevailed, the Welsh were driven to their fastnesses, and the Earl of Shrewsbury rebuilt the fortress. This, however, appeared to have shared the fate of its predecessor; for Henry III. built here a new Castle, A.D. 1221, which was, ten years afterwards, taken and burned by Llewelyn, Prince of North Wales.

Montgomery afterwards formed part of the possessions of the Mortimer family. In the Civil War of Charles I., the Castle was fortified for the King by Lord Herbert of Chisbury, who delivered it up to the Parliamentary general on his approach, and was shortly afterwards besieged by the Royalists. The advance of a body of 3000 Parliamentary troops to its relief led to a desperate encounter, in which the Royalists, 5000 strong, were defeated with the loss of 500 slain, and 1400 prisoners. The Castle was afterwards dismantled by order of Parliament. It will thus be seen that in consequence of the proximity of Montgomeryshire to England, it was partly included in the Marches, and became for centuries debateable ground.

This fortress, the scene of so many hot contests of inglorious war, stood on a steep projecting eminence on the north side of the town. The remains consist of a fragment of a tower, and some portion of the walls: between the buildings and the precipitous side of the hill above the town is a level space, probably used as a parade for the garrison. The Castle was defended by four ditches cut in the solid rock, and crossed by drawbridges. The town itself was also defended by walls, flanked by towers and secured by four gates; but of these defences only a few fragments remain. At the foot of the Castle Hill are traces of a small fort, conjectured to be the original Norman Castle erected by Baldwyn; and on a neighbouring hill, intersected in the only accessible parts by deep ditches, are the remains of an extensive British camp.

On Mynydd or Cefyn Digoll, five miles from Montgomery, was fought, in 1294, an obstinate battle between Madoc, the natural son of Llewelyn, and the Lords Marchers, which terminated his once formidable insurrection and his career.

Powys Castle.

The town of Welsh Pool, in Montgomeryshire, is named from a deep pool or lake, called Llyn Du, near which it is situated. Here Cadrogan, a powerful chieftain of the district of Powys, began to build a Castle, A.D. 1109, but it was left unfinished at his death. It was completed by another; and in 1191 was taken after a long siege by the English, who repaired and strengthened its defences. It was retaken A.D. 1197, by the Welsh of Powysland; but these having taken part with the English, the Castle was taken from them in 1293, and dismantled by the Prince of North Wales. The fortress was afterwards restored, and received the name of Powys Castle, which it still retains. It was fortified in the Civil War of Charles I. by Lord Powys, the owner of it, who sided with the King's party; but it was surrendered, in 1644, to the Parliamentary commander, Sir Thomas Middleton.

This celebrated fortress stands in a spacious, well wooded park, on a rocky ridge or elevation, and is built of red sandstone, whence its ancient name of Castell Coch, or Red Castle. The different portions are of various dates, and at one time presented an incongruous appearance. It has been in a manner restored by Sir Robert Smirke. The interior has a heavy and gloomy appearance; but has a fine collection of pictures, statues, vases, and other antiquities. Its state bedroom is preserved in the exact form in which it was prepared for King Charles I. The gardens are, or were lately, laid out in the old style, with terraces, clipped shrubs, and the remains of waterworks. It is the ancient seat of the Clive family, and was purchased by the Herberts, Earls Powys, in the reign of Elizabeth. Here is preserved in the library a MS. history of Lord Herbert of Chisbury, whose fame, as we have seen, is tarnished by his ill-timed surrender of Montgomery Castle, which he had garrisoned for Charles I.

It is scarcely possible to leave Montgomeryshire without a few words upon the pursuits of its people when its principal riches were its sheep and wool, in contrast with its more stormy times of warfare and bloodshed. Its manufactures were then collected through the country and sent to Welsh Pool, whence they were carried in a rough state to Shrewsbury, to be finished and exported. Dyer gives a lively description of this traffic:—

“ The Northern Cambrians, an industrious tribe,
Carry their labours on pygmean steeds,

Of size exceeding not Leicestrian sheep,
Yet strong and sprightly; over hill and dale
They travel unfatigued, and lay their bales
In Salop's streets, beneath whose lofty walls
Pearly Sabrina waits them with her barks,
And spreads the swelling sheet."

The pygmean steeds, of which Dyer here speaks, are a kind of small ponies in the hilly tracts of Montgomeryshire and Merionethshire, called *merlyns*, which range over the mountains both in summer and winter, and never quit them until they are three years old, when they are brought down for sale.

The Story of Owen Glendower.

Of the history of this courageous warrior there are several incidents described throughout the present section of this work. Nevertheless, it may be interesting to sketch, in a connected form, his eventful career, as it presents many localities and characteristic pictures of Castle life at a very important era.

Owen Glendower was born in Merionethshire about the year 1349. He was naturally descended from Llewelyn, the last Prince of Wales, whose granddaughter, Elena, married Gryffydd Vychan, of which marriage Glendower was the offspring. He appears to have had a liberal education, was entered at the Inns of Court in London, and became a barrister. It is probable that he soon quitted the profession of the law, for we find that he was appointed Squire of the Body to Richard II. When this King's household was finally dissolved, he retired with full resentment of his sovereign's wrongs to his patrimony in Wales. He was knighted in 1387, and was married early in life to Margaret, daughter of Sir David Hammer, of Hammer, in the county of Flint, one of the justices of King's Bench, by the appointment of Richard II. By her Owen had several sons and five daughters: most his sons fell in the field of battle to which they accompanied their father in 1400.

Owen had engaged in a dispute about the boundaries of his lordship of Glendwrwdwy, with Reginald, Lord Grey de Ruthyn, an Anglo-Norman, whose seignories adjoined his own. Taking advantage of the deposition of King Richard, Lord Grey had forcibly possessed himself of a piece of land which Owen, in the former reign, had recovered from him by course of law. Glendower laid his case before Parliament, but his suit was dismissed. To this provocation, Reginald de Ruthyn added another insult, by purposely detaining the writ that

had been issued to summon Owen, with the other barons, to assist Henry IV. in his expedition against the Scots. Lord Grey misrepresented to the King the absence of Glendower as an act of wilful disobedience, and afterwards treacherously took possession of his lands under the pretence of forfeiture. The Welsh were at this time little better than barbarians: they hated the English because of the laws which punished their bards as vagabonds, allowed no Welshman to hold the smallest public office in his native country, and maintained foreign garrisons in their towns and Castles. They were hated in return as an ungovernable, plundering, rebellious race. Out of their condition rose the power of Glendower. With the assistance of the bards who asserted him to be gifted with supernatural skill, his fame was spread throughout the whole of Wales, and his influence so speedily increased, that after levying a body of troops, he at once proclaimed his genealogy, and laid claim to the throne of Wales. In the summer of 1400 he attacked the estates of his enemy, Lord Grey, and in his absence seized upon his lands. As soon as the news of these exploits had reached the King, he sent Lords Talbot and Grey to reduce Glendower. This attack upon his house was sudden, and he with difficulty escaped. He next marched upon the town of Ruthyn, which he took, pillaged, and burnt, during the time of a fair, and then retired to his fortifications in the hills. His proceedings were so alarming that the King soon resolved to march against him in person, and forces were assembled from ten counties to join the regular army at Coventry. A grant was also made to the King's brother, John, Earl of Somerset, of all Glendower's estates in North and South Wales. His revenue in money did not exceed 300 marks (200*l.*), but his rents in service and in kind were probably considerable. The King, who had now penetrated as far as the Isle of Anglesea, plundered a Franciscan Convent at Llanfaes, slew some, and carried away others of the monks, and repealed the monastery with English. The Franciscans were known to have assisted Prince Llewelyn, and to have espoused the cause of his successor. King Henry, at last, caused his army to retire, Glendower and his troops having retreated to the mountains in the neighbourhood of Snowdon. A free pardon was offered to the rebels in the several Welsh counties, which brought over to the King's authority some of the principal adherents of Glendower. Nothing daunted by the diminution of his forces, but trusting to the protection afforded by a mountainous country, Glendower marched to Plinlimmon in the summer of 1401, and ravaged the surrounding country; he sacked Montgomery, burned the suburbs of Welsh Pool, destroyed

Abbey-crom-Hêr, and took the Castle of Radnor, where he beheaded the garrison to the number of sixty. The Flemings (who, in the reign of Henry I., had settled in Pembrokeshire), incensed at his incursions, raised a force of 1500 men, and surrounded Owen on every side. He broke through their ranks, and 200 of the Flemings remained dead upon the field. These depredations and victories awakened the fears of the King, and a second expedition into Wales was determined upon. In June, 1401, the King was at the head of his troops, but, after razing to the ground the Abbey of Yriltrad Fitor, and pillaging the county of Cardigan, he withdrew his army, exhausted by famine and disease. Glendower's cause among the Welsh now triumphed: and in 1402 a comet was interpreted by the bards as an omen favourable to him. Predictions gave new energy to his followers, and Glendower advanced towards Ruthyn, drew Lord Grey into the field, surprised him with an ambush, and carried him off captive to his court, near Snowdon, whence he was released by the payment of 10,000 marks (6666*l.*), and his engagement to observe strict neutrality. For his better security, or perhaps by compulsion, Lord Grey married Jane, fourth daughter of Glendower, immediately upon his liberation. Being now free from English opponents, he turned his arms against such of his countrymen as had adhered to the English, or forsaken his cause; he marched upon Caernarvon, and closely blockaded its strong Castle.

The cathedral at Bangor, and the cathedral, palace, and canons' house at St. Asaph, were destroyed at Owen's command. His excuse for these outrages was that Trevor, Bishop of St. Asaph, had been disloyal to King Richard, from whom he had received his preferments. Trevor subsequently revolted from King Henry, allied himself to Glendower, and did not quit the see, in which Owen confirmed him, until that chieftain's fortunes declined, when he prudently retreated to Paris.

The King now determined upon a third expedition into Wales, and called upon his principal subjects to assemble at Lichfield. In the meantime, Glendower had defeated Sir Edmund Mortimer at Pilleth Hill, not far from Knighton, in Radnorshire, and had left dead upon the field 1100 of Mortimer's followers. Sir Edmund, who was himself made prisoner, was uncle to Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March (then about ten years old), whose title to the Crown having been acknowledged by the Parliament, he was kept in close custody by the King, and refused ransom. This induced him to become a partisan of Glendower, whose subsequent alliance with the Percies was mainly attributable to Mortimer. Instead of assembling one army at Lichfield, Henry determined to raise three separate divisions, and to attack the

Welsh from three different quarters at the same time: the King to muster the first division at Shrewsbury; Lord Warwick, Lord Stafford, and others to assemble the second at Hereford; while Prince Henry was to have the command of the third at Chester. Owen Glendower, in the meantime, burnt the houses of the Bishop and Archdeacon of Llandaff, set fire to Cardiff and Abergavenny, and then returned to oppose the English; but concealed himself among the hills from an inferior force, driving away all the cattle, and destroying all the means of subsistence. At this time the rebellion seemed likely to gain ground, for the confederates—Mortimer, the Percies, and Glendower—confiding in their own power, determined to divide the whole kingdom among themselves. It was at this juncture that Glendower revived the ancient prophecy, that Henry IV. should fall under the name of “Moldwarp,” or “the cursed of God’s mouth;” and styling himself “the Dragon,” he assumed a badge representing that monster with a star above, in imitation of Uther, whose victories over the Saxons were foretold by the appearance of a star with a dragon threatening beneath. Percy was denoted the “Lion,” from the crest of his family; and on Sir Edmund Mortimer they bestowed the title of “the Wolf.” Owen, who was now at the zenith of his glory, called together the estates of Wales at Machynlleth, and there was formally crowned and acknowledged Prince of Wales. Some of his enemies, however, as well as his allies, assembled at this meeting, and he narrowly escaped assassination.

In 1403 Glendower and Mortimer marched towards Shrewsbury, in order to join their troops to the army of Percy, which was encamped near that town.

As soon as the King was aware of these hostile movements, he marched in all haste to come up with Hotspur before he was joined by Glendower. The royal army entered Shrewsbury only a few hours before Hotspur arrived at the gates. This was on the 19th of July, and the King was anxious to give battle without delay. Hotspur, however, did not feel himself strong enough for this, having not above fourteen thousand men in his army, whereas the King had nearly double that number. On the following morning the King’s forces marched out of the town, and succeeded in forcing Hotspur to an engagement, of which the following interesting account is taken from the *History of Shrewsbury*:—

“The fight began by furious and repeated volleys of arrows from Hotspur’s archers, whose ground greatly favoured that kind of warfare, and they did great execution on the royal army. The King’s bowmen were not wanting in return, and the battle raged with violence. Hot-

spur, with his associate Douglas, bent on the King's destruction, rushing through the midst of the hostile arrows, pierced their way to the spot on which he stood. Henry was thrice unhorsed, and would have been taken or slain, had he not been defended and rescued by his own men; and the fortune of the day would have been forthwith decided, if the Earl of March had not withdrawn him from the danger; for the royal standard-bearer was slain, his banner beaten down, and many of the chosen band appointed to guard it, were killed by these desperate assailants; while the young Prince of Wales was wounded in the face by an arrow. In short, notwithstanding all the exertions of the Royalists, victory seemed inclined to favour the rebel army; they fought with renewed ardour, from an opinion naturally derived from the overthrow of his standard, that the King himself had fallen, and animated each other to the combat with cheering and redoubled shouts of '*Henry Percy, King! Henry Percy, King!*' In this critical moment the gallant Percy, raging through the adverse ranks in quest of his Sovereign, fell by an unknown hand, alone, and hemmed in by foes. The King lost no time to avail himself of this event. Straining his voice to the utmost, he exclaimed aloud '*Henry Percy is dead!*' and the battle soon ended in the King gaining a complete victory.

"In the meanwhile Owen Glendower had marched with a large body of Welshmen to within a mile of Shrewsbury; and if the King had not been so rapid in his movements, Glendower and Hotspur would probably have joined their forces. It was necessary, however, that the Welsh army should cross the Severn, which, at this place, is a broad and rapid river. It happened also, most unfortunately for Glendower, that the water was at this time exceedingly high. There is a ford at Shelton, by which, at other seasons, he would have been able to cross the river, but now it was impossible. The bridges at Shrewsbury were commanded by the King; and he had nothing to do but to halt his army on the banks of the Severn, though he could see Hotspur's forces quite plainly on the opposite side, and though he knew that the King wished to bring on a battle. The battle took place as we have related.

"The place where the fight was thickest is about three miles from Shrewsbury, and is still called Battle-field; and King Henry built a handsome church there, which is still used as a parish church, though great part of it is in ruins."

The tradition of the country says, that Glendower mounted the large oak tree, which has been often engraved, and that he saw from thence the battle of Shrewsbury. This story is most probably true. It would

be difficult to account for its being told by the common people of the neighbourhood, if there was not some truth in it. These people are not likely to have heard of Owen Glendower, or the battle of Shrewsbury: and if Glendower really arrived at this spot, and could not get over the river on account of a flood (of which facts there seems to be no doubt), it is not at all unlikely that he mounted up into the tree. Battle-field Church can now be seen very plainly from the bank of the river. It is not much more than three miles off; at the time the battle was fought, the country was perhaps much more open than it is at present, and there were few hedges to shut out the view; so that Glendower might easily have seen what was going on between the two armies; and it must have been very mortifying to him to see the troops of his friend Hotspur totally defeated.

There is no difficulty in believing from the present appearance of the tree, that it is old enough to have been of a considerable size in the year 1403, or 467 years ago. Oaks are known to live to a much greater age than this; and there are documents which prove that the Shelton oak was a fine large tree some centuries ago. It is still perfectly alive, and bears some hundreds of acorns every year, though it has great marks of age, and is so hollow in the inside that it seems to stand on little more than a circle of bark. At least six or eight persons might stand within it. The dimensions are as follows:—The girth at bottom, close to the ground is 44 feet 3 inches; at five feet from the ground, 25 feet 1 inch; at eight feet from the ground, 27 feet 4 inches. Height of the tree, 41 feet 6 inches.

The Welsh pass an unjust censure upon Owen Glendower for his conduct at the battle of Shrewsbury; and not only blame him for omitting to join Percy's division before the engagement took place (which, it appears, he could not have effected), but also accuse him of want of promptitude in not attacking Henry immediately after the action. In the following year he opened the campaign with fresh vigour, and took the Castles of Harlech and Aberystwith, and several others, of which many were dismantled, and some garrisoned. Next year Owen's fortunes began to decline: he was attacked at Grosmont Castle, about twelve miles from Monmouth, and driven back by Henry, Prince of Wales, then only seventeen years of age. Eight hundred men remained dead upon the field, as the English gave no quarter. During the same month he suffered a second defeat in Brecknockshire; when there were killed or made prisoners 1500 of Owen's followers; one of his sons was taken prisoner, and his brother Tudor fell in the action. After these reverses all Glamorganshire sub-

mitted to the King, and Glendower was compelled to wander over the country with a few faithful friends, concealing himself in remote and unfrequented places. There is in the county of Monmouth "Owen's Cave," in which he was secretly maintained by an old and trusty adherent.

Notwithstanding occasional assistance from his foreign allies, Owen's strength continued to decline. Two years afterwards Glendower again began to make head against the English by devastating the Marches, and seizing the property of those who refused to join him. Lord Powys fortified several castles, and subsequently took prisoners two of Glendower's best officers, who were carried to London, and there executed as traitors; whilst Glendower was compelled to retire into Wales in comparative obscurity. While a treaty was in negotiation with Owen, he died at Mornington, in Herefordshire, September 20, 1415, after a life of risk and danger, at the house of one of his daughters. There is a tombstone in the churchyard of Mornington, which is believed to mark his grave; but no inscription or memorial whatever exists to corroborate the tradition.

The "Vale of the Dee" was the patrimony of Glendower, and many a spot in or near it is associated with his name or his history. The tumulus crested with firs near the seventh milestone from Llangollen, is called "Glyndower's Mount," and is supposed to have been the site of his house. Owen had also a mountain-seat, on the brow of the Berwyn, behind Corwen church, which is considered his parish, and was always his chief rendezvous.

It is to be regretted that historians have devoted so little attention to the career of this remarkable man. Taking their tone from the Lancastrian or Tudor chronicles, they dismiss him as "the wretched rebel Glendower," although his title to reign in Wales was far better than that of his opponent in England: for a considerable time he was *de facto* Prince of Wales, and was recognised as such by the King of France, who studiously avoided bestowing the regal style on Henry.

The Nannau Oak, after being for ages an object of superstitious dread to the peasantry of Merionethshire, on the 13th of July, 1813, fell suddenly to the ground, completely worn out with age. In the neighbourhood it was known as the Haunted Tree—the Spirit's Blasted Tree—or, in Welsh, "Combren yr Ellyll," the Hobgoblin's Tree. It owed its fearful names to a circumstance well known in the history of that country. Howel Sele, a Welsh chieftain, and Lord of Nannau, was privately slain, during a hunting quarrel, by his cousin Owen

Glendower, and hidden for a long time within its hollow trunk. The remembrance of this tragical event was afterwards preserved by tradition in the families of the Vaughans of Hengwyl, nor was it wholly lost among the peasants, who pointed out to the traveller the "Haunted Oak;" and as they passed it in the gloom of night, would quicken their pace, and perhaps murmur a prayer for personal protection against the craft and assaults of the demon of the tree.

The irregular and wild Glyndower (at least so tradition says), being enraged with Howel, who had refused to espouse his kinsman's and his country's cause, determined, during a cessation of arms, like Earl Percy of old, "to force the red deer from the forest brake," in the domains of the unbending lord of Nannau. Thither he repaired; and encountering Howel alone, but armed, they fought. Glyndower conquered—his cousin fell. Owen returned in haste to his stronghold, Glyndwr dry. Howel was sought for, but nowhere found. The vassals of Nannau were filled with consternation and alarm; Sele's sorrowing lady shut herself up from the world in the solitude of her now gloomy castle. Year succeeded year, and yet no tidings were received of the absent Howel. His fate remained long unknown to all save Glyndower, and his companion Madog. At length, one tempestuous evening in November, an armed horseman was descried urging his flagging steed up the hill that leads to Nannau, from the neighbouring town of Dolgellau: it was Madog—who, after the death of the fiery, yet generous Glyndower, hastened to fulfil his last command, and unravel the horrid mystery. He told his melancholy tale, and referred to the blasted oak in confirmation of its painful truth. Howel's unhallowed sepulchre was opened, and his skeleton discovered, grasping with his right hand his rusty sword. The remains were removed to the neighbouring monastery of Cymmer for burial, and masses were performed for the repose of the troubled spirit of the Lancastrian Sele.

This celebrated oak measured 27 feet 6 inches in circumference, and stood on the estate of Sir Robert Williams Vaughan, Nannau Park, Merionethshire; who, after its fall, had a variety of utensils manufactured from its wood, which is of a beautiful dark colour, approaching to ebony; and there is scarcely a house in Dolgellau that does not contain an engraving of this venerable tree, framed with the wood. At Nannau there are several relics; amongst others, a frame containing an engraved portrait of Pitt, and under it the following motto: "Y Gwr fal y dderwn a wynebodd y dymestl!" "This man, like the oak, faced the tempest."

The above tradition forms the subject of a very fine ballad by Mr.

Warrington, printed in the notes to *Marmion*, by Sir Walter Scott.
Let Madog, in the poet's words, complete the tale.

" Led by the ardor of the chace,
Far distant from his own domain,
From where Garthmaelen spreads her shade,
The Glyndwr sought the opening plain.

" With head aloft and antlers wide,
A red-buck rous'd, then cross'd his view;
Stung with the sight, and wild with rage,
Swift from the wood fierce Howel flew.

* * * * *
" They fought, and doubtful long the fray,
The Glyndwr gave the fatal wound.
Still mournful must my tale proceed,
And its last act all dreadful sound.

" I marked a broad and blasted oak
Scorch'd by the lightning's livid glare,
Hollow its stem from branch to root,
And all its shrivell'd arms were bare.

" Be this, I cried, his proper grave!
(The thought in me was deadly sin);
Aloft we rais'd the hapless chief,
And dropped his bleeding corpse within.

* * * * *
" He led them near the blasted oak,
Then conscious, from the scene withdrew;
The peasants work with trembling haste,
And lay the whitened bones to view.

" Back they recoil'd: the right hand still
Contracted, grasp'd a rusty sword,
Which erst in many a battle gleamed,
And proudly deck'd their slaughtered lord.

" Pale lights on Caday's rocks were seen,
And midnight voices heard to moan;
'Twas even said the blasted oak
Convulsive heav'd a hollow groan.

" And to this day the peasant still
With cautious fear avoids the ground;
In each wild branch a spectre sees,
And trembles at each rising sound."

The Grave of Carausius.—Origin of the British Navy.

We are indebted for our account of this interesting Memorial to the Rev. H. Longueville Jones, who, at the Congress of the Cambrian Archæological Association held at Bangor, in September, 1860, delivered to the meeting the result of his summer's study of the "Incised Stones" with which Wales abounds, and which are most important to

the proper and correct study of archæology. They had very few old MSS., but they were exceedingly rich in these stones—richer than most part of the countries of Europe, of which they ought to feel very proud, and do their utmost towards their preservation. The rev. gentleman pointed out to the audience, by means of diagrams, several inscribed stones, some of which had been only recently discovered. Amongst the most remarkable were those of a very early date, found at Penmachno, preserved through the exertions of the president (Mr. C. Wynne) and his family. One of them had the Greek monogram, and the following inscription:—

CARAVSIVS
HIC IACET
IN HOC CON
GERIESLA
PIDVM

which means that "Carausius lies here in this heap of stones," that is, in a carnedd. It was rescued by Mr. Wynne, but was well known to Pennant, who met with it in going from Penmachno to Ffestiniog. Carausius was the real founder of the British navy (circa A.D. 288). He was a Menapian, or Belgian, of the humblest origin, but a very bold and skilful naval commander. His head-quarters, as high admiral in the British seas, were originally at Bononia, now Boulogne; but, being threatened with death by the jealous emperors, he fled with his fleet to Britain, where the legions and auxiliaries gathered round him, and bestowed upon him the imperial diadem. Under his glorious reign of seven or eight years, Britain first flourished as a great naval power. Absolute master of the Channel, his fleets swept the seas from the mouths of the Rhine to the Straits of Gibraltar, and kept in complete check the piratical Franks and Saxons. To protect the northern frontiers of his dominions against the unsubdued northern tribes, he is said to have repaired the chain of forts erected by Agricola between the rivers Forth and Clyde; but it appears from Ossian that while he was employed in that work, he was attacked by a party under the command of Oscar, and "fled from his lifted sword." The Celtic bard calls him "the mighty Caros, king of ships;" but adds, tauntingly, that he spread "the wings of his pride" "behind his gathered heap," "looking over his stones with fear," when he beheld Oscar "terrible as the ghost of night, that rolled the waves to his ships." He was murdered by his confidential minister Allectus, at York, in the year 297.

SOUTH WALES.

Cardiff Castle.

Cardiff, the county town of Glamorganshire, seems to be a corruption of *Caer Tâf*, the fortress on the river *Tâf*. *Caerdydd*, its Welsh name, is thought to be derived from *Caer Didi*, the fortress of *Didius*, from a port which, it is assumed, the Roman General *Aulus Didius* erected here, and who succeeded *Ostorius* in command of the legions of Britain. Roman remains have been found within the walls of the present Castle, which stands on the line of the Roman coast road through South Wales. *Jertyn ap Gwrgan* commenced building walls round Cardiff, and must have had some stronghold, when he was driven out of Glamorgan by *Robert Fitzhamon*, the Anglo-Norman conqueror of Glamorganshire, who built the present Castle in the room of a smaller erection built by the Welsh princes of *Morganwg*.

Cardiff was subsequently strongly fortified, and in the Castle the unfortunate *Robert, Duke of Normandy*, brother of *William Rufus* and *Henry I.*, died, after a captivity of eight-and-twenty years. *Henry* having arrived in Normandy at the head of his army, his gold brought many partisans; the towns of *Bayeux* and *Caen* alone remained faithful to *Duke Robert*; and, after a long siege, the first was carried by assault and burned, whilst a conspiracy broke out in *Caen*, scarcely leaving the ill-fated *Duke* time to escape. A few gallant chevaliers rallied round him; but the battle of *Tinchebrai*, fought September 27, 1106, was gained by the King, and the *Duke* was taken prisoner.

Become master of his brother, *Henry* imprisoned him in the Castle at Cardiff, and the tower in which he is said to have been confined, at the left of the entrance gateway, is yet standing: it was restored in 1847. For greater security, the eyes of the unhappy *Duke* were put out. During his long imprisonment, he endeavoured to soothe his weariness by becoming a poet. The songs of the Welsh bards were tried to alleviate his sorrows, and the deep distress he felt at being separated from his only child, whose prospects he had blighted. Forced to learn the language of his gaolers, he employed it to compose several pieces in Welsh, one of which remains, and is a sort of plaintive elegy

The Prince looked on an old tree rising above the forest, which covered the promontory of Penarth, on the Bristol Channel, and from the depth of his prison he thus mournfully addressed it, following the custom of the Welsh bards, who repeat the name of the person or thing they address in each stanza:—

Oak, born on these heights, theatre of carnage, where blood has rolled in streams :

Misery to those who quarrel about words over wine.

Oak, nourished in the midst of meadows covered with blood and corpses :
Misery to the man who has borne an object of hatred.

Oak, grown upon this green carpet, watered with the blood of those whose heart was pierced by the sword :

Misery to him who delights in discord.

Oak, in the midst of the trefoil and plants, which whilst surrounding thee have stopped thy growth, and hindered the thickening of thy trunk :

Misery to the man who is in the power of his enemies.

Oak, placed in the midst of woods which cover the promontory from whence thou see'st the waves of the Severn struggle against the sea :

Misery to him who sees that which is not death.

Oak, which has lived through storms and tempests, in the midst of the tumult of war and the ravages of death :

Misery to the man who is not old enough to die.

The Castle of Cardiff is, in part, modern: as the west front, flanked by a massive octagonal tower. The ancient Keep stands on a circular mound. The moat by which the Keep was surrounded has been filled up, and the acclivities of the ramparts have been planted as a public walk.

Rocking-Stone in the Vale of Tâf.

This marvellous stone is situated on the western brink of a hill, called Coed-pen-maen, in the parish of Eglwysilan, Glamorganshire, above the road from Merthyr to Cardiff, and nearly equidistant from both towns.

The name of the hill, Coed-pen-*maen* (viz. the Wood of the Stone summit), is, doubtless, derived from this stone, which, in primitive ages, under the Druidic theology, was venerated as the sacred altar on which the Druids offered, “ *in the face of the sun, and in the eye of the world,*” their orisons to the Great Creator.

The ground immediately around the stone is at present a bare sheep-walk, but the higher ground to the east is still covered with wood. The superficial contents of this stone are about 100 square feet, its thickness varying from two to three feet; it contains about 250 cubic feet. It is a sort of rough argillaceous sand-stone, which generally

accompanies the coal-measures of this part of the country. A moderate application of strength will give it considerable motion, which may be easily continued with one hand. The under-side slopes around towards the centre, or pivot, and it stands nearly in equilibrium on a rock beneath, the circumstance which imparts to it its facility of motion.

The prevalent opinion of the surrounding inhabitants respecting this ancient stone is, that the Druids imposed on the credulity of the country by pretending to work miracles from it, and that they offered human sacrifices thereon—vulgar errors that are not sustained by the most distant allusion of the primitive British bards and historians.

The Maen-Chwif (rocking-stone), is rarely mentioned by ancient Welsh authors, but the Maen-Llog (stone of benefit), and Maen-Gorsedd (stone of the supreme seat), &c., frequently occur. These were the central stones, encompassed by circles of stones at various distances, that constituted the Druidic temples, where worship *in the face of the sun* was solemnized, institutional instruction imparted, and bardic graduations and inaugurations solemnized. That the Maen-Chwyf and Cromlech, such as Kit's Coity House, near Aylesford, &c., were used for such central seats, cannot be reasonably doubted.

Several bardic congresses have been held at this stone. The distinguished Druid-bard and profound Welsh antiquary, Iolo-Morganwg (Edward Williams, of Glamorganshire), presided there in 1815, and once or twice subsequently.

A Gorsedd was held there on Monday, September 22, 1834 (the 21st, the exact time of the autumnal equinox, and one of the four annual bardic festivals, having fallen on a Sunday). This Gorsedd would have taken place at the period of the Grand Royal Eisteddfod, held the preceding month at Cardiff, but that the indispensable notice of *a year and a day* had not expired from its first announcement. At this Gorsedd, Taliesin ab Iolo Morganwg, son of the above-named Iolo Morganwg, who gained the chair-medal at that Eisteddfod, as well as the beautiful medal given by the Princess Victoria and the Duchess of Kent, presided, having opened it with the very ancient Welsh proclamation usual on such occasions. At the close of this Gorsedd, the assembly adjourned to the house of Gwilym Morganwg (Thomas Williams). This person, and Taliesin Williams (Ab Iolo), were the only two Welsh bards regularly initiated into the arcana of Druidism then existing, at Newbridge, where an Eisteddfod was held, to adjudicate the prize for the best Welsh ode in honour of the Rev. William Bruce, Knight, Chancellor of the Diocese of Llandaff, and Senior Judge of the Cardiff Eisteddfod.

Caerphilly Castle.

The most remarkable leaning tower in Great Britain is that of Caerphilly Castle, in Glamorganshire; indeed, in proportion to its height, it is much more inclined from the perpendicular than any other in the world of which we can find an account, for it is between 70 and 80 feet high, and 11 feet out of the perpendicular. It rests only on part of its south side, principally by the strength of its cement, the manner of making which is almost unknown to modern masons. The singularity of its position is best observed by looking at it from the inside, or from the moat immediately underneath it, from whence the effect of the apparently falling mass is very extraordinary. The Castle, of which this tower forms a part, was built towards the end of the reign of Henry III., by one of the De Clares, Earls of Gloucester and Hereford; and large additions were made to it by Hugh le Despenser, the younger, who garrisoned it for Edward II., in the last year of his reign. The fortress which had previously stood upon the same spot was razed to the ground by the Welsh, in an attempt to free themselves from the yoke of their Norman conquerors. It is situated on a small plain, bounded by moderately rising ground, about nine miles north of Cardiff.

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The cause of the inclination of the tower alluded to, is not a little singular. The unfortunate King Edward II., and his favourites, the Spensers, were here besieged by the forces of the Queen, and many powerful Barons, A.D. 1326. The defence was long and ably conducted; and the besiegers were particularly annoyed by metal in a melted state, being thrown down on them, which was heated in furnaces still remaining at the foot of the tower; during their partial success in a desperate assault (which ultimately failed), they let the metal, which was red-hot, run out of the furnaces, and, either from ignorance or design, threw on it water from the moat, which caused a violent explosion, tore the tower from its foundations, and hurled it into its present condition. The solidity of its wall is amazing, and it has resisted the ravages of time in a remarkable manner, the only rents now visible having been caused by the explosion: the storms of more than five hundred years have scarcely displaced a stone from the summit, and the whole surface is almost without a flaw.

The Castle at length surrendered, the King, whose tragical end is familiar to all, having previously escaped. The Spensers were beheaded at Bristol, and their Castle never regained its ancient splendour. It

had long been the dread of the neighbouring Welsh, to restrain whose frequent risings it was built; a song by one of their Bards is yet preserved, in which he says that his enemy's "Soul may go to Caerphilly;" and "going to Caerphilly," in a similar sense was by no means an uncommon phrase in that country.

Caerphilly is the first concentric Castle in Britain, covers about 30 acres of ground, has three distinct wards, seven gatehouses, and about thirty portcullises. It is especially remarkable for the jealous care with which it is guarded against surprise. Each tower and each gatehouse is isolated both from the court and from the walls by regularly portcullised doorways.

† Coyty Castle.—Winning a Bride.

The history of Coyty is distinguished by a romantic incident of the Anglo-Norman Conquest—Fitzhamon and Payne Turberville, one of the most powerful of the Norman feudatories—which is thus narrated by Sir Edward Mansel:—

"After eleven of the Knights had been endowed with lands for their service, Payne Turberville asked Sir Robert where was his share? to which Sir Robert replied, 'Here are men, and here are arms, go get it where you can.' So Payne Turberville with the men went to Coyty, and sent to Morgan, the Welsh lord, a messenger to ask if he would yield up the Castle; upon this Morgan brought out his daughter Sara in his hand, and passing through the army with his sword in his right hand, came to Payne Turberville, and told him, if he would marry his daughter, and so come like an honest man into his Castle, that he would yield it to him quickly; and 'if not,' said he, 'let not the blood of any of our men be lost, but let this sword and arm of mine, and those of yours, decide who shall call this Castle his own.' Upon this, Payne Turberville drew his sword, and took it by the blade in his left hand, and gave it to Morgan, and with his right hand embraced the daughter; and after settling every matter to the liking of both sides, he went with her to church and married her, and so came to the lordship by true right of possession, and being so counselled by Morgan, kept in his Castle two thousand of the best of his Welsh soldiers. . . . Upon account of getting possession by marriage, Payne would never pay the noble that was due to the chief Lord every year to Sir Robert, but chose to pay it to Caradoc ap Jestyn, as the person he owned as chief Lord of Glamorgan. This caused hot disputes about it, but Payne, with the help of his wife's brothers, got the better, till in some year

H H

of which our baby, could the answer

after that, it was settled that all the Lords should hold of the seignior, which was made up of the whole number of Lords in junction together."

Neath Abbey.

Neath, in Glamorganshire, is a thriving seaport, on the left bank of the river whence it derives its name, and is situated at the entrance of one of the most lovely valleys in the Principality. Its Castle, which belonged to Jestyn ap Gwrgan, was enlarged by Richard de Granville, nearly related to Fitzhamon, but has been nearly destroyed.

The Abbey was built by Lalys, who also built Margam Abbey; but it must have been much altered and enlarged since its foundation. Leland speaks of it in the time of King Henry VIII. as "Neth, an Abbey of White Monks, a mile above Neth Town, and the fairest Abbey in all Wales." It possessed the privilege of sanctuary, and was hence preferred by Edward II. It was founded and endowed by Richard and Constance de Granville in the twelfth century, and occupied successively by Franciscan and Cistercian friars. The celebrated Welsh bard, Lewis Morganwg, who flourished about the year 1520, composed a very elaborate ode in praise of Lyson (Lleision), who was Abbot of the place in his time, and these extracts present a glowing picture of its beauties:—

"Like the sky of the vale of Ebron is the covering of this monastery: weighty is the lead that roofs this abode—the dark blue canopy of the dwellings of the Godly. Every colour is seen in the crystal windows, every fair and high-wrought form beams forth through them like the rays of the sun.—Portals of radiant guardians!

"Pure and empyreal, here is every dignified language, and every well-skilled preceptor. Here are seen the graceful robes of prelates, here may be found gold and jewels, the tribute of the wealthy.

"Here also is the gold-adorned choir, the nave, the gilded tabernacle-work, the pinnacles, worthy of the Three Fountains. Distinctly may be seen on the glass, imperial arms; a ceiling resplendent with kingly bearings, and on the surrounding border the shields of princes! the arms of Neath, of a hundred ages; there is the white freestone and the arms of the best men under the crown of Harry, and the church walls of grey marble. The vast and lofty roof is like the sparkling heavens on high, above are seen archangel's forms; the floor beneath is for the people of earth, all the tribe of Babel, for them it is wrought of variegated stone. The bells, the benedictions, and the peaceful

songs of praise, proclaim the frequent thanksgiving of the White Monks."

At the time of the Dissolution, there were only eight monks here. The Abbey and its demesnes were granted to Sir Richard Williams, in the 35th Henry VIII., and in 1650 the Abbey House formed the seat of the Hobby family. The remains stand in the low grounds bordering on the river Neath, and are very extensive. A considerable part of the Priory House is yet standing, but the Abbey church is a heap of ruins. A long room, probably the chapter-house, with a double-vaulted ceiling supported by diagonal arches, which rise from the side walls and from a row of central columns, is yet standing, and foundations of buildings are traceable to a considerable distance.

King Arthur's Stone, Gower.

About ten miles west of Swansea, on the top of a mountain called Cefyn Bryn, in the district of Gower, is a cromlech, known by the name of King Arthur's Stone; most probably from the practice into which the common people naturally fall of connecting everything remarkable for its antiquity, the origin of which is obscure and unknown, with the most prominent character in some memorable period of their history.

Cefyn Bryn, in English, "the ridge of the mountains," is a bold eminence, called by Lwyd, in his additions to Camden's *Glamorgan-shire*, "the most noted hill in Gower," looking over the Severn Sea; and upon the north-west point of it this cromlech stands. It is formed of a stone, is 14ft. in length, and 7ft. 9in. in depth, being much thicker, as supposed, than any similar relic in Wales. Generally speaking, its shape is irregular; but one side has been rendered flat and perpendicular by detaching large pieces to form mill-stones. It has eight perpendicular supporters, one of which, at the north-west end, is 4 feet 2 inches in height; the entire height of the structure is, therefore, 11 feet 4 inches. The supporting stones terminate in small points, on which the whole weight (which cannot be less than 25 tons) of the cromlech rests. Some few other stones stand under it, apparently intended as supporters, but now in actual contact. All the component stones are of a hard compact mill-stone, of which the substratum of the mountain is said to consist.

Immediately under the cromlech is a spring of clear water, or "holy well," which has obtained the name, in Welsh, of Our Lady's Well: a spring thus situated plainly shows that the monument is not sepul-

chral. The fountain and cromlech are surrounded by a vallum of loose stones, piled in an amphitheatrical form. As we know that the Druids consecrated groves, rocks, caves, lakes, and fountains to their superstitions, there is but little doubt but that Arthur's Stone was erected over one of their sacred springs: it afterwards became a place of Christian assembly for instruction and prayer; and as the adoration of the Virgin began in the darker ages to vie with, if not altogether eclipse, that of the Saviour of Mankind, the fountain obtained the name of Our Lady's Well. In the northern part of the Isle, in Llngwy woods, are several Druidical circles, nearly contiguous to each other.

King Arthur's Stone is celebrated in the Welsh Triads (which are notices of remarkable historical events and matters conjoined in *threes*) as one of the three stupendous works effected in Britain; of which Stonehenge is another, and Silbury Hill perhaps the third. In the Triads it is called the *Stone of Sketty*, from a place of that name in its neighbourhood; and, "like the work of the Stone of Sketty," has grown into a Welsh proverb to express undertakings of great difficulty. The people who elevated these enormous masses have left no written records of their own immediate times, although their descendants were not slow in lighting their torch at the flame of human learning. We gather what may be considered but obscure sketches of their customs, from the contemporary poets and historians of more polished nations; yet they scattered the surface of the British soil with imperishable monuments of their existence, against which the storms of two thousand years have wreaked their fury in vain. Though silent witnesses, the antiquary considers them as a link in the tangible records of human history, which connects it in some degree with the post-diluvian times.—*A. J. Kempe, F.S.A., Archæologia*, vol. xxiii.



Caermarthen Castle.

At Caermarthen, in the time of Julius Frontinus, A.D. 70, a Roman station is said to have been founded, the site of which is supposed to be that subsequently occupied by the Castle and earthworks. The remains of a summer camp of the military on the station are still visible in a field on the northern side of the town, and several other vestiges of the Roman occupation have been discovered. The town was the *Maridunum* of the Romans, and the *Caer Merdin*, or Merlin's Town of the Welsh, for it was the birthplace of that famous "wizard and prophet" in the fifth

century. It was afterwards the residence of the Prince of South Wales. At what time the Castle of Caernarvon was erected is not known; but in the contests of the neighbouring Welsh chieftains for the possession of the district, and in the wars between the natives and the Anglo-Saxons and Normans, it was a post of importance, and frequently changed hands: in these struggles it suffered much. When the complete subjugation of Wales took place in the reign of Edward I., Caermarthen became the seat of courts of law, which that Prince established for South Wales. The subsequent revolts of the natives were repressed and punished as acts of treason. During the rising of Owen Glendower, at a subsequent period, Caermarthen Castle was taken by a body of French sent to support that chieftain. In the time of Charles I. the Castle was garrisoned by the Royalists, from whom it was taken by the Parliamentarians under General Langharne, or Laugharne. It was, probably, dismantled shortly afterwards, and allowed to go to decay; part of it was, however, occupied as the county gaol till towards the close of the last century.

Pembroke Castle.

Pembrokeshire, according to Giraldus Cambrensis, was conquered in the reign of Henry I. by Arnulf de Montgomery (brother to the Earl of Shrewsbury), who built the first Castle at Pembroke, of stakes and turf. In the same reign a colony of Flemings settled in that part of the county west of the Cloddy, who still maintain the nationality completely distinct, and the district is hence termed "Little England beyond Wales." The above rude fortress passed into the hands of the King, Henry I., who conferred the lordship on Gilbert Strongbow, created Earl of Pembroke in 1109; he greatly strengthened and extended the fortifications, and rendered the Castle fit for royal residence. He also fortified the town with a lofty wall, bastions, and gates, which were perfect three centuries ago.

The Castle is placed upon a rocky point of high land: it is a fine specimen of the Norman and Early English styles; and has withstood many sieges, the most memorable of which was that of 1648, when, during the Civil War of Charles I., this fortress made a gallant defence for the Crown, greatly aided by Colonels Laugharne, Powell, and Poyer, who had deserted the Republican cause. Cromwell marched into Wales with succour, when Laugharne retreated after his defeat at St. Fagan's to Pembroke, where he and a large body of cavaliers

made a desperate stand. The fortress was considered almost impregnable, and all Cromwell's strategy and force were required to subdue it. It stood a six weeks' siege: "the besieged," says Cliffe, "were gradually reduced to great straits; then the enemy got possession of their mills; and finally, Cromwell managed to cut off their water, by planting artillery 'so as to batter down a staircase leading into a cellar of one of the bastions, where was the principal supply.' This cavern, with a copious spring of water, can still be traced. The brave hearts of the leaders at last failed, and the garrison surrendered on terms; but the chief leaders were compelled to throw themselves on the mercy of Parliament. Laugharne, Powell, and Roger were tried by a court-martial, and being found guilty of treason, were at first condemned to death, but it was resolved to spare the lives of two. Three papers were proffered them, on two of which was written 'Life given by God.' Roger drew the one which was blank, and was shot in Covent Garden, London, in April, 1649." Thus Pembroke was captured and the movement crushed.

In the Castle at Pembroke was born Henry VII., the son of Edmund Tudor, Earl of Richmond, and Margaret Beaufort, his Countess, in 1456. The small apartment in which Henry first saw the light is represented to be near the chapel in the castle; but Leland, who lived near that time, states that the monarch's birthplace was one of the handsome rooms over the great gateway, and says: "In the latter ward I saw the chambre where King Henry VII. was borne, in knowledge whereof a chymney is now made with the armes and badges of King Henry VII." His father dying in the following year, left his infant son to the care of his brother, Jasper, Earl of Pembroke.

Henry was cradled in adversity, but found a protector in his uncle the Earl of Pembroke, till he was attainted, and fled; when his Castle and earldom were granted to Baron William Herbert, who coming to take possession, and finding there Margaret and her son Henry, then in his fifth year, he was carried by that nobleman to his residence, Ragland Castle, Monmouthshire—now an ivied ruin. Long afterwards Henry told the French historian, Comines, that he had either been in prison, or in strict surveillance, from the time he was five years of age.

Tenby Castle.

On the western coast of the extensive bay of Carmarthen, very singularly situated on the eastern and southern sides of a narrow rocky

peninsula, surrounded by the sea on every side except the north, stands the town of Tenby, one of the most interesting and romantic of British watering places.

From its Welsh name, *Dynbych y Pyscod*, that is, the Precipice of Fishes, and other circumstances, there is reason to believe that Tenby acquired considerable importance at a very early period as a fishing-station, for which it is still admirably adapted. Some writers have ascribed the origin of the present town to the settlement of a colony of Flemings in this and the opposite peninsula of Gower, in Glamorganshire, early in the twelfth century. These people, whose industrious habits, language, and manners, presented a striking contrast to the restless dispositions of the native inhabitants, were placed by the King (Henry I.) under the control of Gerald de Windsor, Governor of Pembroke Castle, by whose direction they fortified Tenby, and other towns and strongholds in Pembrokeshire, as a means of security against the incursions of the partly-subdued Welsh. In consequence of the strength and importance of the situation, more than ordinary care seems to have been bestowed in fortifying Tenby, which was enclosed by walls of great height and strength, and further defended by a Castle, of whose ponderous and crumbling ruins we shall presently have occasion to speak. The town and Castle, however, underwent several serious changes in the middle ages, and were once burnt and almost wholly destroyed by the sons of Rhys ap Griffith, Prince of South Wales.

During the Civil War Tenby and its Castle were more than once taken and re-taken by the rebels and Royalists. In 1647, when Cromwell marched into South Wales, it was in the hands of the Cavaliers, who defended it with great resolution and gallantry, against a large detachment of Cromwell's army, for more than five days. The importance attached by Cromwell to the possession of this stronghold affords strong evidence of its consequence as a military post at that period.

The picturesque beauty of this delightful place is much enhanced by the ruins of the Castle, which was once of great strength and magnificence, and embraced within its fortifications the whole of the upper surface of the peninsulated rock, which terminates the bay of Tenby on the south. Many parts of the existing remains, which are still extensive, resemble a baronial mansion rather than a place of defence; but the external fortifications are extremely strong and massive. On the summit of the hill are the shattered ruins of the Keep, which may be assigned to an earlier date than any other portion of the structure.

The remains of a magnificent hall, 100 feet in length,—of a room scarcely inferior in its dimensions,—of a square tower, a bastion, and lofty arched entrance, are still tolerably perfect. The view from this wild and elevated spot is of high interest. The bold and majestic outline of the adjacent coast of Pembroke, with its dark headlands and receding inlets; the wide expanse of Carmarthen bay, and the more distant waters of the Channel, terminated by Lundy Island and the lofty scenery of North Devon; the shores of Carmarthen and Glamorgan, and the very singular rocky promontory of the Wormshead on the opposite coast of Gower; together with the wild and romantic group of insulated rocks, almost immediately below the eye of the spectator, amongst which the islands of Caldy and St. Katherine's stand boldly out, compose a scene which, for extent and variety, has few equals.

Near the extremity of Tenby pier is a small chapel of high antiquity, formerly dedicated to St. Julian, and said to have been appropriated to devotional purposes, in the olden time, by sailors before going to sea. This aged little building has been in our times used as a chapel.



Cardigan and Aberystwith Castles.

There is an accepted tradition that formerly, in addition to the present five hundreds in Cardiganshire, there was a sixth, called Gwaelod, or "the Low Land," which has been encroached upon by the sea, and was submerged about A.D. 520. Portions of trees are found at a considerable distance from the shore, a fact which, combined with the circumstance that the rocks run in a serpentine direction about twenty-two miles from the Merionethshire coast, between Harlech and Barmouth, tends to confirm the above opinion.

Upon a dispute with Cadgwan, Gilbert Strongbow, Earl of Striggith, is stated to have raised a strong force, by permission of Henry I., to secure Cadgwan's territories. Gilbert soon reduced Cardiganshire, and built the Castles of Aberystwith and Cilgerran. In 1114, Gruffydd, the son of Rhys ap Tewdor, accepted the government of Cardiganshire, but he was soon after cut to pieces by Gilbert Strongbow and the Normans, to the great joy of the Welsh. Gilbert did not long survive him. Aberystwith Castle, in a long series of struggles, was taken and re-taken, and burned and rebuilt, and a town grew up under its walls. In 1171, King Henry II. gave Cardiganshire, with other territories, to Prince Rhys, the last Prince of this district. In 1176,

Prince Rhys gave a great entertainment at Christmas in his Castle of Cardigan; at which several hundreds of English, Normans, and others, were present. All the bards of Wales were there, answering each other in rhyme. Gruffydd Rhys's son became lord of Cardiganshire in 1196; he was soon involved in a dispute with his brother Maelgwyn, who seized his territory, and threw him into prison. In 1207, this cruel usurper, fearing an attack from Llewelyn ap Iorwerth, Prince of North Wales, demolished his Castles of Aberystwith, Ystrad, Meric, and Dinerth; nevertheless, Llewelyn entered Cardiganshire, and having rebuilt Aberystwith Castle, gave it to Rhys and Owen, the sons of Gruffydd ap Rhys, and nephews of Maelgwyn. Maelgwyn swore allegiance to the English, and procuring by these base means a large army of English and Normans, gave battle to his nephews, but was conquered and slain. King John, having already subdued the rest of Wales, compelled Rhys and Owen to give up their lands, and do homage to him; he also fortified and garrisoned Aberystwith Castle, but did not long retain his possession. In 1215 Llewelyn entered Cardiganshire, took Cardigan Castle, afterwards seized Aberystwith Castle; he also sustained sieges from, and in his turn, besieged the English, who, having obtained possession, were in 1231 conquered by Maelgwyn the younger.

In 1270, Madoc did homage to Llewelyn ap Gruffydd as lord of Cardigan, agreeably to the charter granted by the King of England, which confirmed to Llewelyn the title of Prince of Wales. King Edward, in 1277, obtained great advantages over Llewelyn, and dictated hard conditions of peace, to enforce which he built and garrisoned a fortress at Aberystwith. In 1404, Owen Glendower took Aberystwith Castle, which was recovered by Prince Henry in 1407. Owen soon after re-took the Castle by stratagem, and the English did not obtain final possession till 1408. The Earl of Richmond (afterwards Henry VII.) passed through Cardiganshire on his way from Milford to Bosworth Field in 1485. The Castle and fortifications were dismantled in 1647, when they were torn from Charles I. A curious privilege was granted by King Charles to Mr. Bushel, then proprietor of many mines in Cardiganshire—the permission to coin the metal that he raised. A Mint was established by him in Aberystwith Castle, and afterwards removed to Shrewsbury. The money coined by him, of which some has been dug up at Aberystwith, was distinguished by a plume of feathers on the reverse.

There is, however, some doubt as to the site of Strongbow's Castle built at Aberystwith; upon which a learned correspondent, Mr. John

Hughes, of Llnetgwilgm, furnished the following communication to Mr. Cliffe, for his excellent *Book of South Wales* :—

“ From the description in the Welsh Chronicles it may be doubted whether the Castle, built by Strongbow, occupied the site of the present ruins. In one place (in these Chronicles) it is stated that the Castle was built ‘ at the mouth of the river Ystwyth,’ and in another that ‘ it stood on the top of a high hill, the declivity of which reached the river Ystwyth, over which there was a bridge.’ This description would seem to point to Pendinas, or to the opposite hill on the other side of the Ystwyth, where the remains of a ‘ Castell’ are now plainly to be seen. The first mention of the town of Aberystwith is made in reference to a quarrel between the sons of Prince Rhys ap Gruffydd, Justiciary of South Wales, commonly called the Lord Rhys, who died in 1196; and is to the effect that the Lord Rhys’s son Gruffydd, succeeded his father in property and power, but which he was not able to retain long, for his brother Maelgwyn, whom the father had disinherited, came suddenly upon him at Aberystwith, in conjunction with Cwenwynwyn, the son of Owen Cyfeilioc, with a powerful force, and took the town and Castle.” Mr. Hughes adds, that he does not think it at all probable that Cromwell was here during the siege in 1647, as has been hitherto believed.

The foundation of Cardigan Castle is ascribed to Gilbert de Clare, about 1160. The first fortifications lasted only a short time in the struggles between the Welsh and their Norman invaders; but the damage or destruction of the Castle was soon restored by the victors. The two towers and the walls now standing are, probably, the remains of the fortifications about 1240. Edward I. resided here for a month while settling the affairs of South Wales. The Castle stands in a commanding position above the river. Giraldus Cambrensis states the Teify to have been the last British river in which beavers were found.

The ruins of Aberystwith Castle stand on a rocky elevation washed by the sea, and impress the beholder with an idea of the importance of the stronghold, whose changeful history and chronicles of rise and fall we have taken some pains to detail. Fortunately, these remains have, with commendable taste, been preserved.

The Devil's Bridge.

Pont y Monach (the Monk's Bridge), or, as it is vulgarly called, the Devil's Bridge, is situated in Cardiganshire. It is a single arch, of

between 20 and 30 feet span, thrown over another arch, which crosses a tremendous chasm.

According to tradition, the lower arch was constructed by the monks of the neighbouring Abbey, called *Strata Florida Abbey*, about the year 1087, but this is not correct, as the Abbey itself was not founded till 1164. The country people, in superstitious days, deeming it a work of supernatural ability, gave it the strange name by which it is now generally known. Giraldus mentions having passed over it in 1188, when travelling through Wales with Baldwin, Archbishop of Canterbury.

The upper arch was built over the other at the expense of the county, in 1753, and the iron balustrades were added by Mr. Johnes in 1814. The lower arch may be distinctly viewed by looking over the upper bridge; but the whole scene is so enveloped in wood, that the depth is not perceived; and many an incurious traveller has passed the Devil's Bridge without distinguishing its peculiarities from an ordinary road. The cleft over which these two bridges extend has evidently been enlarged, and was perhaps originally produced by the incessant attack of the impetuous river Mynach on the solid wall of rock.

In order to view the scenery of this romantic spot, the visitor should first cross the bridge, and then descend by the right of it to the bottom of the aperture, through which the Mynach drives its furious passage, having descended from the mountains about five miles to the north-east. The effect of the double arch is picturesque; and the narrowness of the cleft, darkened by its artificial roof, increases the solemn gloom of the abyss.

On regaining the road, the second descent must be made by passing through a small wood, at the distance of a few yards from the bridge, to view the four successive falls from the point of a rock in front. Each of these is received into a deep pool at the bottom, but so diminished to the eye, at the present point of view, as almost to resemble one continued cascade. The first fall takes place at a short distance from the bridge, where the river is confined to narrow limits by the rocks. It is carried about six feet over the ridge, and projected into a basin at the depth of eighteen feet. Its next leap is sixty feet, and the third is diminished to twenty, when it encounters rocks of prodigious size, through which it struggles to the edge of the largest cataract, and pours in one unbroken torrent down a precipice of 110 feet.

The height of the various falls is as follows:—First fall, 18 feet; second fall, 60; third fall, 20; and fourth fall, or grand cataract,

110; from the bridge to the water, 114; making, altogether, 322 feet.

As, however, no allowance is here made for the inclined direction of the river in many parts (and there are numerous interruptions to its passage), the total height from the bridge to the level of the stream, at its junction with the Rheidol, may be computed at nearly 500 feet. The rocks on each side of the fall rise perpendicularly to the height of 800 feet, and are finely clothed with innumerable trees, vegetating between the crevices, and forming one vast forest.

Near the Devil's Bridge, by the side of the Mynach Falls, is the Robbers' Cave, near the basin of the first fall. This a dark cavern, inhabited in the fifteenth century by two men and their sister, called Plant Matt, or Matthew's children, who infested the neighbourhood as plunderers, and who continued their depredations for many years with impunity. They were, at length, however, taken up for committing murder, and executed. The descent to the cavern is very difficult.

In the superstitious times before alluded to, it was common for great works of art, or peculiar formation of nature, to be called by the name of the Devil. Thus, the famous bridge over the Reuss, in Switzerland is also called the Devil's Bridge; and in our own country we have the Devil's Punch-Bowl; in Hampshire; and the Devil's Dyke, near Brighton. In Germany is the Devil's Wall, erected by the Romans, the building of which, commenced in the time of the Emperor Adrian, occupied nearly two centuries. It extends for 368 miles over mountains, through valleys, and over rivers; in some places it now forms elevated roads and paths through woods; buildings are erected upon it, and tall oaks flourish upon its remains.

Manorbeer Castle.

Near Tenby, in the most delightful part of Pembrokeshire, is Manorbeer, or "the manor of the lords," an ancient Castle, "set in a framework of hills," and considered to be the most perfect residence of an old Norman baron, with its "church, mill, dovehouse, pond, park, and grove, still to be traced, and the houses of his vassals at such a distance as to be within call." It is the most entire structure of its class in Wales. It has escaped the ravages of enemies, of fire and siege, and it has been tenantless since the feudal age; hence its entirety. The buildings have stone roofs, many of which are perfect. The founder is stated to have been of the family of De Barri, of which Giraldus

Sylvester, surnamed Cambrensis, was born here, in the year 1146; and journeyed through the rough and mountainous parts of Wales, in order to preach to the people the necessity of a Crusade, which he has chronicled in his Itinerary. He died at St. David's, in the 74th year of his age, and was buried in the cathedral church, where his effigy still remains upon an altar-tomb, beneath an ornamented arch. "Noble in his birth," says Sir Richard Colt Hoare, who has given a full account of the MS. of his work, "and comely in his person; mild in his manners, and affable in his conversation; zealous, active, and undaunted in maintaining the rights and dignities of the Church; moral in his character, and orthodox in his principles; charitable and disinterested, though ambitious; learned, though superstitious;—such was Giraldus. And in whatever point of view we examine the character of this extraordinary man, whether as a scholar, a patriot, or a divine, we may justly consider him as one of the brightest luminaries that adorned the annals of the twelfth century." As an historian, however, he was full of credulity; and as a man, as his works prove, one of the vainest upon record.

The manor and Castle passed from the family of De Barri early in the reign of Henry IV.; they were next bestowed on John de Windsor, from whom they reverted to the Crown; they were then purchased by Thomas Owain, of Trellyn, from whose family they passed to that of Lord Milford.

Near St. Gowan's Head, in the neighbourhood, is a cell cut in the face of the steep cliff, inaccessible except by a flight of steps. Here St. Gowan lived, and performed miraculous cures. Lamé and blind pilgrims were conveyed thither by their friends, anointed with a poultice of the clay formed by the decomposition of the limestone, and left there to bask in the sun. It has also been frequented as a wishing-place: the wisher, if he performs certain ceremonies with due faith in their efficacy, is certain of having his wish fulfilled within the year.

Carew Castle.

This princely fortress, on a creek of Milford Haven, is one of the most august relics of the baronial splendour in which it existed three centuries ago. Part of the edifice is in tolerable preservation; but a larger part is a grand ruin, in which may be traced the vestiges of ancient magnificence.

Carew (properly pronounced *Carey*) Castle, originally *Careau*, was

one of the demesnes of the Prince of South Wales, and passed, with others, into the hands of Gerald de Windsor, on his marriage with Nesta, daughter of Rhys ap Tewdr, who was afterwards carried off by force by Owain, the Welsh Lord. In the fifteenth century, one of his descendants, Sir Edmund Carew, mortgaged the Castle to Sir Rhys ap Thomas, who partly rebuilt it and added a sumptuous suite of state apartments. Sir Rhys ap Thomas lived here in princely style, and entertained Henry Earl of Richmond on his march to Bosworth Field. Sir Rhys, however, outshone his former magnificence in a tournament which he gave on St. George's Day, in honour of his being created a Knight of the Garter; when the festival was attended by six hundred of the nobility of South Wales, and the hospitalities lasted a whole week.

The Castle is quadrangular in plan; it suffered much in a sharp siege by Cromwell's troops, to whom it surrendered, and its present state discloses a secret passage in the walls, as well as dungeons—the wrecks of warlike times. The state and style of its former owners are indicated by the armorial bearings of England, the Duke of Lancaster, and the Carews, placed over the principal gateway.

Picton Castle—How it was Saved.

This ancient fortified residence stands amidst ancestral woods, near the junction of the two Cleddans, forming Milford Haven, and within three miles of Haverfordwest. It is worthy of an honourable place among the relics of feudal grandeur which are scattered over the fair face of the country.

Picton Castle is not remarkable either for its great extent or for its architectural pretensions, but it was a fortified residence in the reign of William Rufus; and from that time until the present day it has been tenanted by a line of possessors, all of whom can trace their connexion with the Norman ancestor to whom the Castle owes its name.

William de Picton, a knight who came into Pembrokeshire with Arnulf de Montgomery, having dispossessed and perhaps slain the original owner of the fortress, whose name has been lost in that of his victor, and finding that "his lines had fallen in pleasant places," re-established himself in the new home which his right hand had won him, and transmitted the same to his descendants. After the lapse of several generations, the line of Picton was reduced to two brothers,

Sir William and Philip Picton. Sir William had a daughter and heiress, Joan, who married Sir John Wogan, of Wiston, knight, and brought him Picton Castle as her dowry. Philip Picton, the second brother, married Maud, daughter of William Dyer, of Newport, Pembrokeshire; and among his descendants may be numbered the Pictons of Royston, in the same county, the ancestors of the gallant Sir Thomas Picton, who fell at Waterloo, and now rests in Westminster Abbey. We are compelled by want of space to pass over the succession to Picton Castle, until Henry Donn, afterwards knight, was killed, together with his brother-in-law, Harry Wogan, the heir of Wiston, in the county of Pembroke, and others of the Welsh gentry, at the battle of Banbury, in 1469. Sir Henry Donn left two daughters, Jennet and Jane; and thus Picton Castle passed into the possession of another family. Jennet married Trehairn Morgan, Esq., and Jane espoused Thomas ap Philip, and brought him Picton Castle. Thomas ap Philip was descended from the princely stock of Cadifor ap Collwyn, who was Lord of Dyned, or Pembrokeshire, and died A.D. 1089, in the second year of William Rufus. On succeeding to the fair inheritance of "Little England beyond Wales," Thomas ap Philip assumed his patronymic as a surname, and transmitted it to his descendants, who were exceedingly numerous; and all the families in the counties of Pembroke, Cardigan, and Caermarthen, bearing the name of Phillips, with one or two exceptions, trace their descent from him. The spelling of the name has varied during the lapse of years; but Thomas Phillips and his descendants, as far as the second baronet of the family, spelt their names in the same manner.

Sir Richard Philipps garrisoned Picton Castle on behalf of King Charles I. during the Civil Wars. It sustained a long siege, and would not have surrendered when it did, but for the following circumstance. In the lower story of one of the bastions was the nursery, at the small window of which a maid-servant was standing with Sir Erasmus Philipps, then an infant, in her arms, when a trooper of the Parliamentary forces approached it on horseback with a flag of truce and a letter; to receive which the girl opened the window, and while she stretched forward, the soldier, lifting himself on his stirrups, snatched the child from her arms, and rode with him into the camp.

A message was then forwarded to the governor of the garrison, informing him that unless the Castle was immediately surrendered, the child would be put to death. On this the garrison yielded, and was allowed to march out with the honours of war. It is said that the

Parliamentary general was so touched by the loyalty of Sir Richard Philipps, and the stratagem by which he had been compelled to surrender, that he gave orders that Picton Castle should not be demolished, as was the fate of the other fortresses of Pembrokeshire. Thus saved, the Castle and its domains passed from father to son, until we come to Sir Erasmus Philipps, the fifth baronet, who was drowned at Bath in 1743. He was succeeded in the title and estates by his brother, John Philipps, Esq., of Kilgetty, Pembrokeshire; so that the direct line from Sir Thomas Phillipps failed after seven generations, and a collateral branch came in, as has happened several times since. Sir John Philipps died in 1764, and was succeeded by his son, Sir Richard, who was, in 1776, created Baron Milford of the kingdom of Ireland. On the death of Lord Milford, without issue, in 1783, the peerage became extinct; but the baronetage passed to the descendants of Hugh Philipps, of Sandy Haven, Esq.

The Castle and estates were bequeathed by Lord Milford to Richard Bulkeley Philipps Grant, Esq., who assumed the name and arms of Philipps; was created a baronet in 1828, and in 1847 a peer of the realm, by the title of Baron Milford, of Picton Castle. He died Jan. 3, 1857, without issue, and his peerage and baronetcy became extinct; the Castle and estates, however, passed under the will of the first Lord Milford to his half-brother, the Rev. James Alexander Gwyther, vicar of Madeley, who, in pursuance of the terms of the bequest, assumed the name and arms of Philipps, and succeeded to the fair domain of Picton Castle. Until within the last sixty years the Castle preserved its original form, without addition or diminution. It appears to have been an oblong building, flanked by six large bastions, three on each side, with two smaller bastions at the east end, between which was a grand portcullised gateway, now contracted into a handsome doorway. The Castle was evidently moated round, and approached by a drawbridge. In the subsequent modernizing additions, comfort rather than architectural correspondence has been studied.

For the substance of the preceding notes on Picton Castle we are indebted to a very interesting paper, by Mr. John Pavin Phillips, communicated to *Notes and Queries*, Second Series, vol. v.

The Castle of Haverfordwest.

Haverfordwest, the county town of Pembrokeshire, placed on a hill, looking over a valley watered by the Cleddan, was one of the chief

stations in the province of Ros, which was peopled by the Flemings. The town was burnt to the Castle-gate by Prince Llewelyn, A.D. 1220. The Castle, founded by Gilbert de Clare, although garrisoned for King Charles I. in the Civil War, was not besieged in consequence of the garrison having withdrawn in a panic on hearing of the success of the Parliamentary forces under Colonel, afterwards Major General Rowland Langhorne, and Captain, afterwards Colonel, John Roger, mayor of Pembroke, at Milford; particularly the surrender of Pitt Fort, which was one of the strongest places possessed by the Royalists. For his services, a grant of Slebech, in Pembrokeshire (afterwards revoked on his declaring for the King), was made to Colonel Langhorne by the Parliament; but he subsequently, disgusted by the Parliamentary proceedings, took up arms for the King, and threw himself, with the troops under his command, into Pembroke Castle; his gallant defence of which, in conjunction with Roger, is well known (see *ante*, page 483). The siege of Pembroke brought Cromwell into Wales; and his fear of Haverfordwest Castle giving him similar trouble, prompted his order for its demolition. Cromwell's warrant for this purpose, and calling the inhabitants of the adjacent hundreds to the assistance of the Mayor and corporation, is written in a bold, vigorous hand on the flyleaf of the humble letter addressed to him by the municipal authorities. The first order runs as follows:—

“ We being authorised by the Parliament to view and consider what garrisons and places of strength are fit to be demolisht, and we finding that the Castle of Haverford is not tenable for the service of the State, and yet that it may be possest by ill-affected persons, to the prejudice of the peace of these parts, these are to authorise and require you to summon in the hundreds of Rouse and ye inhabitants of the towne and county of Haverfordwest, and that they forthwith demolish the workes, walls, and towers of the said Castle, soe as that the said Castle may not be possest by the enemy, to the endangering of the peace of these parts.” (Signed.) “ We expect an accompt of your proceedings with effect in this business by Saturday, being the 15th of July instant.”

Beneath is written the following significant menace:—

“ If a speedy course be not taken to fulfil the commands of this warrant, I shall bee necessitated to consider of settling a garrison.

“ O. CROMWELL.”

Then follows the letter of the municipal authorities:—

“Honored Sir,—We’ve received an order from your hono^r, and the committee for the demolyshynge of the Castle of Haverfordwest, According to w^{ch} wee have this daie putt some workmen aboute it, but we finde the worke too difficult to be brought about without powder to blow it up; that it will exhaust an imense some of money, and will not in a longe time be effected. Wherefore wee become suitors to your hono^r that there may a competent quanty of powder be spared out of the shypps for the speedy effectynge the worke, and the county paying for the same. And wee likewise do crave that yo^r hono^r and the committee be pleased that the whole countie may joyne wth us in the worke, and that an order may be conseived for the leveyinge of a competent some of money in the severall hundreds of the countie, for the paying for the powder, and defrayinge the rest of the charge. Thus, being overbold to be troublesome to yo^r hono^r, desiringe to knowe yo^r hono^r resolve herein, we rest, &c.”

This letter is signed by the Mayor and corporation, and addressed:

“Ffor the honorable
 Livetenant,
 General Cromwell, there
 at Pembrock.”

Then follows the warrant of Cromwell, authorizing the municipal authorities to call unto their assistance the inhabitants, &c.

The original documents are carefully preserved in the archives of the town council of Haverfordwest, and have been communicated by Mr. J. P. Phillips to *Notes and Queries*, Second Series, No. 55. Mr. Phillips suspects the “shypps” mentioned in the petition of the Mayor and Aldermen were the five ships and a frigate which aided Colonel Rowland Langharne in driving the Earl of Carbery and his forces out of the county of Pembroke in 1643; and which may have remained in Milford Haven for the purpose of overawing the Royalists.

Brecknock Castle.

The Castle of Brecknock, or Brecon, owes its origin to Barnard Newmarch, a relative of William the Conqueror, who wrested the county from the hands of the Welsh princes in 1094, and here fortified himself, that he might the better maintain the rights which had

been granted to him as Lord of Brecon against the continual attempts of the British to expel him. The fortress was considerably increased and improved by the last Humphrey de Bohun, Earl of Hereford, High Constable of England and Governor of Brecknock. The original design enclosed an oblong square, about 300 feet by 240 feet, and the Keep, which is now the chief remains, is called Ely Tower, from having been the prison of the able and artful Bishop of Ely; and here was first projected a marriage between the Earl of Richmond and Elizabeth, daughter of Edward IV., and the union of the Houses of York and Lancaster.

Morton crossed the sea to confer with Richmond, who was on the Continent, and to plan with him a descent upon England; while his partisans endeavoured to raise an insurrection at home. Richard was too vigilant to be long ignorant of these proceedings. He sent an order commanding the immediate attendance of the Duke of Buckingham, who disobeyed this peremptory summons, and took arms against him; but being detained by floods, betrayed by his friends, and deserted by his troops, was taken, and ultimately executed at Salisbury without a trial.

When, in the first four years of the reign of Henry IV., Brecknockshire was greatly harassed by Owen Glendower, the Castle of Brecknock was intrusted to the care of Sir Thomas Berkeley; and in 1404 the Lords of Audley and Warwick were ordered to defend the Castle and the lordship, having 100 men-at-arms and 100 mounted archers assigned them for that purpose.

The situation is commanding for the purposes of early warfare; and the main part of the fortifications may still be traced. It appears from a manuscript in the British Museum that the Castle of Brecknock and walls of the town were destroyed by the inhabitants during the Civil Wars, to avoid the expense of a garrison and the miseries of a siege.

The Castle of Builth, and the Story of Llewelyn's End.

At Builth, a small town on the Wye, are the dilapidated remains of a Castle of considerable importance. Philip de Breos, a follower of Bernard Neumarch, is styled in an early record, "Lord of Builth, which he obtained by conquest." He, no doubt, strengthened and enlarged the Castle, the foundations of which, including some very strong earthworks, exist at the east end of the town. The Keep stood on the lofty moated mound in the centre, which is 50 yards in circum-

ference. Sir Roger Mortimer held it for the English Crown A.D. 1260, but it was taken by Prince Llewelyn ap Griffith, who held it until his death, when the garrison betrayed him. The loss of this fortress was considered of very great importance, and Mortimer was tried for it, but acquitted.

The story of Llewelyn's end, told with conflicting versions, by Welsh and other historians, is thus compactly narrated in Cliffe's excellent *Book of South Wales*: In the year 1282 the forces of Edward I. had entered North Wales at various points, and Llewelyn—the last Prince of Wales who held legal power, and its greatest patriot—deemed it necessary to make a rapid journey to the south, at the head of a small army, in order to obtain auxiliaries, as well as to harass the enemy, then in force in Cardiganshire, as he marched onwards. He left the greater part of his troops in that county, which he subdued, and proceeded towards his Castle or hunting-seat at Aberedw, where he had a garrison, with a small retinue, part of which he posted at a bridge across the Irvon, in a dingle above Builth. The English had intelligence of his movements, and a considerable force from Herefordshire, commanded by Edward Mortimer, marched up the opposite side of the Wye, intending to cross that river at a place called *Cefyn tawm bach*, "Little Tom's Ferry," and surprise the monarch at Aberedw; also to send a smaller force forward to seize the bridge at Builth, and afterwards overwhelm Llewelyn's detachment. The Prince perceived the movement, and determined to make an effort to rejoin his retainers, but first to try the fidelity of the garrison that occupied Builth Castle, which had been strongly suspected. The snow was on the ground, so he had the shoes of his horse reversed, a fact which was soon betrayed to Mortimer by a traitorous blacksmith; and he succeeded in crossing Builth bridge, and in holding a parley with the troops in the Castle, before the enemy came up. Assistance was flatly denied by the "traitors of Builth," as they have ever since been called; and the Prince rode forward towards the dell where he had left his faithful followers. The English were, however, before him; and although the Welsh defended their post with obstinate gallantry, they were overpowered by superior numbers. Llewelyn, who was almost unarmed, got amongst his foes during the *mêlée*, and was slain with a spear by Adam Francton, a common soldier, who was not at the time aware of Llewelyn's rank, but discovered it on returning from the pursuit of the Welsh, and then cut off the head of his victim and sent it to King Edward. The dell is called *Cwm Llewelyn*, or Llewelyn's dingle, to this day. The body of the Prince was afterwards

dragged to a spot where the road from Builth (distant two miles and a half) divides—one branch leading to Llanavan Vawr, the other to Llanavan Vechan and Llangammarch; two cross roads meet here besides. Here it was interred in a place which has ever since been denominated *Cefyn-y-bedd*, or *Cefyn-y-bedd Llewelyn*—"the ridge of Llewelyn's grave."

A peasant working in a field hard by told Mr. Cliffe that the dingle and valley below were covered with broom at the time Llewelyn died, that he was literally killed with a broom-stick whilst lying wounded on the ground, and that no broom had ever grown in the vicinity since. The man related this with an air which evinced his belief in the ancient local tradition.

Brynllys Tower, near Brecon.

This isolated round Tower, whose name signifies "the eminence or brow near the court or palace," is situated on the banks of the Llynfi, about eight miles from Brecon, and is seen for many miles round, rising in bold outline above the rich woods of Treigunter. Mr. King, the well-known antiquary, conceives it to have been "an imitation of the work of the first stonemason after the Deluge, who settled in Britain," unlike anything Roman or Norman; and he infers the architecture to be Syrian, corresponding with Chardin's account of the subordinate kind of Median or Mingrelian ancient Eastern Castles. Mr. King asserts that the chieftain of the Silures, in whose country this Castle stood, was the chief of the Dumnonii, in Cornwall, who first assumed the royal dignity on the departure of the Romans from Britain; and that, as this Keep or Tower is built of small hewn stones, he is of opinion that it must have been built by the Cornish Britons, who acquired that peculiar art of construction from the Phœnicians. His next argument is from the primitive style of some of the arches, being formed only of two stones, and in some instances merely a plain loop of an oblong form, and flat at the top; also, from the large sloping base of the tower, which, he says, is common to Syria, and seen only in some instances in this island. By these arguments, Mr. King endeavours to prove that the structure was raised originally on the Syrian or Phœnician plan, but so lately as the time when the arch had been invented and slightly seen, but when its true use was not understood—that is, about the interval of the time of the first invasion of Britain by Julius Cæsar, and the subsequent one by Claudius; which invasions neither molested nor affected the Britons

in Cornwall or Wales, and of which they could have only distant reports.

In 1848 Mr. J. L. Thomas minutely inspected this curiously constructed Tower. He found through the sloping base, or artificial mound, an entrance to the lower donjon, where he traced two passages round the whole structure, in the thickness of the wall, at 12 feet from the ground. The whole height of the Tower is 85 or 90 feet from the base, but it was evidently much higher. Mr. Thomas considers it to be one of the first erections of William the Conqueror, in his expedition into Wales, in 1079; and afterwards made a depot by William Rufus, in his unsuccessful attack upon the Welsh. His successor, although described by some old historians as the conqueror of Wales, seeing the difficulty of retaining his acquisitions in Breconshire, granted them to the Lord Marcher of Clifford Castle; who, residing in the vicinity and keeping the strongholds garrisoned, was enabled to preserve Brynllys Castle in his family, until his descendant, Maud, the widow of William Longspee, Earl of Salisbury, took for her second husband, John Giffard, of Brinsfield, in Gloucestershire. It was this Giffard, then residing at Brynllys, who was called upon to assist Mortimer in the defeat of Llewelyn ap Griffith, near Builth. The Castle is also mentioned by Giraldus Cambrensis, as the place where Mabel, the impious and abandoned son of Milo Fitzwalter, and nephew of Bernard Newmarch, was killed. It was likewise in the possession of the Bohuns, Lords of Brecon, and afterwards the Staffords; and in the reign of Henry VII., held by Humphrey Stafford, the last Duke of Buckingham of that name.

This ruin, therefore, is of great historical interest—unlike the gloomy ruins on the banks of the Danube, though similar in form: for they carry the reflections of the visitor to the sad picture of avarice, brutality, and cruel disregard of the common dictates of humanity exhibited by the Barons of Germany and their hordes of retainers, who lived by spoil wrung from the industrious classes; while this recalls to our minds the noble deeds and the noble songs of the Cambrians, when in spite of all these feudal creations of their invaders, they disputed hand to hand, and foot to foot, every inch of their soil; and inspired by the poetry of their bards and their innate love of liberty, they maintained for seven hundred years a successful warfare for the defence and independence of their homes:—

“ Such were the sons of Cambria's ancient race—
A race that check'd victorious Cæsar, aw'd
Imperial Rome, and forced mankind to own

Superior virtue, Britons only knew,
Or only practised; for they nobly dared
To face oppression; and where Freedom finds
Her aid invoc'd, there will the Briton die."

Wilton Castle.

These ivy-mantled ruins, opposite to Ross, on the western bank of the Wye, lend a charm even to the romantic to that district. The shattered tower and crumbling walls combine with its wild luxuriance to form a scene of picturesque beauty; though, as Gilpin observes, "the scene wants accompaniments to give it grandeur."

Wilton Castle was, for several centuries, the baronial residence of the Greys of the South, who derived from it their first title, and who became its owners in the time of Edward I. It may, therefore, be presumed to have been of those strongholds in the great struggles for feudal superiority with Wales which were commenced by Edward, whose active and splendid reign may be regarded as an attempt to subject the whole Island of Great Britain to his sway. Or, in earlier times, being situated on the barrier between England and Wales, it was a station of importance from its contiguity to Hereford, which city was destroyed by the Welsh, but rebuilt and fortified by Harold, who also strengthened the Castle. The whole district is of high antiquarian interest, since at the period of the Roman invasion Herefordshire was inhabited by the Silures, who also occupied the adjacent counties of Radnor, Monmouth, and Glamorgan, together with that part of Gloucestershire which lies westward of the Severn. The Silures, in conjunction with the Ordovices, or inhabitants of North Wales, retarded for a considerable period the progress of the Romans, whose grand object seems to have been the conquest of these nations, who had chosen the gallant Caracatus as their chieftain, and resolutely exhausted every effort in defending the independence of their country.

The present ruinous condition of the Castle is attributed to the Royalist governors of Hereford, by whose orders the whole of the interior was destroyed by fire, during the reign of Charles I. If it be true that this Castle was destroyed by the Royalists, it would seem probable that it was burnt during the siege of Hereford, in 1645, and that the then inhabitants of the Castle were Parliamentarians, at the head of whom was Sir John Brydges, who died in Brydges Street, Covent Garden, in February, 1651. He was absent from Wilton Castle at the time of its destruction. An old chair, said to have been

saved from the fire, was in the possession of the housekeeper at Thornbury Castle in Gloucestershire, about forty years since. The matter is in dispute; but by the preceding statements some colour is given to the supposition that William Brydges, of Wilton Castle, served as a lieutenant in the Lord Brook's regiment in the army under the Earl of Essex, in 1642. The ruins of the Castle and the estate subsequently became the property of Thomas Guy, the bookseller, who left them to the trustees of his Hospital in Southwark, to whom they now belong.

The scenery of the Wye at this point is thus described by tourists: "The effects of its numerous windings are various and striking; the same objects present themselves, are lost and recovered with different accompaniments, and different points of view. The banks for the most part rise abruptly from the edge of the water, and are clothed with forests or are broken into cliffs. In some places, they appear so near that the river occupies the whole intermediate space, and nothing is seen but woods, rocks, and water; in others they alternately recede, and the eye catches an occasional glimpse of hamlets, ruins, and detached buildings, partly seated on the margin of the stream, and partly seated on the rising grounds. The general character of the scenery, however, is wildness and solitude; and if we except the populous district of Monmouth, no river perhaps flows for so long a course in a well cultivated country, the banks of which exhibit so few habitations."

The forest of Dean has always been famous. In the Middle Ages (says Cliffe) it afforded a safe refuge to robbers, who used often to go afloat and plunder vessels on the Severn. The commanders of the Spanish Armada had orders "not to leave a tree standing in it" if, says Evelyn, "they should not be able to subdue our nation." Early in the reign of Charles I. the forest contained 43,000 acres, 14,000 of which were woodland; but the devastations committed were so great that in 1667 only 200 large oak and beech trees were standing, "To repair these mischiefs 11,000 acres were immediately enclosed, planted, and carefully guarded," and large additions have since been made. The Forest is divided into "walks," and placed under the care of officers and keepers. Iron mines were opened here by the Romans; and there are extensive and remarkable workings, partly attributed to that people, near Coleford, Bream, and Littledean. These wild deserted *scoovles* (that is their local name) can be penetrated for considerable distances. The mineral treasures of the Forest—coal and iron—are great; and Foresters retain peculiar rights.

Abermarlais Manor.—The Famous Gruffydds.

The present manor of Abermarlais, an elegant modern mansion, occupies a delightful situation on the banks of the Tovy in Caermarthenshire. It was built in the beginning of the present century by Admiral Foley, who had purchased the property from the late Viscount Hawarden of Ireland. In the person of the gallant Admiral, the high martial renown of the early proprietors of Abermarlais was worthily maintained. He had considerably distinguished himself in the service of his country, having led the fleet to action at the battle of the Nile, commanded the *Britannia* in Lord St. Vincent's gallant action, and was honoured at the battle of Copenhagen by having Lord Nelson's flag shifted on board his ship.

But Abermarlais is famous not so much for its elegant architectural proportions, its suites of commodious and handsome apartments, the beauty of its grounds, the romantic character of the scenery amid which it is itself not the least pleasing feature, nor even for the achievements of its later proprietors, as for the singularly original character, the almost eccentric humour, and the valour and enterprise of its early lords the Gruffydds.

The owners of this ancient domain rose to highest eminence during the Wars of the Roses, the chief of them being Sir Rhys ap Thomas, who won his spurs on Bosworth Field, and died in the year 1527.

Gruffydd ap Nicholas, the grandfather of Sir Rhys, was a remarkable and most ingenious gentleman. The possessor of an ample fortune and allied by marriage with some of the principal families both in north and south, his power and influence in Caermarthenshire were very great. His biographer describes him as a man of a "hott, firie cholerrick spirit; one whose counsells were all *in turbido*, and therefore naturallie fitlie composed and framed for the times;" and also as "verie wise, and infinitlie subtile and craftie, ambitioue beyond measure, of a busie stirring braine, which made many to conjecture, that some great matter hanged over his head." His hasty spirit and violence of temper often involved him in complications with his neighbours, to extricate himself from which required the exercise of all his ingenuity: nor did he fear to incur the displeasure of a much more formidable enemy than could be found among the petty tyrants of his fields. He drew upon himself the enmity of no less a personage than Richard, Duke of York, by with-

holding from him a piece of land in Herefordshire, and he peremptorily and insolently refused to obey the summons of the sheriffs to answer for his conduct. On another occasion he quarrelled, with more justice perhaps, with Jasper, Earl of Pembroke, who had used interest with the King to supersede the "subtile and craftie" Welsh squire in the command of the Castle of Cilgerran, which Gruffydd had held for some time under the Crown. But out of all the scrapes in which he became involved his prudence, not to say cunning, enabled him to wriggle himself free.

At this time the character of the men of the Welsh frontier bore a remarkable resemblance to that of the fighting, thieving gentry who for ages prior to the Union kept the Scottish Border in a continual state of alarm, and a famous raid upon Gruffydd by the King's commissioner and his men reads wonderfully like a raid of the Sheriff of Carlisle upon some irrepressible cattledifter north of the Tweed. The following is an outline of this astonishing expedition.

Gruffydd bore such a hearty and deep-rooted antipathy to the English generally that when the fatal quarrel between the Yorkists and Lancastrians was drawing to a head he could not, for some time at least, be prevailed upon to declare in favour of either of the great parties. "A plague on both your houses!" he might have said, had he wished to express his sentiments on the subject. His tenants and dependents, fully aware of their chief's disposition, and knowing that their conduct would not be displeasing to him, seized every opportunity to invade and pillage the lands of the English lords on the Marches. These depredations being frequent and continuous, complaints were at last formally lodged in the King's courts, and Lord Whitney, with others, was deputed to penetrate into the locality to investigate the affair.

Gruffydd having heard of the approach of the King's representative and his force towards Caermarthenshire, set forth to meet the commissioners a short distance beyond Llandovery, himself meanly habited, and accompanied by four or five attendants "raggedlic attired," and as poorly mounted. Leaving his tattered retinue somewhat in the rear that they might come to his assistance in case of need, the disguised chief advanced to the commissioners, made himself known to them, and respectfully tendered his services as guide to conduct them to Caermarthen, the place of their destination. The commissioners were not a little pleased to have him thus, as they believed, in their power; but from the meanness of

his own dress and the shabby appearance of his companions, they could scarcely believe that he was indeed the formidable Gruffydd ap Nicholas of whom they had heard so much, and were not without lively fears that they had fallen into the hands of banditti, whose object was plunder and perhaps surprise by an ambuscade. It was as if a Lord Scroop had gone over the Border to punish some predatory partisan of the "bald Buccleuch," and a wily Armstrong were inveigling him into the toils of the spoiler.

The offer being accepted the party moved forward towards Abermarlais. Here Gruffydd was received with every demonstration of respect by his son Thomas, who was waiting his arrival at the head of a troop of one hundred horsemen handsomely mounted. This unexpected aspect of affairs surprised the commissioners quite as much as the mean appearance of Gruffydd and his ragged regiment of five had previously done. And their surprise was not wholly unmingled with apprehension, for though assured that they had found the very person they sought, the appearance of so formidable an armed force suggested the idea of possible hostilities, or at least induced them to fear that Gruffydd would not tamely submit to the decision which a sense of duty might prevail upon them to make against him.

Having refreshed themselves at Abermarlais—the sauce of suspicion flavouring the banquet unpalatably—the commissioners, accompanied by Gruffydd and his son Thomas with his troop, proceeded to Newton. Here the expedition, under the guidance of the Welsh chief, was met by another of Gruffydd's sons, Owen, who advanced towards them at the head of two hundred completely armed horsemen. The commissioners were respectfully conducted into Owen's house and hospitably entertained by their new host here. During the interval they rested Owen contrived to draw from his guests sufficient evidence that nothing less than the capture of his father was the object of the expedition—a fact which had not up to this point been clearly ascertained. The discovery of this purpose Gruffydd and his sons resolved to appear in ignorance of till the moment should arrive when they could turn it to signal advantage.

The King's men with their escort of three hundred troopers, and still under the guidance of the very person whom they had set out to capture, now marched for Caermarthen. Here they were received by Gruffydd's eldest son with a retinue of five hundred "tall men," well armed and accoutred. With the splendid body-guard thus

augmented to eight hundred proper men-at-arms—unfortunately, however, the clansmen of their enemy—the commissioners arrived at the lodgings prepared for them at Caermarthen. Gruffydd ap Nicholas, the *soi-disant* guide, now left them, but requested his sons to continue in attendance till after they had supped, to see that nothing that was necessary to their accommodation or might minister to their comfort was wanting. On the departure of Gruffydd, Lord Whitney, the head of the English expedition that had come to seek wool but were so likely to return shorn, sent for the mayor and sheriffs of the town, and after showing them his commission demanded their assistance in arresting the turbulent chief, the head of the Gruffydds. It was agreed that the commission should be carried out and the arrest made on the following morning. But this was a reckoning made without the host ; for Owen ap Gruffydd, observing that Lord Whitney had heedlessly put away the commission in the sleeve of his coat, after he had shown it to the mayor, resolved to abstract it. He therefore, during supper, plied his guests plentifully with liquor, in which the chief commissioner—the important part of his duty being now, as he supposed, finished—freely indulged in company with his officers. Late at night, after the long and generous carouse, the opportunity presented itself, and young Owen succeeded in obtaining possession unobserved and without difficulty of the important document that endangered the liberty, perhaps also the life of his father.

In the morning the Mayor of Caermarthen, preceded by the commissioners and attended by the sheriffs, repaired to the shire-hall, where they summoned Gruffydd to attend. The chief readily complied, and on his arrival in court was immediately arrested. The “subtile” Gruffydd made no show of resistance, but with an assumed air of great respect, requested that the proceedings against him might be conducted according to the ordinary forms of law, and that the commission under which he was to be attached might be publicly read, alleging that he could not otherwise consider himself bound to yield as a prisoner.

The condition was readily agreed to, and the commissioners no doubt considered their captive as little better than a doomed man. Lord Whitney gaily put his hand into his coat-sleeve. Then suddenly a wondrous change in the whole aspect of affairs took place. Confusion, blank bewilderment, dismay, and consternation showed themselves successively in the chief commissioner’s face. He had now for the first time discovered his loss. His companions and

attendants were hastily and anxiously interrogated, but no tidings of the commission could be obtained. "Then," says the old chronicler, "Gruffydd ap Nicholas startes up in a furie, clapping his hat on his head, and looking about upon his sonnes and his friendes, 'What!' says he, 'have we cozeners and cheaters come hither, to abuse the Kinge's majesty's power and to disquiet his true-harted subjects?' Then turning about to the commissioners, he rappes out a great oathe, and sayes, ere the next day were at an end he would hang them all up for traytours and impostors, and soe commands bandes to be layd on them, and to carry them to prison. The commissioners, fearing he would be as good as his word, fell to entreate for pardon, and to desire they might eyther returne, or send to Court for a true certificate of this their employment: but nothing would serve the turne, unlesse the Lord Whitney would be bound by oath to putt on Gruffydd ap Nicholas's blew coate, and weare his cognizance, and soe goe up to the King, to acknowledge his owne offences, and to justify the sayd Gruffydd's proceedings; which (to preserve himself from danger) he willinglie undertooke, and accordingly performed."

Of what was afterwards done in this matter there is no record, but it is certain that Gruffydd's *ruse*—the filching of the commission and the subsequent pretence of insulted virtue and outraged hospitality on the part of the chief—was completely successful. It is probable that amid the distractions of the times the King might not have thought it prudent to rouse the hostility of so powerful a subject by any further proceedings.

The wily Gruffydd, however, was constrained at last to adopt a specific line of action with reference to the ever-deepening rancour between the White and the Red Rose. The circumstance to which he owed his political conviction is characteristic of himself and of his times. Not long after his circumvention of Lord Whitney, Gruffydd, owing to some depredations committed on the marches, which he was known to have countenanced, was found guilty of felony, on an indictment preferred against him in the county of Salop. This decision in a remarkable manner at once illumined the Welshman's mind as to the rival claims of the Houses of York and Lancaster, and roused political ardours hitherto dormant or non-existent. A Lancastrian King had adjudged him a felon; a rebel Duke of York was therefore naturally and of necessity the champion of a good cause, and him he should support. Gruffydd

accordingly made overtures to the Duke of York and offered assistance, which was gladly accepted.

The Duke having been defeated and slain at the battle of Wakefield, his son Edward became the Yorkist leader. Him Gruffydd joined at Gloucester with eight hundred men well armed and provisioned. The Yorkist army now marched to Mortimer's Cross, in Herefordshire. In the battle which took place here between the Yorkists under Edward and the Lancastrians under the Earl of Pembroke, Gruffydd was mortally wounded, and only lived long enough to be informed by his son Owen that victory had declared in their favour. He "caught the cheer and passed away."

The crafty but valorous Caermarthenshire chieftain was succeeded by his son Thomas ap Gruffydd, who, by his marriage with Elizabeth, the daughter and heiress of Sir John Gruffydd, of Abermarlais, obtained possession of that fair domain. He is described as a man of character very different from that of his father, and is said to have been distinguished as "one of the most accomplished gentlemen of his age, and universally admired for the amiable mildness of his disposition and carriage." This favourable testimony seems to be corroborated by the fact that he had an insuperable aversion to the civil contest in which the country was in his time engaged, and that to obviate the necessity for his declaring for either party he sought more pacific scenes abroad. Some incidents in his life, however, tend to show that in certain peculiarities of humour and bravery he was the true representative of his house, and that in him the ancient spirit of his race was not dead.

In seeking that peace and tranquillity on the Continent which was denied to him in England, Thomas ap Gruffydd attached himself to the court of the Duke of Burgundy and enrolled himself in his service. Here he evinced his prudence by forming an indiscreet attachment with the Duke's niece, which ultimately obliged him to hasten his return to his native country, and set the seal to his pacific disposition by signaling himself as a noted duellist. In the *duello* Thomas always fought on horseback, with lance and sword, as was the custom of his times. After his return from Burgundy to England he had several encounters of this kind, particularly with Henry ap Gwilym, of Court Henry, in the vale of Towey, who frequently challenged him and was as frequently defeated. It was not always, however, that Thomas was so for-

bearing with his adversary as to give him a chance of coming again to fight another day.

A disagreement with William, the first Earl of Pembroke, brought upon the knight of Abermarlais a fresh opponent, whose adventures are not unattended with humorous circumstances. The Earl of Pembroke's quarrel was taken up by "a notable swash-buckler, one that would fight on anie slight occasion, nott much heeding the cause," named Turberville. This turbulent Turberville sent his defiance to Thomas ap Gruffydd, with a message that if he did not accept his challenge, "he would ferret him out of his cunnie berrie, the castle of Abermarlais." Thomas returned him a jocular answer, requesting him, if he desired to be killed, to choose some other person to undertake the office of executioner. "This scornful returne," writes the biographer of the family, "soe much incensed and provoked the insufferable pride and haughtie stomach of Turberville, that forthwith in a headlong furie, he hies him to Abermarlais, and cumming in at the gate, the first man he saw was Thomas ap Gruffydd himself sitting by the gate in a graye frocke gowne, whom he tooke for the porter, demanding of him whether Thomas ap Gruffydd were within or no. 'Sir,' said Thomas, 'he is not far off, and if you would aught with him, lett me receive your commands.' 'Then prithee, fellow,' said he (twirling his mustachios and sparkling out fire and fury from his eyes), 'tell him here is one Turberville would speake with him.' Thomas ap Gruffydd, hearing his name, and observing his deportment, had much ado to hold from laughing outright, yet containing himself, he said he would acquaint his master, and soe, going into his parlour, presentlie sends two or three of his servants to call him in. Turberville no sooner saw Thomas ap Gruffydd, but without anie apologie made for his mistaking, he tells him of his unmannerliness, and that he was come hither to correct him for his sawsinesse towards soe greate a person as the Earl of Pembroke. 'In good time, sir,' said Thomas; 'but I pray is nott my lord of courage sufficient to undergoe that office of correction, without the helpe of others?' 'Yes, certainlie, but you, too mene a copesmate for one of his place and dignitie, he hath left to my chastisement,' said Turberville. 'Well then,' said Thomas, 'though I might justly except against my tutor, where is't your pleasure to have me to schoole?' 'Nay, where thou wilt or dar'st,' said Turberville. 'A harsh compliment,' said Thomas. 'I am not ignorant, as I am defendant, that both time, place, and weapons are in my choice; but

speaking in the person of a schoolboy (for noe higher account you seem to make of me), I ween 'tis not the fashion for schollers to appoint where their masters shall correct them.'” After this parley Thomas fixed on Herefordshire for the scene of combat. “Here,” says a blunt describer of this duel, “the champions met according to appointment, when Thomas ap Gruffydd *broke his adversary's back.*”

The next and the last duel in which the peaceful Thomas engaged was in Merionethshire, with one David Gough, whom he killed. After the contest was over, Thomas, having laid aside his armour and thrown himself upon the ground to rest, was treacherously run through the body by a person who is supposed to have been an attendant on his adversary. The knight was slain and was buried in the Abbey of Bardsey, in Caernarvonshire.

Thomas ap Gruffydd was twice married—first to Elizabeth of Abermarlais, by whom he acquired that property ; and second, to another Elizabeth, niece to the Duke of Burgundy, at whose court he had stayed for some time. He left several sons, the two eldest of whom, Morgan and David, became warm partizans on opposite sides in the wars between the Houses of York and Lancaster. Both young men came to an untimely end, in consequence of thus ardently engaging in the civil war, and there is little therefore to record of either of them. But of the two David appears to have inherited the eccentric humour of his ancestors in the highest degree. He was nicknamed “David with the cropped-tailed horse,” a title which arose out of the following circumstances. A neighbour of his had a young horse, of which David, who was it seems an excellent judge, had so high an opinion that he gave for him twenty-four cows, with pasture for them for one year, which being considered a most extravagant price, exposed him to the ridicule of his acquaintance. As soon as he had completed his purchase, he cut off the horse's ears, slit his nostrils, and cropped his tail, after which he branded the skin all over with a hot iron, impressing it with numberless hideous and fantastic forms. Some time subsequently, an opportunity was afforded him of showing his enemies, who had vastly amused themselves with his singular whim, of what metal his cropped horse was composed. Being apprized of a journey he was about to undertake, a party of them broke down a bridge over which he had to pass, and there waylaid him. Being beset and closely pursued as he approached this river, and perceiving his danger, he clapped spurs to his steed, and leaped across

the stream to the opposite bank. He then turned round, and tauntingly derided his pursuers for riding such cows, on which they dared not follow him. This is related as a most extraordinary feat, and a Welsh bard of the day calls it "a leap on horseback, which never will be leaped again."

Morgan and David having both died without issue, the property of Abermarlais descended to the next son, the illustrious Rhys ap Thomas. His training in youth had been courtly, for when his father Thomas ap Gruffydd sought tranquillity in Burgundy, young Rhys accompanied him, and rising into general esteem, was appointed to a post of honour in the Duke's household. This office, however, he held but for a short time; for his father being obliged to withdraw from Burgundy, Rhys relinquished his post and returned with him to Wales.

Rhys seems to have been as wise and politic as he was brave. One of his first acts after he came into possession of his estates was to put an end to the feud that had so long subsisted between his own family and the neighbouring one of Court Henry, by marrying Eva, the daughter and heiress of Henry ap Gwilym, the head of that house, and his father's old antagonist in successive duels. By this alliance, Rhys added to his possessions a property not much inferior to his original patrimony, and became one of the most opulent subjects in the realm. His establishment and his hospitality were in every respect suitable to his immense wealth, and displayed the magnificence of a prince rather than of a private gentleman.

One of his peculiarities was that, like his ancestors, he took much amusement in sham fights, military spectacles, horse races, and athletic games. He won vast popularity everywhere, as well as great influence and power, by converting a number of his commons into race-courses, and making presents of horses of superior breed to those who displayed the greatest skill and merit. He also instituted games and amusements of various kinds on different parts of his estates in Caermarthenshire and Pembrokeshire, and he devoted much of his time to training the young men on his wide domains in the use of arms and the exercises of war. It is stated that he had nineteen hundred tenants bound by their leases to attend him at the shortest call, and it is estimated that, brief warning being given, he could bring into the field no less a force than five thousand troopers, disciplined, mounted, and armed.

Indeed the power and wealth of Rhys ap Thomas was proverbial.

A bard of the period concentrated the popular feeling on this subject into a couplet to the following effect:—"The King owns the island, excepting what pertains to Sir Rhys." Instead of being flattered by the implied compliment to his greatness, the knight was enraged that such a verse, impeaching or intending to impeach his loyalty, as he believed it did, had ever been given to the world. The luckless poet, instead of being rewarded for his adulation, was arraigned in a court of law for diffusing a libel.

Being young, powerful, and intrepid, and as yet undecided in his politics, Rhys was at this time regarded with peculiar solicitude and anxiety by both of the great parties whose wars then desolated England. It appears, if the great Welsh chieftain was predisposed in favour of any party it was in favour of the reigning king, Richard III., and the House of York. But the Lancastrians had a special inducement to secure his neutrality if not his adherence and partizanship. After the defection of the Duke of Buckingham from Richard III., and when the Lancastrians were concerting a marriage between the Lady Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of Edward IV., who was the next heir of the York house, and the Earl of Richmond, in order to raise the latter to the throne, Rhys ap Thomas was looked upon as a person of great consequence to be brought over to the cause. It was necessary that the Earl of Richmond should come to England, and there was no place where he could land securely except at Milford Haven; but this spot was in Rhys's domain, where he was so completely master that without his concurrence no step could be taken.

Meantime an old enmity subsisted between the families of the Duke of Buckingham and the Lords of Abermarlais. So deeply embittered had the quarrel become, that at about the period under consideration Buckingham sent to Rhys to say that unless the latter gave him satisfaction for some alleged injury he would come shortly and cudgel him out of his castle of Caermarthen. To this message the Welshman coolly replied that the roads being hilly and rough, his highness might spare himself the trouble of the journey, for that it was his intention to wait upon his highness presently at Brecknock, to receive his commands—meaning that he meant to attack Buckingham on his own territories.

Buckingham had become one of the chief pillars of the Lancastrian cause, and it was obvious that before attempting to enlist the sympathies and support of Rhys in the same enterprise, a reconciliation must be effected between the two chiefs. After some

skilful manœuvring this object was attained. Rhys and Buckingham met and agreed to bury all past animosities in oblivion. It is probable that even up to this point Rhys was not aware that he was being angled for with such anxiety by the Lancastrians, or that the primary success of their plans was impossible without his co-operation.

The wary Richard had in the meanwhile learned that schemes and plans were now being discussed between Buckingham and the adherents of Richmond for the restoration of the Lancastrian line. He accordingly demanded explicit explanations and the further assurance of hostages from all those barons and gentry in whom he had not perfect confidence. Aware of the power and influence of Rhys, he sent commissioners to him to administer the oath of fidelity and to require his only son Gruffydd, then about five years of age, as a surety for the due performance of the oath. Rhys took the oath without hesitation, but wrote a letter to the King praying to be excused from parting from his son, on account of his tender age. His letter, which is full of loyal sentiment, concludes with the following stout and emphatic, if plain asseveration :—"Whoever, ill-affected to the state, shall dare to land in these parts of Wales, where I have any employments under your majesty, must resolve with himself to make his entrance and irruption over my bellie."

Rhys, however, remained apprehensive, from his knowledge of Richard's suspicious and sanguinary character. Although he had sworn to obey, he could neither admire nor respect the King. He was now plied on all sides by his best friends to desert Richard and throw in his lot with Buckingham and the other adherents of Richmond, and despite his oath and the brave words with which he concludes his letter, he at last yielded and promised his cordial support to the House of Lancaster.

Active measures were now set on foot at once. A messenger was despatched to the Continent to inform Richmond that his friends expected him to arrive at Milford Haven without unnecessary delay, and the Duke of Buckingham, raising a large but undisciplined force, commenced his march to Salisbury, but was stopped by the swollen waters of the Severn. This interruption was the ruin of the enterprise. The troops deserted, the Duke himself sought safety in flight and concealment, but, being betrayed, was delivered up to Richard, and was by him beheaded without form of arraignment or trial. "Off with his head—so much for Bucking-

ham !” or some equally curt order, recorded the instant doom of the unfortunate man.

In accordance with the preconcerted arrangement the French fleet appeared in sight at the appointed place, and Rhys, who was at that time at his castle of Carew, advanced with a noble band of chosen followers, well mounted and armed, to meet the Earl of Richmond. On the Earl’s coming ashore, it is stated that Rhys, in order to make good his word to the King, laid himself on his back on the ground that the Earl might pass over him. Local tradition, however, asserts that the method in which he endeavoured to keep his promise and fulfil his boast was somewhat less undignified. It is said that Rhys satisfied his conscience by remaining under a small bridge while the Earl passed above him.

Richmond, who was attended by a French force insignificant in numbers, undisciplined, and most imperfectly provisioned, was highly gratified and encouraged by the number and the martial appearance of the troops which Rhys ap Thomas and his other friends had brought to his support. Hope sprang triumphant within him, and he felt that the glittering circlet of the crown was now almost within his grasp. His resolution was at once fixed to take the field, and he despatched orders to his partizans in other quarters to join him with their forces at Shrewsbury, which he appointed for the place of rendezvous. He formed his army into two divisions—one, under his own command, to march through Cardiganshire ; the other, under the command of Rhys ap Thomas, to pass through Caermarthen, and to recruit as largely as possible on the line of march. Rhys now commanded the beacons on the mountains to be lighted as signals to his friends throughout the country that the great day had come, and that they were forthwith to gather to his standard.

So devoted were the people of the country to this great chief, and so eager to share his fortunes, that at every stage of his march crowds flocked to him, until an almost incredible multitude had gathered around, and had converted his well-regulated force into a swarming and unmanageable horde, like a nation in exodus. From the endless number of volunteers it was necessary to make a selection, and to dismiss the undisciplined and unarmed to their homes. He first of all formed from the promiscuous ranks a body of two thousand horsemen, composed of the flower of his attendants ; after which he formed a corps of infantry, consisting of five hundred men, which he entrusted to the command of his younger

brothers David and John. These he appointed to remain in the principality for the protection of his estates, and the security of the persons and property of those who had declared themselves for the Earl of Richmond. The remainder of the people he dismissed with proper acknowledgments for their readiness to serve him. Having concluded these arrangements he marched for Shrewsbury, and there joined the Earl.

So secretly and expeditiously had affairs been managed in South Wales that Richard had hardly been informed of the measures planned against him, when the news arrived that Richmond had reached Shrewsbury, where he was attended by Rhys ap Thomas and a powerful body of friends, ready to deliver battle. The King rose to the occasion with alacrity, and, hastily collecting his forces, marched to the contest. The hostile forces came in sight at the famous field of Bosworth, near Leicester.

The van of Richmond's army, consisting of archers, was commanded by the Earl of Oxford; Sir Gilbert Talbot led the right wing; Sir John Savage the left; the Earl himself, accompanied by his uncle, the Earl of Pembroke, placed himself in the main body. Richard also took post in his main body, and intrusted the command of his van to the Duke of Norfolk; as his wings were never engaged we have not learned the names of the several commanders. Soon after the battle began (Aug. 22nd, 1485) Lord Stanley appeared in the field, and declared for the Earl of Richmond. This measure, which was unexpected to the men though not to their leaders, had a proportional effect on both armies: it inspired Henry's soldiers with unusual courage—it threw Richard's into dismay and confusion.

The intrepid tyrant, sensible of his desperate situation, cast his eyes around the field, and, descriing his rival at no great distance, he drove against him with fury, in hopes that either Henry's death or his own would decide the victory between them. He killed with his own hands Sir William Brandon, standard-bearer to the Earl; he dismounted Sir John Cheyney, and was now within reach of Richmond himself, who did not decline the combat. Rhys ap Thomas had perceived the intention of the King, and had sent to inform Sir William Stanley of the Earl's danger, and to implore his instant aid. Stanley, who had thus far kept aloof, instantly advanced, and being joined by Rhys, the two commanders bore down on the King's troops with irresistible impetuosity, and put them to the rout. The Welsh tradition asserts that it was Rhys who slew

King Richard in this encounter, fighting with him hand to hand.

But whatever foundation there may be for this story, the conduct of our Welsh hero on this memorable day was so distinguished that Richmond ascribed to it the issue of the battle, and ever after, in testimony of his gratitude, applied to the Lord of Abermarlais the title of "Father Rhys." The spoils of King Richard's tent were shared between Rhys and Sir William Stanley, the Earl's father-in-law. Stanley then placed the crown on Richmond's head, and the army saluted him with the title of Henry VII. The first act of this victory-crowned King's reign was to confer knighthood upon Rhys ap Thomas, and he shortly afterwards appointed Sir Rhys a member of his council, invested him with the government of all Wales, constituted him constable and lieutenant of Brecknock, chamberlain of South Wales, and seneschal of the lordship of Builth. Loaded with these marks of the King's gratitude and friendship, Sir Rhys was now deputed to South Wales, to heal the disorders which had arisen from the distracted state of the supreme government, and to restore the authority of the laws—a task which he appears to have executed with great judgment and success.

The ardent Welsh knight was a warrior by disposition as well as by genius. We next behold him in the field in the service of his sovereign, when Henry crushed the hopes of the impostor Lambert Simnel, at Stoke. Simnel had brought to the field a considerable force of Irish recruits. In the engagement which took place, and at which Sir Rhys occupied his place as one of the King's commanders, the Welsh hero led a troop of English horse. Whether the onset of the English was not as fiery, swift, and impetuous as the Welsh attack, to which he was accustomed, or whether Rhys's ardour on this occasion somewhat outran his discretion, is doubtful; but certain it is that Rhys found himself in advance of his men, surrounded by enemies, and in the most perilous danger. He was suddenly beset by several of the enemy, and was only rescued from destruction by the timely succour of the Earl of Shrewsbury. Henry, hearing of his narrow escape, addressed him jocularly:—"How now, father Rhys, how likest thou of the entertainment here? Whether is better, eating leeks in Wales, or shamrock among the Irish?" "Both certainly but coarse fare, yet either would seem a feast with such a companion," replied Rhys, pointing to the Earl who had rescued him.

Another anecdote is related of this redoubtable chieftain, which

proves that he was possessed of a lofty and magnanimous soul. When King Henry fitted out an expedition to act against the French King, Sir Rhys is named among the leaders who joined him with their forces, and is honourably mentioned by Lord Bacon as "much noticed for the brave troops that he brought out of Wales." After Boulogne had been besieged for about a year, a peace was concluded between the two countries, and the English army returned home. Presents were on this occasion made by the French monarch to several of Henry's counsellors. Sir Rhys was offered an annual pension of 200 marks, which he indignantly spurned, requesting the messenger to inform his master, that "if he intended to relieve his wants, he had sent him too little; and if to corrupt his mind or stagger his fidelity, his kingdom would not be enough."

In those turbulent times, and when England was distressed by successive and rapidly recurring wars, no staunch adherent of his king who had also a genius for warfare allowed himself to exchange the camp for the home for any great interval of time. Perkin Warbeck, the pretender to the throne of England, as the son of Edward IV., was the next enemy whom duty to his king and country called upon Sir Rhys to crush. This extraordinary impostor, supported by the French and Scottish Courts, and aided by a force from Ireland and Cornwall, had advanced as far as Blackheath on his way to the metropolis. While he lay encamped here, Henry marched against him and gave him battle, and after a severe and protracted engagement defeated him with the loss of 2000 of his followers. Sir Rhys had in this battle a body of 1500 horse under his command, and greatly distinguished himself by his conduct. He had two horses killed under him during the battle; then mounting a favourite charger, called "Grey fetter-locks," which he reserved for great emergencies, he rushed in among the enemy's ranks and took Lord Audley prisoner. For this gallant action he was rewarded with that nobleman's estates, and created a knight-banneret on the field.

Perkin Warbeck having escaped, and having collected a few followers in the West of England, Sir Rhys was sent with 500 horse in pursuit of him, but only succeeded in inducing the partizans of the rebel to desert him. Perkin himself again escaped by a rapid flight.

The respective invasions of Lambert Simnel and Perkin Warbeck are of course directly traceable to the cruel, bloodthirsty

character of Richard III., for the mysterious disappearance of Edward IV.'s children in the Tower was the incident which alone rendered such impostures as the pretended claims of these adventurers possible. Thus, even in his grave, did King Richard continue to bring devastation and death on his country. With the utter defeat of the last of these pretenders, however, a season of tranquillity returned to England. During these halcyon days Sir Rhys again betook himself to the civil government of Wales, and acquitted himself in that capacity much to his own honour and to the advantage of the community. His labours for the benefit and advancement of the principality were pleasantly interrupted. He was summoned to London, and installed a Knight of the Order of the Garter; on the same occasion he received the Lordship of Narberth, that he might be able to maintain his new dignity with the greater splendour. It is stated that at this time an offer was made to him of the Earldom of Essex or of Pembroke, both which however, he declined, alleging that knighthood was the greatest honour that could be conferred on a soldier.

With the commencement of the reign of Henry VII. the splendid fortunes, almost peerless honours, and noble fame of the knight of Abermarlais began. Henry of Richmond had been to him not only a sovereign and a kingly benefactor, but also a genial friend and a frank comrade. And when the days of the monarch were drawing to a close, the twilight had begun to throw lengthening shadows upon the stout and hardy knight. Age was insensibly stealing upon him, taming his ardours, adding to the weight of his cares, and creating within him a love of ease and rest which he had never known before. It thus happened that when the first anniversary festival of St. George after his installation as Knight of the Garter, was to be held in London, Rhys consulted his ease on the subject, and though no doubt he would have been glad to have taken his place among the "goodly fellowship of knights," as became one who had newly been admitted into their company, yet the journey to London from Caermarthen was a long one, and, after all, the festival might be right royally observed at home in his own lordly castle of Carew, in Pembrokeshire, in which during the latter part of his life he usually resided. In our notice of that castle, allusion is made to this feast; but the pomp and magnificence of it was so marvellous, and the description of it as given in a narrative published from an old manuscript in the *Cambrian Register*, is so interesting and valuable as giving an authentic sketch of Rhys, and

as illustrating the mode in which the most solemn feasts in this age were observed, that we may fitly describe the event here. "The spectacle altogether," says the historian of South Wales, referring to this *fête*, in which military, processional, and ceremonial displays formed the most striking part, "is to be regarded as the most magnificent that was ever, perhaps, exhibited by a private individual at his own charge." The following account of it is summarised from the *Cambrian Register*:—

Sir Rhys having announced his intention to hold a solemn joust and tournament, with other martial exercises, the gentry of the different counties of the principality, to the number of five or six hundred, exclusively of their attendants, assembled at Carew, where every necessary preparation had been made for their accommodation and entertainment. "Tentes and pavillions were pitched in the parke, neare to the castle, wheare they quartered all the time, every man according to his quality, the place being furnished aforehand with all sorts of provisions for that purpose. This festival and time of jollitie continued the space of five days. On St. George's eve's eve, which was the first day of their meeting, Sir Rhys tooke a view of all the companie, chusing out five hundred of the tallest and ablest among them; those he divided into five troopes, a hundred to each troope, over whom he appointed captains. The next day, being the eve, these five captaines drewe forth their forces into the field, exercising them in all points, as if they had been bid suddenly to go upon some notable piece of service. The third day, St. George his day, early in the morning, the drums beat up, and trumpets sounded, everie man with his summons betaking him to his charge; first the captaines ledd forth their companies, in a military array, well armed at all points; then followed Sir Rhys himself upon a goodlie courser, having two pages and a herald on horseback before him richly cladd, after whom the rest of the gentlemen followed, being all bravelie mounted, and as in a silent and grave march, they passed on to the bishop's palace at Lamphey, a mile or thereabouts distant from Carewe Castle. At their coming thither they bid good morrowe to the bishop in the language of soldiers, with arquebusses, musketts, and calivers, and then dividing themselves they made a lane for Sir Rhys to pass onward to the gate. Upon his approach the bishop's subsidiaire came out at the wicket, demanding who he was, why in arms, and the cause of his coming thither. To which Sir Rhys made answer that he was one of St. George's knights, who ever showed himself a trusty patron

of Marcialists, and therefore he held it most suitable to his profession, especially on the very day dedicated to the honour of that renowned saint, to appear in harness and military equipage. Notwithstanding, he willed the messenger to assure the bishop that he was a man of peace, for he came to pray for the rest and peace of St. George's soul, in which exercise he desired the bishop would be pleased to come with him." The messenger having returned with this answer, Sir Rhys and his attendants rode up into the bishop's park, where a tent had been provided for him. "There he alighted, and forthwith enrobed himself in St. George his livery. After some repose he walked on foote downe to the palace, having a trumpeter before him, and a herald of arms, two pages carrying his train, and the choicest of the gentlemen to be his associates. Sir Rhys drawing near to the palace, he caused his trumpet to sound, thereby to give notice of his approach, and then the gates were opened; the bishop having with him the Abbott of Talley, and the Prior of Carmarthen, all with rich copes, stood there to give him entrance." Having paraded round the court, the company proceeded to the chapel, where the bishop read divine service. "All religious forms observed and ended, Sir Rhys took the bishop, abbot, and prior along with him to dinner, and soe again he goes to Carewe. Sir Rhys having reserved a great companie of the better sorte for his guests (the rest of the visitors being provided for), he leads them to the castle with drummes, trumpets, and other warlike musick. Over the gate was hung up a goodlie faire table wherein was represented the species and portraiture of St. George and St. David embracing one another. In the first court two hundred talesmen were arranged all in blewe coats, who made them a lane into another less court, in which the images, scutcheons, and coat armours of certain of Sir Rhys's ancestors stood, and so they passed into the great hall, which hall was a goodlie spacious roome, richlie hanged with cloath of arras and tapistry. At the upper end, under a plain cloath of state of crimson velvet, was provided a cross table for the king: on each side, down the length of the hall, two other tables—the one for Sir Rhys alone, the other for the rest of the gentlemen. Here every man stood bare, as in the king's presence. Within a while after the trumpets sounded, and the herald called for the king's service; whereupon all the gentlemen went presentlie downe to waite upon the server, who was Sir Griffith Rhys, Sir Rhys's son. When the king's meate was brought to the table, the bishop stood on the right side of the chair, and Sir Rhys on the

left, and all the while the meate was a laying downe, the cornetts, hautbois, and other wind instruments were not silent. After the table was covered, and all sett, the bishop made his humble obeysance to the king's chair, which donn he returned again to his former station. The king's service being finished, Sir Rhys went to his own table, taking onlie the bishop with him, whom he placed at the upper end at a messe all alone, and himself at some distance sate downe at another. All the gentlemen there present were pleased for Sir Rhys's more honour to stand by and give him the looking on, untill the first course was served. They, Sir Griffith Rhys, the king's server, his two fellow officers, and the rest by the name of waiters went to the king's reversion. The fare they had you will easilie believe was good, being provided as for the king. By that time these conviviall merriments were ended the day was well nigh spent, soe that they could fall to noe sports for the rest of the afternoon.

“ Before the company separated for the night, Sir William Herbert stepped forth and challenged all comers, four to four, at jousts and tournaments, on the following morning. The challenge was instantly accepted, and Sir Rhys appointed to sit as judge. “ The next morning, by sound of trumpet, Sir Rhys was summoned to play the judge's parte, which, accordinglie, he did. He had on that day a faire gilt-armour; two pages well provided on horseback before him, with a herauld and two trumpeters, himself mounted on a goodlie steed, richlie barbed and trapped, with four footmen, two on each side, attending him. Two hundred tall men in blewe coates, some before and some behind him. In this manner he went into the parke, where a tilt was made ready for the purpose. Sir Rhys perceiving all things well ordered, he presently took him to the judgment seate, his servants standing round about him, everie one having a halberte in his hand, and a good baskett-hilt sword at his side. When the time arrived, the trumpetts sounded, and then the appellat came in sight; after these the inceptors or interprisers, followed the noe less brave defendants or propugnators. These gallant gentlemen, in good order, ridd twice or thrice about the tilt; and as they passed along, they, by their pages, presented their shields to the judge, which done, both parties severed and took their stand, the one at one end, the other at the other end of the tilt. Then the trumpetts sounded, whereupon the two first combatants putt their launces into their restes, and soe ran each their six courses. In like sorte followed the rest, who charged

the one the other with equal ardour. Noe sooner had they made an end with their spears than they fall to turney with their swords all at once, which was a most delightful spectacle to the standers by. Having performed their devoirs both with sword and speare they mutuallie embrace one another, and soe hand in hand they went to receive a definitive sentence of their activities. Thus the employments and exercises of the morning ended.

“ At supper Sir Griffith Rhys, in the presence of his father, made challenge to Sir William Herbert, four to four, at the ring next morning, for a supper, which the losers should pay, at Carmarthen for theyre farewell at parting. The next morning Sir Rhys having taken his seat, the trumpetts were commanded to sound, to which these rival knights obeyed, running each of them their six courses. In the end Sir Rhys gave sentence against his sonn, a thing agreed upon beforehand between him and his father, however the cause went, that soe he maught show his friends the town of Carmarthen before they went away, and what entertainment that place was able to afford.

“ After dinner (in which the same order was observed as before), Sir Rhys leads his noble guests into the parke a hunting, where they killed divers bucks, all which was bestowed among them towards the furnishing out their festival meeting at Carmarthen. To supper then they came, after which they had a comedie acted by some of Sir Rhys his own servants, with which these majesticall sights and triumphs were concluded. This meeting was for some years after called by the name of St. George his pilgrimage to St. David’s, where one thing is noteworthie, that for the space of five days, among a thousand people (for soe manie at least were thought to have been assembled together at that time), there was not one quarrell, cross word, or unkind looke that happened between them.”

On the accession of Henry VIII., Sir Rhys ap Thomas appears to have been continued in all his offices, and received also the further appointment of king’s justiciary of South Wales. But war having again sprung up, the aged knight was called from his civil employments to attend his royal master on an expedition into France. At the sieges of Therouenne and Tournay he commanded the light horse and acquitted himself with so much honour that on his return to England he was invested with the offices of seneschal and chancellor of the manors of Haverfordwest and Ross in Pembrokeshire, with reversion to his son, Sir Griffydd ap Rhys. His son also, who was present on this expedition, and had been created

a Knight of the Bath on the marriage of Arthur, Prince of Wales, was appointed to an honourable office in South Wales.

But the knight had now seen more than the number of years allotted as the span of human life, and he was seen at Court and in the battle-field no more. He spent the closing years of his busy and adventurous life in dignified retirement at Carew Castle. He continued to the last to indulge his fondness for military exercises, and would divert himself occasionally with reviews and sham fights, in which he was frequently joined by some of his valorous companions in arms. He died in 1527, at the age of seventy-six, and was buried in the priory at Carmarthen.

The property of Abermarlais and the other family estates passed to his grandson, Rhys ap Griffydd. This gentleman, however, was attainted of high treason in the reign of Henry VIII. The estates naturally escheated to the Crown, but were granted afterwards to Sir Thomas Johnes, one of whose descendants conveyed them by marriage to Sir Francis Cornwallis of Suffolk. His son, Francis Cornwallis, dying without male issue, the property devolved upon his daughters, among whose descendants it was divided in 1793. Abermarlais house and demesne fell to Viscount Hawarden, who sold it to Admiral Foley, in the possession of whose descendants it now remains.

Merlin, and Merlin's Grove.

“Merlin had in magic more insight
Than ever him before or after living wight.”

FAERY QUEENE.

So inextricably is the name and fame of Merlin inwoven in the more famous Welsh traditions, that in a work like the present, which professes to deal with traditionary as well as historical lore, a sketch of what, in the legends of this part of the country is believed to have been his character and career, may not inappropriately be inserted.

There is still, at the distance of about three miles from Carmarthen, a pleasant family residence named Merlin's Grove. The name, however, properly belongs to a thick wood of no great extent which rises abruptly from the turnpike road, a short distance beyond the house which still bears this name. Within the mysterious and once dreaded depths of this wood or grove, the

mighty magician is said to have dwelt—when he was at home. At the upper extremity of the grove, in the corner of a field belonging to Merlin's Grove farm, a spot is shown as the supposed place of his interment, and a natural aperture in a rock, towards the middle of the wood, is stated to have been the scene of his incantations. In the following fine verses Spenser describes this grove and embodies the principal traditions in connexion with it:—

“ There the wise Merlin whilome wont, they say,
To make his wone, low underneath the ground,
In a deep delve, far from the view of day,
That of no living wight he mote be found
Whenso he counseld with his sprites encompassed round.

“ And if thou ever happen that same way
To travel, go to see that dreadful place ;
It is a hideous hollow cave (they say)
Under a rock that lies a little space
From the swift Barry, tumbling down apace
Amongst the woody hills of Dynevore.
But dare thou not, I charge, in any case,
To enter into that same baleful bower,
For fear the cruel fiendes should thee unwares devour.

“ But standing high aloft lay low thine ear,
And there such ghastly noise of iron chains
And brazen cauldrons thou shalt rumbling hear,
Which thousand sprites, with long enduring pains,
Do toss, that it will stoun thy feeble brains ;
And often times great groans and grievous stownds,
When too huge toil and labour them constrains ;
And often times loud strokes, and ringing sounds
From under that deep rock most horribly rebounds.

“ The cause some say is this : a little while
Before that Merlin died, he did intend
A brazen wall in compass to compile
About Caermarthen, and did it commend
Unto these sprites to bring to perfect end ;
During which work the Lady of the Lake
Whom long he loved, for him In haste did send,
Who (Merlin) thereby forced his workmen to forsake,
Them bound till his return their labour not to slake.”

And so Merlin never having to this day returned, the miserable fiends,

“ So greatly his commandement they fear,”

continue to labour upon the brazen walls, to hammer and cast and forge,

“ Until the brazen wall they do up rear.”

Each fiend is a Sisyphus and plies an endless task.

To the story of the Lady of the Lake and how she beguiled and defeated the magician and prophet, we shall return in the proper place.

According to the traditions and songs of generations long passed away, Merlin, or (in the ancient British language), Merddin, was born at Caermarthen. In John Selden's *Notes upon Drayton's Polyolbion*, it is stated that Merddin did not give name to the place, but derived his name from it. Caermarthen is called Maridunum in Ptolemy. He flourished about the middle of the fifth century, and is ranked with Merddin Wylit (or Martin the Wild, a Caledonian seer), and Taliesin as one of the three principal Christian bards of Britain. His poetical celebrity probably gained for him the reputation of prophetic inspiration—the Roman *vates* was at once seer and poet;—while his fame as a magician may reasonably be attributed to his attainments in mathematical knowledge, and the superiority of his learning.

But legend-loving people do not content themselves with one or two bare facts and a few likely conjectures respecting their heroes, and if we wish to know the traditions handed down in connexion with Merlin's name, it will be necessary to trace the career of the Enchanter as it is given in our early Romances. From the spirited and comprehensive abstract of the Metrical Romance of Merlin given by Mr. George Ellis in his work entitled *Specimens of Early English Metrical Romances*, the following outline of the principal incidents of Merlin's life is obtained.

Vortigern having usurped the British throne and being harassed by some of the disaffected chieftains, from whose influence and power he had reason to apprehend danger, resolved to erect for his security a fortress of great and impregnable strength. He chose for this purpose an eligible situation on Salisbury Plain, where he assembled fifteen thousand masons and carpenters, who were to expedite the work as much as possible. The site was marked out, deep trenches were dug for the foundation, and the walls, which were of prodigious thickness, raised considerably above the ground on the first day. When on the following morning the workmen returned to their labour, they found, to their astonishment, that the walls were so entirely demolished, that their situation could be traced only by the scattered fragments and by the unused materials. The second day was devoted with great assiduity to repair the damage of the preceding night. The morning, however, renewed their disappointment and vexation, by exhibiting the second destruc-

tion of their work. The undertaking being in a similar manner repeatedly interrupted, Vortigern was induced to submit the affair to the consideration of his astrologers, who, after due deliberation, reported that the work would never stand until it should be sprinkled with the blood of a boy then living who had been born without the intervention of a human father. Upon this information, Vortigern instantly despatched messengers in all directions to search for this extraordinary and important personage.

At the time of these transactions there lived in England a rich man, who was happy in the possession of an affectionate wife, a dutiful son, and three chaste and amiable daughters. A certain demon, who was ever on the alert to molest mankind, viewed his felicity, it seems, with a malignant eye, and determined to exert himself to destroy it. Within a very short interval he compassed the death of the father, mother, and son. These calamitous events, following each other so rapidly, excited the attention of a holy hermit in the neighbourhood, of the name of Blaise, who shrewdly suspecting that their cause was diabolical, determined to take the three orphan and defenceless sisters under his sacred charge. The devil did not, however, feel disconcerted by this circumstance. The story informs us that at this time there existed a law which ordained that every unmarried woman who became the mother of a child should be buried alive or be obliged to submit to the degraded life of a fallen one; and of this law the demon resolved to avail himself for the accomplishment of his design. He soon found means, by the assistance of her nurse, to ruin the eldest sister, who in consequence was buried alive. The second sister likewise fell, but fearing death, accepted the alternative of a life of degradation and disgrace. The hermit finding himself foiled in these two instances, became seriously alarmed for the safety of his remaining charge. He carefully instructed her as to her deportment, directing her to close her door and windows, to say her prayers and cross herself every night before she went to sleep. Unfortunately, however, his fair ward suffered herself, one inauspicious day, to be enticed to a public alehouse. On her return, a little overcome by the liquor of which she had too freely partaken, she was assaulted by her abandoned sister and some other females of kindred character, and thrown into such agitation that when she reached her apartment she sank to sleep without observing one of the precautions of her anxious protector. Her arch enemy, whose vigilance

was unremitting, quickly availed himself of her neglect and accomplished his purpose.

In the morning the damsel repaired to the hermit and revealed to him the whole extent of her misfortune and danger. The pious man, deeming it vain to waste his time in lamentations over her frailty, began now to consider how he might save her from the fatal consequences of her indiscretion. When her condition was publicly noticed and the officer was about to pass the fatal sentence, from which all her protestations could not shield her, Blaise interfered, and by intimating that some mystery might be concealed in the affair which time might bring to light, obtained a respite of two years. It was ordered that during this interval the fair culprit should be confined in a high tower, with no other companion besides a midwife, and that she should be furnished with provisions by means of a long rope and a basket.

In due time the girl became the mother of a son, who had fine features and well-formed limbs, but whose diabolical parentage on the father's side was attested by the fact that he was completely covered with black hair. The pious Blaise having been informed of the birth as soon as it took place, ordered the child at once to be lowered to the foot of the tower in the basket. This being accordingly done, the hermit instantly hurried with it to the sacred font, baptized it by the name of Merlin, and thus secured it for ever from the future evil influence of its fiendish parent. The child was then restored to his mother.

The strange appearance of the hair-covered child greatly shocked the nurse in attendance. Indeed so indignant did this garrulous woman become that, having carried him to the fire and surveyed his rough skin with horror and astonishment, she was constrained to give vent to her feelings by roundly abusing the infant for coming into the world of so singular a pattern. But Merlin was grieved to the day of his birth, and when he heard the foolish woman revile him as "a foul thing," whom she wished far in the sea, he suddenly raised wide eyes to her, looked upon her with intense dislike, and shaking his head at her, delivered to her such an oration as she had never heard before. The nurse had said that, for the sake of this monstrous offspring, its mother must be buried alive. "Thou liest," exclaimed the infant, with indignation. "My mother shall suffer death at no man's hand. I shall save her life and protect her from all her enemies. Of the truth of what I say you will yourself be a witness in due time."

Both the mother and the nurse were very near dying of fright

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when they heard these encouraging assurances. The consternation they experienced in hearing a child speak the first day of his life so overwhelmed them that for the time they forgot the awful doom which still hung over his mother. They conjured him to give further explanations, to tell what he was, and by what power he could already speak ; but Merlin, who was not naturally loquacious, only smiled at their questions, and abstained from gratifying their curiosity. In this silence he obstinately persevered for six months, when the lamentations of his mother extorted from him a second promise of his protection, by which she was so far satisfied as to await with some degree of confidence the final decision of the justice. When the two years for which Blaise had stipulated had expired, the lady was summoned to appear in court with her infant son. The infant, to the great surprise of all, undertook his mother's defence, alleging that the fact of her having been overcome was merely the result of chance, which neither man nor woman could prevent. He proceeded to tell that he was the son of a devil of great power, though fortunately rescued by an expeditious baptism from the vicious disposition of his paternal relation ; that he could prove his preternatural descent by revealing all things past, present, and to come, and that the justice himself was every way his inferior, as he did not even know the name of his own father. This was a question, of course, which could not well be gone into under the circumstances, and after a number of explanations—those made by Merlin astonishing and confounding his hearers—the case was brought to an end. Merlin's mother was set at liberty. Five years after this by the advice of Merlin, she assumed the veil in a convent of black nuns, and spent the remainder of her life in acts of devotion.

Merlin, who was now seven years of age, had arrived at that period of his fortunes which was to raise him from humble life to be the companion of knights and kings. It will be remembered that Vortigern, the Saxon king, had sent messengers all over the country in search of a boy that had been born without a human father. Three of these, after a long and fruitless journey, happened to meet in the same town ; and this town was the place of Merlin's abode. The elf-child happened to be playing at that moment with some children in the street, and one of his companions, picking a quarrel with him, reproached him with the circumstance that "no one knew who his father was, if he was not a devil." At these words the three messengers drew their swords, conceiving that they had found the appointed victim ; but Merlin, after rebuking his

companions for their indiscretion, ran with a smiling countenance to the messengers, welcomed them to the town, and to their inexpressible astonishment, related to them the whole circumstances of their mission; assuring them at the same time that Vortigern's wise men were great fools, and that all the blood in his veins would not in any way contribute to the solidity of the projected castle.

The messengers in reply disclaimed any intention of taking Merlin's life, provided he could prevent the loss of theirs by furnishing them with solid reasons for disobeying their orders. With the view of doing so Merlin conducted the men to his mother, from whom they learned his miraculous birth, and no less miraculous wisdom. It was ultimately agreed that they should all return to Court on the following day, the messengers on their own horses, accompanied by Merlin on a little palfrey.

The journey lasted three days, and each of these added to the admiration of the messengers for their young companion. They passed the first night in a market-town, the streets of which were crowded with merchants, and here Merlin, after a long silence, burst into a sudden and violent fit of laughter. On being questioned as to the cause of his mirth, he pointed out to the messengers a young man who was bargaining for a pair of shoes with uncommon earnestness. He drew attention to the carefulness with which he conducted his bargain, to his providence in also buying leather to clout the shoes "and grease to smeaere them all about." "He means to live to wear them!" said Merlin; "he will be a dead man before he gets home." And before our company left the town the prophecy was fulfilled.

Next day the mirth of the young seer was still more violently excited by a funeral procession, preceded by a number of clerks, and headed by a priest who chanted most loudly and melodiously, while an aged mourner, with his eyes fixed on the bier, on which was laid the body of a boy ten years old, exhibited every token of despair and anguish. Merlin being called upon to explain, informed his companions that the mourner and chanter should exchange places, since the boy whose loss was so feelingly deplored by the reputed father was really the son of the lively ecclesiastic, now chanting in such good voice. The accuracy of Merlin's statement was verified on the spot, but the faithless wife's guilt concealed.

On the third day, about noon, Merlin again laughed aloud, though

nothing ridiculous was observable by his companions and no visible object had attracted the prophet's attention. In explanation the boy stated that at that moment a woman, who for some reason or other had assumed the character of a man, wore male attire, and performed the office of chamberlain at King Vortigern's court, had been condemned to be hanged and quartered, on the suspicion of having made love to the Queen. To prevent the execution of the unjust sentence Merlin requested that one of his fellow-travellers should ride forward, explain to the King that the supposed chamberlain was a woman, and so save a fellow-creature's life. The seer's request was complied with. The messenger arrived at Vortigern's court before the hour appointed for the execution of the sentence, and, on the necessary inquiries being made, the supposed chamberlain was discovered to be a woman and acquitted of the charge brought against her.

"From whom have you learned so extraordinary a secret?" asked Vortigern. "From Merlin, who understands all things, and who knows well why the buildings you raise by day on Salisbury Plain are found demolished in the morning," replied the messenger.

Vortigern, full of curiosity to see his new guest, ordered out his whole court, and, springing upon his horse, rode forward to meet Merlin, whom he conducted in state to the palace and entertained with great magnificence. On the following day the King conducted the child to the site of his projected castle, and inquired why, the ground, being apparently like common earth, and the materials of his edifice sufficiently solid, they were unable to stand upright in the dark and were constantly tumbled down before morning. Merlin replied that the accident was in appearance very perverse, but that the cause was extraordinary; that immediately below the soil were two deep pools of water, below the water two large stones, and below the stones two enormous serpents, the one white as milk, the other red as fire; that they slept during the day, but regularly quarrelled every night, and, by their efforts to destroy each other, occasioned an earthquake which was fatal to his intended edifice.

Merlin invited the King to put what he had said to the proof, and accordingly Vortigern set his fifteen thousand workmen to the task. Water was soon discovered and drawn off by wells; two stones were found beneath the water as predicted by Merlin, and these being removed two tremendous serpents lay exposed to view.

The description of these monsters as given in the old romances may here be dispensed with.

Merlin had informed Vortigern and all the spectators that the conflict of these creatures would be very terrible ; but curiosity for a time suspended apprehension, till the serpents, slowly rising from their den, began the combat. The astonished and terrified multitude now fled on all sides. Merlin alone remained, clapping his hands and shouting to encourage the combatants. In the end the red serpent was vanquished and destroyed, and the white immediately after disappeared.

The young seer afterwards became the chief adviser of Vortigern ; and under his directions the royal castle was completed successfully.

At length it was suggested to Vortigern that the battle of the serpents, though certainly a sublime and magnificent spectacle, was not likely to have been solely intended for his amusement, but was probably the symbol of some mystery which the wisdom of Merlin would, doubtless, enable him to reveal. The youth was therefore sent for and questioned by the King, but continued to maintain sullen silence till the impatient monarch insisted on receiving an answer, and threatened him with instant death as the punishment of his contumacy. The prophet answered the threat with a smile of haughty contempt.

“ I am not to die by thy hand, nor by the sword, by whomsoever wielded !” exclaimed Merlin, who could foresee his own fate as well as most other future events.

He was still urged to give an explanation of the combat of the serpents, but he insisted, before he should answer, that the King should find hostages for his personal security, nor would he open his lips till two barons of the first distinction and opulence pledged themselves by oath on the sacred writings to preserve him from all danger. The conditions being granted he informed Vortigern that the red vanquished serpent represented himself, who had ascended the throne by the murder of his predecessor ; and that the white serpent, which had two heads, represented the two rightful heirs, Ambrosius and Uther, who, confident in their own prowess and in the assistance of Brittany, were preparing to attempt by force the recovery of their dominions.

“ Your kingdom shall be torn from you,” concluded Merlin, “ and you, your wife, and your children shall perish amid flames kindled by your enemies.”

"Tell me, then, quickly, and without debate, how best I may save my life?" exclaimed Vortigern.

"As I have foretold so will these things happen: events must needs be so, and therefore I can give you no advice."

"But thou must tell me, or—" and he sprang up and rushed forward as if to grapple the young prophet by the throat. But he only clutched intangible air. The spot occupied by Merlin a moment ago was now tenantless, the seer had vanished.

Search was made for him by Vortigern and his courtiers, but while the palace was being ransacked for him Merlin was quietly sitting in the cell of the hermit Blaise, and narrating to him the various adventures that had recently befallen him. In this holy retreat he found secure shelter from the powerful Vortigern, and here he wrote his book of prophecies, comprising all the past and future history of his country.

Shortly after he had fled from Vortigern's court and taken refuge with Blaise, Merlin's prophecy concerning the Saxon usurper was fulfilled. Vortigern was attacked by Ambrosius and Uther, and, his troops having deserted him, he retired to his new castle on Salisbury Plain. This palace the besiegers fired, and the King and his household and following were consumed in the flames.

Uther, generally called Uther Pendragon, now besieged Hengist, Vortigern's ally, in a castle which, from its strength and the security of its position, was impregnable. In his difficulty the prince was advised to consult Merlin, and achieve by spell or enchantment what was not to be attained by strength or skill. He acted upon the advice, and Hengist was forthwith taken and slain.

A short time after this the Saxons, or the "Saracens," as the old romancers please to name them, volunteered to retire from the country, never more to return to infest the peace of Britain, and by Merlin's advice this offer was acceded to, and the enemy and invader of the British retired unmolested.

The dawn of a new era was now at hand for Britain. Uther was chosen king, was crowned at Winchester, and reigned seven years, during which time he acted in strict accordance with the counsels of Merlin and followed his advice in all things. It is needless to say that he therefore flourished and prospered in all his undertakings. He instituted the Round Table, intended to assemble the best knights in the world, under Merlin's special guidance. High birth, great strength, activity, and skill, fearless valour, and firm fidelity to their suzerain were indispensably

requisite for admission into this order. The "goodlie fellowship" were bound to assist each other at the hazard of their own lives; to attempt singly the most perilous adventures; to lead, when necessary, a life of monastic solitude; to fly to arms at the first summons; and never to retire from battle till they had defeated the enemy, unless when night intervened and separated the combatants.

King Uther married Igera, widow of the Duke of Cornwall, to whom he had been introduced by Merlin—the latter exacting, as a reward for his service, that the first son born to the British King should be confided to his care, that he might direct the nurture and education of the boy. At length a child was born and given into the charge of the prophet, who carried the infant prince to church, had him christened by the name of Arthur, and placed him secretly under nurture in the palace of Antour, a nobleman high in Uther's esteem.

Prince Arthur, who was kept in perfect ignorance of his birth and heirship to the throne, grew and prospered apace. Of all the people in the land Merlin alone knew his high rank, and on the death of Uther it was through the prophet's instrumentality that the prince succeeded to his father's throne.

From this point onwards the career of Merlin and the legends in which his actions are commemorated need not be fully reproduced here. The prophet ever remained a faithful friend, a wise counsellor, and a powerful ally to the great King Arthur, as he had been to his father Uther. For the king he performed two conspicuously valuable and gracious services. He provided him with his famous magical sword, Excalibur, the most wonderful weapon in the world; and he introduced him to the beautiful Guinevere, who afterwards became his wife.

The following is a summary of the finding of the sword, paraphrased from *La Mort d'Arthure*, by Sir Thomas Malory:—

Having had his sword broken in two pieces in one of those terrific encounters which formed the morning and evening pastime of the Knights of the Round Table, King Arthur was riding in company with Merlin in search of some new adventure. As he rode on the King bethought him that were he to meet a stout knight and be invited to fight it would be awkward to be without a weapon. "I have no sword," said he to Merlin. "No matter," answered the prophet; "close by here is a sword that will be yours, if all my skill have not left me." So they rode on till they came

to a lake which was a fair water and a broad, and in the midst of the lake King Arthur was aware of an arm clothed in white samite, or white silk embroidered with gold thread, and holding a fair sword in the hand. "Lo!" said Merlin to the King, "yonder is the sword that I spake of." With that they saw a damosell going upon the lake. "That is the lady of the lake," answered Merlin; "and within that lake is a rock, and within the rock a fair dwelling as any on the earth and as richly to be seen. The damosell will come to you anon. Speak fair to her and she will give you the sword."

Therewith the damosell came to King Arthur and saluted him. "Damosell," said the king, saluting the maiden, "what sword is that which the arm holdeth yonder above the water?" "Sir King, that sword is mine, and if you will give me a gift when I ask it you shall have it." "I will give you any gift that you may ask or desire." "Well," said the damosell, "go you into yonder barge and row yourself unto the sword and take it and the scabbard with you, and I will ask my gift when I see my time." So the King rowed to the hand that held the sword, took it up by the handles, and brought it with him to shore. And the arm and hand went under water. Then King Arthur looked upon the sword and liked it passing well. "Whether like you, the sword or the scabbard, better?" asked Merlin. "The sword I like better," said the King. "Ye are the more unwise," said Merlin, "for the scabbard is worth ten of the sword; for while you have the scabbard upon you you shall lose no blood, be ye never so sore wounded; therefore keepe well the scabbard alway by you."

Of the famous deeds achieved by means of this terrible and beautiful weapon, until that dark day of battle when the fellowship of the Round Table was broken up for ever, and the court of the blameless King had been dishonoured, and when with his dying breath the King commanded his Excalibur to be thrown again into the lake, and an arm clothed in white samite reached upward from the lake and, grasping the weapon, brandished it three times and drew it down beneath the mystic waters, there is not here space to speak.

With the damosells of the lake Merlin had an acquaintance slightly too extended. This excellent adviser and counsellor failed altogether to persuade himself of his own folly. He had prophesied his own death, and was in some sort prepared to expect the event, yet he fell into the trap which a wily woman had set for him, and

fulfilled his fate apparently as unthinkingly as if he had been the simplest of men. Malory says that "Merlin was asotted and doted on one of the ladies of the lake. By no means would he allow this lady to have rest, but always he would be with her in every place. And ever she made Merlin good cheer, till she had learned from him all manner of things that she desired to know." She smiled upon the seer so long as he condescended to teach her and open up to her the mysteries of his magical lore. But so infatuated was the enchanter with this lady that he could not keep away from her. Yet he seems to have foreseen how his weakness in imparting the secrets of the wondrous arts and spells to another would result. For once on a time he told the King that he knew he had not long to live, and that he should be buried alive. These later conversations between the wise prophet and the blameless King were sad indeed. Merlin, knowing his time was short, told King Arthur many things that were to happen, and gave him many counsels, warnings, and cautions. One thing he impressed on the King—to keep well his sword Excalibur and the scabbard, for he told him how the sword and scabbard should be stolen by a woman from him that he most trusted. He told Arthur, too, that he would miss the prophet—he would regret the loss of the wise Merlin. "Yet had ye rather than all your lands to have me again," said he. "Ah," said the King, "since you are wise enough to foresee your own fate, why not provide for it and escape misfortune by your arts?" "Nay," said Merlin, "it will not be;" and with these words he went forth from the presence of the King—for the last time. Soon after the damosell of the lake left the court, and Merlin went evermore with her wheresoever she went. She was wholly in his power; he had but to cast over her a spell and she was at his mercy.

But before he had taught her his secrets she promised to give him her love at some future time, if he would solemnly give her his promise that at no time would he ever work any enchantment upon her, and he swore he would observe her wish. So she and Merlin went over the sea to Benwicke, but soon after they again departed; and by the way as they went Merlin showed her many wonders. And ever he begged of her her love; but she only smiled and looked at him with gleaming eyes, and asked more and more of his secrets. And Merlin, thinking he might win favour by it, told her of awful words, of spells and enchantments that he had never breathed in mortal ear. But the lady of the lake had no heart to give the

prophet. "She was afraid of him because he was a devel's souné, and she could not put him away by no means."

And so upon a time Merlin showed to her a marvellous place where was a great wonder wrought by enchantment—a place in a rock that went under a stone. So by her subtle craft and working she made Merlin to go under that stone to describe to her the wonders of the place; but she so worked upon him there, binding him within the place by his own spells, that he never came out, for all the craft he was possessed of. She departed, and left her lover confined for ever within the rock.

The manner of Merlin's death is variously related. In the French romance it is a bush of hawthorn in which he was enclosed by the fairy Viviana (the lady of the lake), to whom he had communicated the charm. She tried it upon her lover to ascertain if what he told her were true, and was grieved that he could not be extracted from his thorny coverture.

But by far the most splendid version of this fine old story of Merlin's trust and his betrayal is that by Tennyson in his "Idylls of the King." The special poem alluded to is entitled "Vivien;" from which we are inclined to think that in some features of his poem he has drawn upon the resources supplied by the French romancers. The poet has told his tale after his own fashion, rejecting all early accounts of the doom of Merlin in so far as their minor details are concerned, and drawing the primary ideas of his story chiefly from Malory. From the account which we have given of the last episode in Merlin's career Mr. Tennyson ascertained two facts—first, that Merlin was great and wise, but also generous in disposition and somewhat susceptible of delicate feminine endearments and insinuating caresses; and secondly, that the lady of the lake "made Merlin good cheer" not for true love of him, but in order that she might wheedle him out of his secrets, and thus have the greatest man of his time wholly within her power. Keeping constantly in view this relation between liberal and impressionable generosity on the one hand, and treachery veiled in beauty and personating devotion on the other, Mr. Tennyson has constructed out of an old and scarcely suggestive fragment of a romance a beautiful human story, true for all time. It may only be added that the name (Viviana) given in the French version of the romance to the lady of the lake, lives in the modern poet's verses as Vivien. The following is a brief outline of this most charming, perfectly finished poem, which must ever have an interest to the readers of old romance, as

affording an admirable instance of the power of true genius to transmute, as with the touch of a magician's wand, what is commonplace, or even vulgar, in ancient chronicles, into what is essentially pure, noble, and beautiful, and that without losing any of the subtle aroma of old romance.

At the famous court of the great King Arthur the name of the Lady Vivien, whose smile either fascinated or scorched all upon whom she looked, was not always mentioned with that loyal respect and devotion with which the noble knights of the Round Table were accustomed to speak of all true ladies. For once when Arthur, walking alone and sadly musing on a rumour that he had heard which seemed to glance at the reputation of Guinevere, his queen, having met Vivien, greeted her courteously. The lady turned to him and spoke

“ With reverent eyes, mock-loyal, shaken voice,
And fluttered adoration, and at last,
With dark sweet hints of those who prized him more
Than who should prize him most ; at which the King
Had gazed upon her blankly and gone by.”

But this attempt of the wily lady upon the affections of the great and blameless Arthur had been observed, and the story of its failure repeated among the lords of the court, among whom it served as a matter for an afternoon of wit and merriment. Her arts and wiles having proved utterly futile upon the King, Vivien next tried

“ Him the most famous man of all those times,
Merlin, who knew the range of all their arts,
Had built the King his havens, ships, and halls,
Was also bard, and knew the starry heavens.”

This royal genius, a victory over whom would eclipse all remembrance of her failure with the King, the Lady Vivien now proceeded to try and entangle within the net of her infinite fascinations. She played around him with sprightly, witty talk, threw chamber smiles to him, and constrained him, when the kindly mood was on him, to laugh at her playful winning ways and encourage her with an occasional word of good nature and flattering mockery. Perceiving that Merlin was amused with her, and did not at least more than “half disdain” her, the maiden—

“ Began to break her sports with graver fits,
Turn red or pale, would often when they met
Sigh fully, or all silent gaze upon him
With such a fixt devotion, that the old man,

Tho' doubtful, felt the flattery, and at times
 Would flatter his own wish in age for love,
 And half believe her true."

The seasons flew by ; Merlin, sometimes looking sternly upon the witching Vivien, and then smiling upon her, taking her hand, and looking into her eyes that shone with steady gleam, as if all the world of candour had sunk into them, would think her surely good At length a great melancholy seized upon the bard, and, to lighten himself of the gloomy burden that had fallen down upon him, he strode to the beach and, finding a little boat, stepped into it. Vivien had willingly followed, leaving behind her the circle of light-laughing lords. She stepped into Merlin's boat, but the seer marked her not. She took the helm and he the sail, and the boat was driven with a sudden wind across to Brittany. They disembarked. Merlin led on in silence, and in silence the lady followed him to the woods of Broceliande.

" Merlin once had told her of a charm,
 The which if any wrought on any one
 With woven paces and with waving arms,
 The man so wrought on ever seemed to lie
 Closed in the four walls of a hollow tower,
 From which was no escape for evermore.
 Nor could he see but him who wrought the charm
 Coming and going, and he lay as dead
 And lost to life and use and name and fame,
 And Vivien ever sought to work the charm
 Upon the great Enchanter of the Time,
 As fancying that her glory would be great
 According to his greatness whom she quenched."

The wanderers had reached into the wild woods of Broceliande, and then, with a wild thunderstorm threatening, though the winds were down,

" Before an oak, so hollow, huge, and old,
 It looked a tower of ruined mason-work,
 At Merlin's feet the wily Vivien lay."

There she lay in all her glorious beauty in the silent wood, caressing his feet as in the deepest reverence and love. Royal was the beauty of her face, her neck, her arms ; and princely was her attire. Around her hair was a twist of gold, and she wore a priceless robe of white samite, that, clinging about her form, betrayed rather than concealed the proportions of her perfect limbs. And as she lay at his feet she prattled playfully to win the attention of her companion. But he had taken no notice of her, and had never addressed a word to her from the moment their voyage together

had begun on the previous day, and even now the cloud of melancholy was still heavy on his brow. Vivien, while she kissed his feet and tried to win a word from the master, murmured—

“ ‘ Trample me,
Dear feet, that I have followed thro' the world,
And I will pay you worship ; tread me down,
And I will kiss you for it ! ' he was mute :
So dark a forethought rolled about his brain,
As on a dull day in an Ocean cave
The blind wave feeling round his long sea-hall
In silence : wherefore when she lifted up
A face of sad appeal, and spake and said,
' O, Merlin, do you love me ? ' and again,
' O, Merlin, do you love me ? ' and once more
' Great Master, do you love me ? ' he was mute.”

But Vivien, supple and pliant, writhed towards him, crept up his knee and sat. She twined her feet together behind his ankle, and, curving her arm about his neck, clung to him like a snake. She talked to him fondly, played with his beard, which she compared to a great old spider's web, in which she, a gilded summer fly, was caught. Many kind and playful fantasies she enacted to win his attention. Then at last the old man, sadly smiling, asked what strange boon she was going to beg of him, the preamble to the request for which was made up of so many tricks and fooleries : “ Yet my thanks,” added he,

“ For these have broken up my melancholy.”

The lady answered him with gentle upbraiding for the gloomy silence he had maintained during the voyage and the pilgrimage of the previous day, and recounted *how* at the wells, having no flagon, she made a cup of her hollowed hands and gave him to drink, *how*, though fainting with fatigue after the long journey of yesterday, she had bathed his feet before her own, and *how* all this morning she had fondled him without having received a word of thanks, kindness, or even of recognition in return.

Merlin took her hand and pressed it within his own. He asks her if she has ever lain upon the shore “and watched the curl'd white of the coming wave glassed in the slippery sand before it breaks ?” Such a wave, Merlin explains—a wave dark, threatening and fateful, and ready to fall—he had seen for three days before he left Arthur's court. He then rose and fled the court, thinking that this vision of the ghost-wave would thus be conjured away. Then he concludes :—

" You seemed that wave about to break upon me
 And sweep me from my hold upon the world,
 My use and name and fame. Your pardon, child;
 Your pretty sports have brightened all again,
 And ask your boon, for boon I owe you thrice."

Then, with many insidious arguments, subtle flatteries, protestations, and caresses, the wily Vivien asks him once again—for she had often asked the same boon—to be put in command of that charm of "woven paces and of waving hands," which would place the life, the use, the name and fame of Merlin in her hands. As to the use she will make of the power the possession of the charm will give her she thus protests :—

" That I should prove it on you unawares
 To make you lose your use and name and fame,
 That makes me most indignant : then our bond
 Had best be loosed for ever ; but think or not,
 By Heaven that hears, I tell you the clean truth,
 As clean as blood of babes, as white as milk ;
 O Merlin I may this earth—if ever I,
 If these unwitty wandering wits of mine,
 Ev'n in the jumbled rubbish of a dream,
 Have tript on such conjectural treachery—
 May this hard earth cleave to the Nadir hell,
 Down, down, and close again, and nip me flat,
 If I be such a traitress. Yield my boon,
 Till which I scarce can yield you all I am."

The magician withdrew his hand from hers. " I never was less wise, Vivien, than when I first told you of this charm. Yes, though you may talk of my want of trust I tell you this, I trusted you too much when first I spoke of this charm. Why do you seek no other but this boon only? Yes, yes ; I indeed trusted you too much." Vivien, " like the tenderest-hearted maid that ever bided tryst at village stile," made answer in tears, beseeches to be forgiven for her boldness, protests she has not the heart to ask any other boon, and, finally singing the beautiful song, " Trust me not at all or all in all," returns to the point she protested a minute before she had just given up, and implores to be entrusted with the boon of the charm.

" And Merlin looked and half believed her true,
 So tender was her voice, so fair her face,
 So sweetly gleamed her eyes behind her tears,
 Like sunlight on the plain behind a shower."

Then Merlin makes answer that as she was singing the sweet rhyme he fancied she already possessed the charm and was even then practising it upon him, for that he felt his name and fame

slowly ebbing from him into the tones of her voice. Much argument follows, in which Merlin expresses his fear that, did Vivien know the charm, in some wild turn of anger, or in a mood of overstrained affection, or with the view of keeping him ever to herself, or in some fit of jealousy, the first person upon whom she would practise it would be himself. Vivien replies, with embracings and kissings infinitely kind, that her great love for him is his security against such a result. Then Merlin, his fit of melancholy returning upon him, falls into an absent soliloquy in which he inveighs against the inconstancy and infidelity of woman. In the course of his muttering Vivien hears the word "wanton," and fancying it is applied directly to herself, springs from his lap, where she had been seated, and stands before him "sharp as a viper frozen"—an enraged pythoness. Then, in an agony of passion and tears, and with a wailing shriek, she mourns the cruelty of her fate and her unrequited love. Meantime the summer storm that had long lowered grew darker over the wood. Merlin, again lapsing into half-belief in her truth, called her to come and shelter within the hollow oak at the foot of which they had been sitting. After much persuasion she consents. She sat "half-falling from his knees, half-nestled at his heart," and he, more in kindness than in love, cast a shielding arm around her. But the simple caress was resented. Vivien rose at once,

" Her arms upon her breast across, and stood,
A virtuous gentlewoman deeply wronged,
Upright and flush'd before him, and she said,

• • • • •

I will go.

In truth but one thing now—better have died
Thrice than have asked it once—could make me stay—
That proof of trust so often asked in vain !

• • • • •

But ere I leave you let me swear once more
That if I schemed against your peace in this,
May you just heaven that darkens o'er me send
One flash, that, missing all things else, may make
My scheming brain a cinder if I lie."

No sooner had she uttered the awful invocation than a bolt out of heaven struck and dashed into a mist of splinters a giant oak that rose almost at her side. Vivien, fearing heaven had heard her oath, dazzled by the blaze of lightning, and stunned by the resonant thunders of the sky, rushed to Merlin, clung to him, and besought him to save her life if he could not give her his love. Merlin

melted at her distress, her close embraces, and her endearing names.

“ The pale blood of the wizard at her touch
Took gayer colours, like the opal warmed.”

Vivien beheld the transformation, and intensified and completed it. She called him

“ Her seer, her lord, her silver star of eve,
Her god, her Merlin, the one passionate love
Of her whole life.”

Overhead, as the awful accompaniment to the commission of a deed of utmost treachery, the tempest bellowed and the swift rain fell with the rush of the river, snapping the rotten branches in its descent. And Vivien ?

“ In the change of glare and gloom
Her eyes and neck glittering went and came,
Till now the storm, its burst of passion spent,
Had left the ravaged woodland yet once more
To peace ; and what should not have been had been,
For Merlin, overtalked and overworn,
Told her all the charm, and slept.

“ Then in one moment she put forth the charm
Of woven paces and of waving hands,
And in the hollow oak he lay as dead,
And lost to life and use and name and fame.

“ Then crying ‘ I have made his glory mine !’
And shrieking out ‘ O fool !’ the harlot leapt
Adown the forest, and the thicket closed
Behind her, and the forest echoed ‘ Fool !’ ”

The Lordship and Lords of Brecknock.

The modern name of Brecknock, sometimes written Brecon, is believed to have been derived from Brychan, a prince or regulus who held this territory under his dominion about the beginning of the fifth century. The first recognised prince or regulus, however, of these dominions is Gwraldig, who is said to have reigned about the year A.D. 230. His daughter and sole heiress married a young adventurer named Teithall, who, in right of his wife, succeeded his father-in-law about 260. With his son and successor Treidheirn, this race of princes appears to have terminated.

A chief named Teidwallt afterwards usurped the government and ruled about 342. He was the ancestor of a line of princes who continued to wield the sovereign authority, such as it was, for several

centuries. His son Tewdrig or Tudor was his successor, and it was probably during the reign of this prince, about A.D. 380, that Maximus, the Roman commander, took the first decisive step towards the evacuation of Britain, by carrying with him into Gaul the Roman legions then stationed in the country, and with them the "flower of the British youth," to support his claims to the imperial purple.

Tudor had a daughter named Marchell or Marcella, who, being his only child, was heiress to the government of the region now known as the county of Brecknock. She married Aulach, son of a king of Ireland, by whom she had a son Brychan, to whom the county is indebted for its present name, and who succeeded to the government of the district and reigned from the beginning to the middle of the fifth century. The family of Brychan was denominated one of the three holy families of Britain, for the reason that he brought up his children and grandchildren in learning, so as to be able to show the faith in Christ to the Cymry when they were without the faith.

Upon his decease Brychan's kingdom or principality was divided between his two sons, Cledwyn and Rhain, but it was again united under the famous Caradoc with the brawny arms, whose name implies his prowess in the rude warfare of the age, and who is celebrated in Welsh story as having been one of King Arthur's knights. His wife was pronounced by the bards to be one of the three chaste women of Britain, and she wore three ornaments which she alone was deemed worthy to possess—her knife, her golden goblet, and her mantle, the last reported to have the singular property that it would fit none but a chaste woman.

Under the reign of Teithwalch, one of Caradoc's descendants, the first invasion of South Wales by the Saxons took place under Ethelbald, King of Mercia, between whom and the Britons a sanguinary battle was fought near Crickhowell in 728, victory remaining with the Welsh.

Under Tegyd, the son of the preceding, the territories of the regulus of Brecknock were considerably narrowed by the loss of the district between the Severn and the Wye, which became dismembered through the incursions of the Saxons under Offa, who, having driven the Britons from this fertile province, erected his famous dyke to secure his conquest and defend his border subjects from the attacks of his enemies.

In the reign of Hwgan, a descendant and successor of Tegyd,

* * *

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Edward, the Saxon monarch, was much engaged in repelling the Danes who had invaded his kingdom, and the Brecknock regulus took this opportunity to attempt to regain the lands of his ancestors which had been wrested from them by their Saxon neighbours. He was completely frustrated in his purpose, defeated in battle, and pursued to Derby, where he gallantly defended himself, but at last fell covered with wounds.

Hwgan was succeeded by his son Dryffin, in whose reign, about the year 944, a survey was made of the territory of Brecknock, in common with the rest of Wales, by order of Hywel Dda, prince of North Wales, and who united under his supreme government the kingdoms both of North and South Wales.

Maenarch, the son of Dryffin, succeeded to the government of his father. By marrying a wealthy heiress he united under his dominion the whole of the territory now included in the county of Brecknock. In the next reign, that of Bleddin, the son of Maenarch, we are brought to the close of the British sovereignty over this district. In consequence of his marriage with the sister of Rhys ap Tudor, the reigning prince of South Wales, the fate of this regulus became involved in that of his unfortunate brother-in-law.

A number of Norman adventurers having been invited to Glamorganshire, and having obtained possession of that county, the example of their success encouraged others of their countrymen to embark in similar enterprises in other quarters. Among the latter was Bernard Newmarch, who, with a large body of followers, entered Brecknockshire. Few particulars are known respecting the events of this invasion, but its consequences proved fatal to the sovereign independence of the lordship.

Having won a decisive battle at Caerbannan, at which both Bleddin of Brecknock and his brother-in-law, Rhys ap Tudor, were slain, Bernard Newmarch found himself master of Brecknockshire. He energetically directed his attention to the conquest he had obtained. His first care was to reward the commanders who had assisted him in his conquest by sharing among them the greater part of the territories he had acquired, reserving to himself the largest allotment with the feudal superiority over the whole. He was also humane enough to grant to the sons of Bleddin, the former prince, several portions of land. He also sought to conciliate the Welsh by a marriage with some native female of distinction, but he was either very careless or very unfortunate in his choice. He married Nest, the granddaughter of Griffith ap Llewelyn, prince of

North Wales, a woman distinguished by her rank, but infamous in her conduct, having already borne a son to Fleance, son of Banquo, from whom are descended the royal house of Stuart.

Soon after his conquest of the country, the Norman lord razed Caerbannan, the ancient capital of Brecknockshire, and with the materials erected the castle of Brecknock, which he constituted his residence. He is said to have died in the first year of the reign of Henry I., and to have been buried in the cloisters of Gloucester Cathedral.

Of the two of his children of whom history takes notice, Mahel, the eldest son, was disinherited by the extraordinary and shameless conduct of his own mother. That infamous woman had been detected by her son in a criminal intrigue with a soldier. Mahel struck the soldier, but by so doing he became the object of his mother's most rancorous and deadly hatred. To revenge what she deemed an insult offered to herself by the chastisement of the companion of her fault she became the herald of her own infamy, and swore in the presence of the King that Mahel was not the son of Bernard, but the fruit of an unlawful connection. By thus proclaiming his illegitimacy she excluded him from his lawful inheritance.

By this iniquitous expedient the lordship of Brecknock fell to Sybil, the youngest daughter of Bernard, and through her marriage with Milo Fitzwalter, Constable of Gloucester, the lordship passed to that nobleman. This Milo bore a high character in the council and in the field, and was distinguished for many private virtues and generous qualities. His deliverance of the Countess of Clare from an imprisonment that was likely to end in a fate worse than death remains a high testimony to his nobility of nature and his valour. The Earl of Clare and lord of Cardiganshire having been slain in an incursion made by the Welsh, his countess threw herself for protection into one of his castles in that county. Here she was closely besieged, and in the most imminent danger of falling a prey to the rage, or a victim to the licentiousness, of the assailants. Her situation having been made known to Milo, he resolved, in the true spirit of chivalric heroism, to attempt her rescue. Undismayed by the perils that threatened him, he proceeded on his march along the most unfrequented ways, gained the castle in safety, and, with a prudence and conduct equal to his valour, succeeded in carrying away the countess and her attendants.

On the arrival of the Empress Matilda in England to prosecute her claims for the crown she found in Milo an able and steady

friend. He adhered to his sovereign through all the vicissitudes of her fortunes—aiding her in the field with his forces, in the council with his advice, and in her distresses with his purse—contributing from his ample revenues to the maintenance of herself and her household. In return for his services he was created Earl of Hereford. Soon after this, on Christmas eve 1143 or 1144, he was accidentally shot by one of his own knights, who had aimed his arrow at a stag which they were hunting.

His eldest son Roger succeeded to the earldom of Hereford, with the lordship of Brecknock. Earl Roger, an active, valiant, and deserving man, inherited many of his father's virtues. He espoused the party which Milo had so ably supported, and became early attached to the young prince Henry. He was one of the nobles who accompanied the latter into Scotland, when he was sent there to be knighted. Their friendship, however, did not continue uninterrupted.

Stephen the usurper, having in the course of his reign, with the view of strengthening himself against the rival claimant to the throne, distributed among his nobles a very large proportion of the crown lands, had to a great extent crippled the royal revenues. As many of these grants had been extorted from him by the rapacity of his adherents, Henry, on his accession, thought it necessary, as well from pecuniary considerations as to confirm his power, to annul them. Impartiality, however, obliged him to include in his revocation the grants which had been made by the Empress, his mother, to the partizans of her cause. A requisition was accordingly sent to Roger to render up the estates of Gloucester and Hereford, as royal fortresses. This demand the young Earl indignantly resented; and being joined by several other discontented lords, he raised a formidable party in defence of what he deemed his hereditary rights. By the advice of the bishop of Hereford, who probably acted by the King's instructions, he at length, however, complied, and afterwards received back, as the reward of his submission, the castle and moat of Hereford. He died without issue in 1156, and was succeeded successively, and at short intervals, by his three brothers, William, Henry, and Mahel. The death of the last, who was remarkable for his inhumanity, and especially for his persecution of the bishop of St. David's, is especially noted by historians. He was being hospitably entertained by Walter Clifford, in the castle of Brendlais, when the house was by accident burned down, and he received a mortal blow by a stone falling from the principal

tower on his head. Upon this he instantly despatched messengers to recall the bishop of St. David's, whom he had banished, and exclaimed, "O my father and high-priest, your saint has taken most cruel vengeance of me, not waiting the conversion of a sinner, but hastening his death and overthrow." Previously to his death, however, he had endeavoured to make atonement for his offences by liberal donations to the Church.

Mahel being the last surviving son of Milo Fitzwalter, the inheritance devolved at his death on the female branches of the family. The lordship of Brecknock, with some other possessions fell to the lot of Bertha, the second daughter, and thus passed to Philip de Breos or de Braiosa, lord of Builth, to whom she was married.

The family of de Breos formed one in the numerous train of adventurers who accompanied the Conqueror to England, and they became possessed of immense wealth by the marriage of Philip de Breos to the daughter of Johel of Totnes and Barnstaple, in Devonshire.

The Philip named left two sons, the eldest of whom, William inherited Brecknock and the other possessions of his father. He married Maud, the daughter of Reginald de St. Waleri, a woman of extraordinary character, whose conduct enters largely into the history of this period, and whose name holds a distinguished place in the popular traditions of the county.

The character of William de Breos remains blackened by the guilt of one of the most atrocious acts that have ever disgraced the most barbarous of times and countries, and only relieved in its bloodthirsty cruelty by a certain sweeping boldness and dash, which argues very considerable native ability on the part of this nobleman to play the part of a wholesale ruffian and butcher.

In 1173 Sitsyllt ap Dwfnwal, together with another chieftain of Gwentland, in the neighbourhood, then in arms against the King of England, obtained possession of the castle of Abergavenny through the treachery of the King's officers to whom it had been intrusted. They soon, however, re-delivered it to the King, and on their submission obtained the King's pardon, and were received into favour. The castle was then restored to William de Breos. This baron, in the true spirit of his ancestors, had cast a longing glance at the fair territory of Gwentland, and indulged the wish of adding it to his other domains; but hitherto all his schemes for this purpose had been defeated by Sitsyllt, who appears to have

been a sturdy Welshman and a determined opponent of the Norman invaders. De Breos, finding all his plans defeated, principally by the opposition of this chieftain, determined to attempt by treachery what he could not accomplish by open measures. Profiting by the circumstance of their recent reconciliation to the King, and under pretence of offering them his congratulations upon that event, he invited the leading men of Gwentland, and in the number Sitsyllt and his son, to an entertainment in his castle. In the midst of his festivities he bluntly proposed to his guests to bind themselves by oath not to bear thenceforth about their persons either bow or sword, or any other weapon. He must have known that these were stipulations to which they would never consent, and he received their instant and peremptory refusal. This he had in all probability anticipated; for the answer was no sooner delivered than he gave the signal to his attendant myrmidons, who instantly rushed into the apartment, and slaughtered the unarmed and unsuspecting chieftains. As soon as they had completed their work of death, and while their swords were yet reeking with the warm blood of their victims, the murderers sallied forth to Sitsyllt's castle, which lay at no great distance. Here, having made good their entrance, they first of all secured his wife, Gwladis, and immediately after despatched her son, Cadwalader, before her eyes, then setting fire to the castle they conveyed the lady a prisoner to the mansion of their lord.

The cruelty of this monster did not, however, rest here. In 1196, Trehaern Vychan, a man of great power in Brecknockshire, coming to meet William de Breos with the design of holding a friendly conference, was treacherously seized by his orders, then fastened to a horse's tail, and, in this ignominious manner, dragged through the streets of Brecknock to the gallows, where he was beheaded, and afterwards suspended by his feet.

These enormities roused the stifled spirit of the Welsh. The first outrage was avenged by the men of Gwent, who, upon the massacre of their chieftains, assailed the castle of Abergavenny, and after destroying or taking prisoners the whole of the garrison, razed it to the ground. The cause of Trehaern was taken up by the Prince of Powis, a relative of the murdered man, but De Breos gathering his friends and retainers around him, met the force of Powis and defeated him with the loss of 3000 men. Strange to say, the matter seems to have ended here.

De Breos sided with the party of Prince Arthur against King

John. How such an essentially bad man could ever have so far erred from his natural line as to do right once, it is not easy to understand. When the war with the barons broke out, John demanded of De Breos to have his sons as hostages; but his wary wife, Maud, told the messengers, "she would not deliver them unto him who had already slain his own nephew;" a message which greatly exasperated the King, who immediately banished De Breos and declared his possessions confiscated to the Crown. At what time this sentence was revoked does not appear; but a short time afterwards we find the knight of Brecknock in the tranquil possession of his estates.

The latter part of his life was a continual fight against the measures and the commands of the King. The monarch took an inhuman revenge. He caused Maud, the wife of De Breos, to be starved to death in Windsor Castle. De Breos himself died in France, 1212 or 1213, in great indigence and misery.

Giles, the eldest son of the preceding, inherited the Welsh estates, and dying in 1215 left them to Reginald. The latter died in 1228.

On the decease of Reginald the estates and honours devolved upon his eldest son, William. This nobleman closely attached himself to the interests of the English King, and was one of the foremost to aid him with his forces in a formidable expedition into North Wales, undertaken for the purpose of crushing the power of Llewellyn, the prince of that region. But the chances of war threw him into the hands of his adversary, where he was suffered to remain without any stipulation for his release, when Henry was compelled, by the failure of his enterprise, and the increasing difficulties of his situation, to conclude a peace upon humiliating terms.

A story is related of De Breos by the historians of this period, that seems hardly entitled to belief, but which from its connexion with the only account we have of his death, must not be passed over in silence. It is asserted that during the period of his confinement, when he was receiving from the Welsh prince the hospitalities due to a guest rather than a prisoner of his high rank, he disgraced himself by a criminal intrigue with Llewellyn's princess, Joan, who was a natural daughter of King John. Llewellyn was not apprised of this dishonour till after the departure of De Breos. In order therefore to get him again into his power, he concealed his knowledge of the fact, and sent him a

friendly invitation to an entertainment which he proposed to give at Easter. Here he openly charged him with his baseness, and then commanded him to be instantly hanged on a neighbouring hill. The scene of this tragedy is supposed to have been near Aber in Caernarvonshire, where one of Llewellyn's castles was situated, and a tradition of the country still commemorates the event. A bard, it is said, meeting the princess before she was informed of the ignominious fate of her paramour, addressed her tauntingly in the following couplet :—

“ Hark ! Llewelyn's wife
What wilt thou give to see thy William ? ”

To which she replied—

“ Wales and England and Llewelyn—
All would I give to see my William.”

Upon which the pert bard pointed to the tree upon which her lover was suspended.

Llewelyn, not satisfied with the strong measures he had already taken to satiate his revenge, proceeded to attack and devastate the unprotected territories of his late victim. He took Brecknock, and ravaged the territory in the vicinity.

On the death of William De Breos, who was undoubtedly hanged by the Prince of North Wales, the lordship of Brecknock passed to Humphrey De Bohun, sixth Earl of Hereford, who married the second daughter of the last lord. After him it devolved on his son Humphrey, who inherited also the earldoms of Hereford and Essex.

This nobleman, one of the foremost public men of his age, signalized himself by his resistance to the pretensions of Edward and by checking his encroachments upon the liberties of the people. At a certain crisis the King having ordered this Earl of Hereford, who held the high office of Lord High Constable of England, and the Earl Marshal to join his forces then engaged on the Continent, received from both these barons a direct refusal, alleging that from their offices they were exempted from quitting the kingdom, except to attend his Majesty in person, which they expressed themselves then ready to do. This reply highly incensed the King, who threatened to punish them for their disobedience and contumacy. Upon this they flew to arms, with a determination to assert their privileges ; and the haughty Edward found himself under the mortifying necessity, from the situation of public affairs at the time, of letting the matter pass over without further notice. On another

occasion also Bohun displayed his high and independent spirit. The Parliament of St. Edmund's Bury, having granted to the King a tax of the eighth penny, he openly opposed the collection of it, and applied to the citizens of London, to make common cause with him in asserting their liberties. For this conduct, however, he was suspended in his office of Lord High Constable. He died in 1298, and was succeeded in his titles and estates by his eldest son, who was also named Humphrey de Bohun. While in arms against the King he was waylaid, attacked, and killed by a Welshman in 1321.

He was succeeded by his son John de Bohun, a baron who appears to have enjoyed a larger share of the royal favour than any of his immediate ancestors. He was installed a Knight of the Bath, in the 20th year of Edward II., and on that occasion an Earl's robes were granted to him for the solemnity from the royal wardrobe. He died without issue in 1335, and was succeeded by his brother Humphrey de Bohun. This great noble, in his office of High Constable, accompanied Edward into France at the head of 300 men from his Brecknock possessions. He died in 1354, and was succeeded by his nephew, who bore the same name. With the latter the male line of this noble and powerful house became extinct. The lordship of Brecknock remained vested in the Countess Dowager of Hereford, and from her it descended through the Duke of Hereford to his son, King Henry the Fifth.

The King, however, afterwards relinquished the lordship of Brecknock in favour of Elinor de Bohun, who was married to the Earl of Stafford, and from whom the domain descended to her son Henry, Earl of Buckingham, afterwards created Duke of Buckingham. The Duke was succeeded by his grandson Henry. After the death of Edward the Fourth, when the Duke of Gloucester began to manifest a disposition to usurp the royal power, Buckingham is said to have despatched a messenger to him, to sound his intentions and to tender assistance and support. He afterwards joined Gloucester with his forces at Northampton, and acted in concert with him in all the measures he so successfully planned, to inveigle the young monarch, Edward the Fifth, into his toils. When the two dukes reached London, Buckingham endeavoured, by a bold step, to give a colour of public approbation to the ambitious views of Gloucester; for at an audience which he contrived to have attended by several peers and commoners of distinction, he, as their delegated spokesman, called upon him in the most undisguised

terms, to ascend the throne, and exclude the young Edward, as unfit to be intrusted with the sovereign authority. While he was thus by his services almost anticipating the duke's wishes, and as long as these services continued to be necessary to his success, Gloucester loaded Buckingham with honours. But no sooner was he seated on the throne as Richard III., to which he had passed through the blood of all his relations, than he changed his conduct, and gave Buckingham fully to understand, by refusing to ratify engagements with him, that he had used him only as a convenient stepping-block to gain the elevation to which he had aspired. Finding himself thus disappointed and insulted by the man whom he had almost created what he was, and on whose account he had stained his soul with guilt, Buckingham withdrew from Court, breathing resentment and resolved upon revenge.

“ And is it thus? Repays he my deep service
With such contempt? Made I him King for this?
O let me think on Hastings, and begone
To Brecknock while my fearful head is on.”

The subsequent fate of this Duke of Buckingham is already sketched in the article “Abermarlais.”

After the decapitation of Buckingham at Salisbury, the titles and estates of this powerful house were forfeited to the Crown; but on the accession of Henry VII., in consideration of the services of the late duke, all the possessions and honours of the family, including the lordship of Brecknock, were restored to his son Edward, who, on the death of the Earl of Derby shortly after, was created Constable of England, and was the last who held that office. Highly, however, as he was honoured by the King, a quarrel with the haughty and vindictive Wolsey laid the foundation of his ruin, and in the end brought him to the scaffold. Being charged with entertaining views to the throne, and found guilty by men whose judgment his unrelenting persecutor had taken effectual measures to secure, he was condemned and afterwards beheaded.

The dukedom of Buckingham now became extinct, and the lordship of Brecknock, with all the territories and revenues pertaining to it, again escheated to the Crown. The union of Wales with England, which took place in the succeeding reign, when the present division into counties was settled, placed the principality in the same relation in respect to the laws as the other parts of the country, and the Lords Marchers, who had maintained a kind of regal authority in their respective estates, were reduced, as to their territorial

government and privileges, to the level of other lords of the manor.

In 1617 the lordship of Brecknock was leased out by the Crown to Sir Francis Bacon and Sir John Daccomb and others, in trust, for the use of Prince Charles, afterwards Charles I. That monarch, in the seventh year of his reign, conveyed the fee to trustees, for the use of Sir William Russel. This gentleman sold his interest to the Earl of Pembroke, who again disposed of it to William Morgan, Esq., of Ddern, in Brecknockshire. At his death it fell to his daughter and heiress, Blanch, who, marrying William Morgan, Esq., of Tredegar, in Monmouthshire, conveyed the lordship to that family.

For the Castle of Brecknock see the article with that title.



Llandovery and Dynevor Castles.—Griffith ap Nicholas.

The beautiful little town of Llandovery, situated in the midst of fertile meadows, is a water-girdled spot, as its name indicates, which signifies the church surrounded by water. On its east is the river Bran, which, descending from certain lofty mountains to the north-east, runs into the Towey a little way below the town. On a green mound or knoll, overlooking the stream, are the majestic ruins of an ancient castle. Little of certainty is known as to its history. One thing, however, is certain—namely, that it was one of the many strongholds which at one time belonged to the famous Griffith ap Nicholas, ancestor of the Lord of Dynevor.

The ivy-clad ruins of Dynevor castle occupy a bold eminence, richly adorned with wood, on one of the sides of the vale of Towey, about a mile from the picturesque town of Llandeilo, in Caermarthenshire. The vale of the Towey derives no inconsiderable accession to its picturesque beauty from the hand of man. The towns and villages which afford residence to its numerous population, the loftier mansions of its more wealthy inhabitants, and the ruined castles of its ancient lords, among which are particularly conspicuous Dynevor and Drylswyn, rising from the steep shores of the river, and at intervals the rugged Carreg Cennen, which by its rough contour and frowning attitude seems to rival the wildness of its original masters, give an animation to the whole

scene and an interest not limited to present times. The scenery around the castle is very beautiful; consisting of a rich profusion of wood and lawn. But what particularly recommends it is the great variety of the ground. "I know few places," says the æsthetic Gilpin, "where a painter might study the inequalities of a surface with more advantage."

The original form of the castle was circular, and it was fortified with a double moat and rampart; but now the principal features are a square and a round tower overhanging the precipice, and some embattled walls, part of the original enclosure. An apartment in the round tower was kept in order for the accommodation of visitors down to the beginning of the present century, when it was accidentally destroyed by fire.

Newton or Dynevor Park, the modern mansion and the seat of Lord Dynevor, is situated at some distance from the castle in a secluded part of the grounds. It is a plain square building with a small turret surmounting each angle, and contains two ancient decorated chairs said to have been used by Sir Rhys ap Thomas.

The park itself, diversified with most beautiful woods and undulations, arising from the remarkable dislocations of the flag-stone strata which have divided it into separate knolls, covered from top to bottom with noble trees, comprises a considerable extent of ground, and exhibits perhaps a richer display of picturesque beauties than any other spot of equal size in the kingdom. The abrupt hill which rises from the meadows on the shores of the Towey is clothed with a rich profusion of trees—the finest oaks and rich Spanish chestnuts—whose majestic forms and venerable age harmonize with the ancient and ruined towers they envelop.

"Towers and battlements he sees
Bosomed high in tufted trees."

The grounds are seen to great advantage from Golden Grove Park, on the opposite side of the river; but there is no one view of them, particularly if it include the fine ruins, that is not almost inexpressibly beautiful. Wherever the castle appears, and it appears almost everywhere, a landscape purely picturesque is generally presented. "The ground is so beautifully disposed," says Gilpin—who seems to have done all his "picturesque tours" with a palette in his hand—"that it is almost impossible to have bad composition, and the opposite side of the vale often appears as a background and makes a pleasing distance."

Dynevor Castle and its immediate *entourage* are thus sketched by Dyer in his fine poem of Grongar Hill :—

“ Gaudy as the opening dawn
 Lies a long and level lawn,
 On which a dark hill, steep and high,
 Holds and charms the wandering eye !
 Deep are his feet in Towy’s flood,
 His sides are clothed with waving wood,
 And ancient towers crown his brow,
 That cast an awful look below ;
 Whose rugged sides the ivy creeps,
 And with her arms from falling keeps.
 ’Tis now the raven’s bleak abode ;
 ’Tis now th’ apartment of the toad ;
 And there the fox securely feeds,
 And there the poisonous adder breeds,
 Concealed in ruins, moss, and weeds ;
 While ever and anon there fall
 Huge heaps of hoary mouldered wall.
 Yet time has seen, that lifts the low,
 And level lays the lofty brow,
 Has seen this broken pile complete,
 Big with the vanity of state ;—
 But transient is the smile of fate.”

The first castle on this spot was built by Roderick the Great, and bequeathed by him to his son Cadell, as the future residence of the princes of South Wales. It was destroyed and rebuilt on several occasions before the present building was founded. There is a tradition that one of the first owners of Dynevor retained as prisoners within these walls his father and brother—the latter of whom he had deprived of sight—in order to secure the inheritance to himself. The blind youth, however, knowing every passage and corner of the castle, groped his way to his parent’s cell, burst open the door, and set him free.

The successors of Cadell, son of Roderick the Great, removed the seat of government from Dynevor to Caermarthen, which continued to be the residence of the princes of South Wales for several years, until the progress of the English arms and the settlement of the Anglo-Norman invaders along the coast obliged them to return again to Dynevor. One of the most able of its lords was Griffith ap Nicholas, who flourished towards the end of the reign of the weak and unfortunate Henry VI., and of whose life one or two special episodes not mentioned here will be found under the heading “Abermarlais.” He was a powerful and able chieftain of South Wales, and possessed immense territories in the counties of Caermarthen and Cardigan. Henry, fully aware of his influence and

importance in his own country, bestowed upon him the commission of the peace, an honour at that time seldom vouchsafed to a Welshman, and the captaincy of Kilgarran, a strong royal castle situated on the southern bank of the Teivy, a few miles above Cardigan. He had many castles of his own in which he occasionally resided, but his chief residence was Dynevor, once the stronghold and residence of the early princes of South Wales. Though master of the English tongue, and intimately acquainted with what learning it contained, he was yet passionately attached to the language and literature of his native land, a proof of which he gave by holding a congress of lords at Caermarthen, at which various pieces of poetry and eloquence were recited and certain alterations introduced into the canons of Welsh versification. But though holding office of trust and emolument under the Saxon he in the depths of his soul detested the race, and would have rejoiced to see it utterly extirpated from Great Britain.

At the head of a numerous and warlike clan, which was strongly attached to him on various accounts, Griffith gave shelter and encouragement to innumerable Welsh thieves who were in the constant habit of plundering and ravaging the English borders—of pursuing the good old plan “that they should take who have the power, and they should keep who can.” The frequency and severity of these predatory excursions at length roused a host of enemies against Griffith, the most powerful of whom were Humphrey, Duke of Buckingham, Richard, Duke of York, who began the contest for the crown with King Henry VI., Jasper, Earl of Pembroke, son of Owen Tudor and half-brother of the King, and the Earl of Warwick. These accused him at Court of being an encourager and harbourer of thieves, so that he was deprived not only of the commission of the peace but of the captaincy of Kilgarran, which the Earl of Pembroke, through his influence with his half-brother, procured for himself. They moreover induced two justices of the peace for the county of Hereford to grant a warrant for his apprehension, on the ground of his being in league with the thieves of the Marches. But Griffith, in the bosom of his mighty clan, bade defiance to Saxon warrants; though once, having ventured to Hereford, he nearly fell into the hands of his enemies, only escaping by the timely warning of Sir John Scudamore, with whom he was connected by marriage.

At length, on the outbreak of the Wars of the Roses, the Duke of York, eager to obtain the aid of the bold Welsh chief, apologized

to him and besought his assistance against the King, which he readily enough promised, not out of any great affection for York or his cause, however, but from the hatred which he felt, on account of the Kilgarran affair, for the Earl of Pembroke, who had very naturally sided with his half-brother the King and commanded his forces in the West.

Accompanied by the whole strength of his numerous and warlike clan, Griffith marched to join the standard of the Duke, and mainly contributed to the victory of Mortimer's Cross. In the heat of the fight, when the Yorkists seemed about to give way, overborne by the superior skill and greater number of their opponents, the gallant chief, at the head of his faithful followers, made a desperate charge on the squadrons of his old enemy the Earl of Pembroke, and completely scattered them; but in the moment of triumph he was struck down, exclaiming "I care not, since victory makes for us."

" In glittering arms and glory drest,
High he rears his ruby crest,
There the thund'ring strokes begin,
There the press and there the din;
Where his glowing eyeballs turn
Thousand banners round him burn;
Where he points his purple spear,
Hasty, hasty rout is there,
There confusion, Terror's child,
Conflict fierce and ruin wild!"

The Dynevor estates were granted to Sir Rhys ap Thomas (grandson of Griffith ap Nicholas) by Henry VII., who had found him one of the first and most faithful supporters of his cause, a knight indeed to whom he may be said to have owed the throne. The family possessions descended from Sir Rhys to his grandson, Rhys ap Gruffydd, from whom, through an act of the most cruel injustice, they again reverted to the Crown in the reign of Henry VIII. Rhys's ancestors, having been descended from Urien, the prince or king of a small principality called the kingdom of Reged, were in the habit of occasionally adding "ap Urien" or "Fitz Urien" to their names, in conformity with the general Welsh practice, in order to show their descent. This designation, after being disused for some time, was again adopted, probably in a vain frolic, by young Rhys, grandson of the supporter and comrade of Henry VII. This circumstance being reported to King Henry VIII. was regarded or reported to be regarded as significant, when viewed in connection with the unbounded possessions and universal popularity

of the family. In short, the Court spread the rumour that they believed this assumption of the ancient name of the independent prince, the founder of the family, was simply an evidence that a design had been formed to assert the independence of the principality and dis sever it from the English government. It was also supposed, without a shadow of proof, that this was part of a concerted plan to depose King Henry and bring to the English throne James V. of Scotland. To increase the absurdity of the whole business the plot was said to be founded upon an old prophecy, that James of Scotland with the bloody hand, and the raven, which was Rhys's crest, should conquer England. On such frivolous grounds as these the young chieftain, himself one of the first commoners in the realm and connected by marriage with the family of Howard, was arraigned for high treason, found guilty, and beheaded. He was executed on Tower Hill Dec. 4th, 1531, only three years after the death of his famous grandfather, Sir Rhys.

His son, Griffith ap Rhys, had his blood restored on the accession of Queen Mary, and received back part of the estates; and Charles I. relinquished to Sir Henry Rhys or Rice all that remained of them at that time in the hands of the Crown. The estates thus restored to the family were valued at about three hundred pounds a year; these constitute their present Welsh territories, and are all that remain to them of the princely possessions of their ancestors.

The house of Dynevor has always held considerable influence in the county, and has in several instances furnished its Parliamentary representatives. George Rice, who died in 1779, married in 1756 Lady Cecil Talbot, only child of William, Earl Talbot. This nobleman was afterwards created Baron Dynevor, with remainder to his daughter, who on his death in 1782 became Baroness Dynevor. On the death of her mother in 1787 she took the family name and arms of De Cardonel, which are still borne by the family. Her ladyship died 1793, and was succeeded by her eldest son, Lord Dynevor. The present Lord Dynevor is lineally descended from Urien, the ancient Welsh prince.

Among the curiosities of this locality are to be noted a spring "which, like the tide, ebbs and flows twice in twenty-four hours." It is called the "bewitched brook." The foundations of Roman walls have been discovered in the neighbouring churchyard of Llandyfeisant, and it was ascertained that the north-west corner

of the church rests on a portion of a Roman edifice. The conjecture is that the church was built on the ruins of a Roman temple.



Golden Grove—Jeremy Taylor.

Golden Grove, a seat of the Earl of Cawdor, by whom it was inherited from the Vaughans, earls of Carberry, is a modern edifice, situated on a platform high up the hill-side rising from the banks of the Towey, opposite the ruins of Dynevor Castle, and about a mile from Llandeilo, in Caermarthenshire. It is Elizabethan in style, with a number of gabled windows and a tall central tower. In spite of its promising and pleasing name there is a certain want of richness in the environment of this mansion, and its park is not adorned with the groves and woodlands which one is led to expect here. Among the pictures is a portrait of "Saccharissa"—Lady Dorothy Sydney—and specimens of Canaletto and Luca Giordano. Among the relics is a beautiful drinking horn richly mounted on a silver stand, which was presented by the Earl of Richmond to one of his hosts in Cardiganshire during his march through that county, and was afterwards given to Richard, Earl of Carberry.

" Fill the horn with foaming liquor,
 Fill it up, my boy, be quicker ;
 Hence away, despair and sorrow !
 Time enough to sigh to-morrow.
 Let the brimming goblet smile,
 And all our carking cares beguile !"

The Earl, being a Royalist, incurred the wrath of Cromwell, who, on his way to besiege Pembroke Castle, suddenly darted across the country with a troop of horse to Golden Grove, with the intention of seizing him ; but the Earl, having fortunately had notice of his approach, withdrew to a sequestered farmhouse amongst the hills ; and the Protector, after having dined with the Countess of Carberry, in the afternoon pursued his march to Pembroke.

The old house of Golden Grove was an indifferent building, unfavourably situated in the low grounds on the left of the turnpike-road. John Vaughan, from whom Lord Cawdor inherited the property, was a descendant of the Earl of Carberry just mentioned. Respecting this nobleman we have the following account in the "Cambrian Register :—" "Richard Vaughan, Earl of Carberry, a

person of great parts and civilities, about the years 1643 and 1644 was general over the said counties (Caermarthen, Pembroke, and Cardigan), by commission from his late Majesty of blessed memory Charles the First, and though in number of soldiers far exceeding his adversaries, yet fled without any resistance made by him, some attributing it to a suspected natural cowardice, others to a design to be overcome; however, shortly after ennobled with the titles of Baron Emlyn and Lord of Caermarthyn, the King's party being mastered, he alone of all the King's party in that country escaped sequestration, freed from composition by both Houses of Parliament by reason of the correspondence he kept with the then Earle of Essex and many great services done by him to the Parliament during his generalship, which was then evidenced to the Parliament by Sir John Muricke, and by certificate from several of the Parliament's then generals in his lordship's behalf. When Oliver Cromwell snatched the government of this nation this active lord gained his acquaintance and favour, insomuch that Cromwell sent from the parkes he then possessed near London several staggs unto him to furnish his park at Golden Grove, in Wales. In a word, a fit person for the highest public employment, if integrity and courage were not suspected to be often failing to him."

But Golden Grove must ever remain inseparably associated with one of the greatest names in English literature, Bishop Jeremy Taylor, the most eloquent and imaginative of all our divines, and who has been styled by some the Shakspeare and by others the Spenser of theological literature.

He was a native of Cambridge, where he was born in August, 1613, and was descended of gentle, even heroic, blood. He was the lineal representative of Dr. Rowland Taylor, who suffered martyrdom in the reign of Queen Mary, and the family appear to have been formerly of some distinction in the county of Gloucester. But when Jeremy was born the Taylors had fallen from their former state, as his father followed the humble occupation of a barber in Cambridge. He contrived, however, to send his son to college as a sizer in his thirteenth year. In 1631, having taken his degree of Bachelor of Arts in Caius College and entered into holy orders, he proceeded to London to deliver some lectures for a college friend in St. Paul's Cathedral. His earnest and eloquent discourses, aided by his florid and youthful beauty and pleasant air, appear to have entranced all hearers, and procured him the patronage of Archbishop Laud. Through his influence Taylor obtained a fellow-

ship in All Souls' College, Oxford, was made chaplain to the Archbishop, and rector of Uppingham, in Rutlandshire. On the outbreak of the Civil War Taylor, as a matter of course, cast in his lot with the Royalists. By the King's mandate he was made a doctor of divinity, and at the request of Charles wrote a defence of episcopacy. In 1644, while accompanying the Royal army as chaplain, he was taken prisoner by the Parliamentary forces in the battle fought before the castle of Cardigan, in Wales. He was soon released, however; but, the tide of war having turned against the Royalists, he took refuge with his patron, the Earl of Carberry, at Golden Grove.

"In the great storm," he says, "which dashed the vessel of the Church all in pieces I was cast on the coast of Wales; and in a little boat thought to have enjoyed that rest and quietness which in England, in a far greater, I could not hope for."

It was during his residence at Golden Grove that some of his greatest works were written; amongst which were—"Discourse on the Liberty of Propheying," the first distinct and avowed defence of toleration which had been ventured on in England, perhaps in Christendom; the "Life of Christ; or, the Great Exemplar;" "Golden Grove;" and "Holy Living" and "Holy Dying." The two last works were dedicated to his patron, the "Right Honourable and Truly Noble Richard, Earl of Carberry."

In these dedications there are some noble passages—in the first, in reference to the turmoil and troubled years of civil discord through which his patron and himself had passed; and in the second, "Holy Dying," to the overwhelming private afflictions that had befallen both. The Earl had lost his wife, and the Bishop, almost at a stroke, his three youthful sons. Golden Grove was, therefore, no longer "Golden," but had become a Grove of Mourning. In these circumstances how eloquently appropriate are the grand, though solemn sentences of this noble dedication.

"I am treating your lordship," he says, "as a Roman gentleman did St. Augustine and his mother: I shall entertain you in a charnel house and carry your meditations awhile into the chambers of death, where you shall find the rooms dressed up with melancholic arts and fit to converse with your most retired thoughts, which begin with a sigh, proceed in a deep consideration, and end in a holy resolution. The sight which St. Augustine most noted in that house of sorrow was the body of Cæsar, clothed with all the dishonours of corruption that you can suppose in a six months' burial. But I know that, without pointing, your first thoughts will remember

the change of a greater beauty [his wife] which is now dressing for the brightest immortality ; and her bed of darkness calls to you to dress your soul for that change which shall mingle your bones with that beloved dust, and carry your soul to the same quire, where you may both sit and sing for ever."

In this elevated and eloquent strain it proceeds throughout, and forms a fitting prelude, an opening overture as of soft and solemn music, to the grave and sombre scenes that follow.

At the Restoration Taylor was appointed Bishop of Down and Connor, and was afterwards made chancellor of the University of Dublin and a member of the Irish Privy Council. But these honours he did not long enjoy, as he was cut off by a fever a few years afterwards, in the fifty-fifth year of his age.

Acton Hall and the Infamous "Judge Jeffreys."

ACTON HALL, noteworthy as having been the birthplace of George Jeffreys, sometime Lord High Chancellor of England, ever memorable for the vengeful, blood-thirsty, and inexorable assiduity with which, as judge of the Western Circuit, he hunted to death all manner of people who had in any near or remote way been concerned in the ill-fated rebellion headed by the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth, is a pleasant mansion situated upon an elevated lawn near Wrexham, in Denbighshire. The lawn was considerably enlarged and modernized by the late proprietor, Sir Forbes Cunliffe, Bart., under whose judgment the grounds were also tastefully laid out and richly embellished with plantations.

The manor of Acton had remained a long time in the family of the Jeffreys. This family seems to have been of respectable antiquity, and even to have claimed connexion with at least one noble family of the western counties. Pennant remarks upon the obloquy that must have fallen on the race of Jeffreys by the production of the Chancellor, after it had so long run uncontaminated from an ancient stock.

George Jeffreys was the son of John Jeffreys, by Margaret, daughter of Sir Thomas Ireland, Knight, of Bewsey, in Lancashire, and was born at Acton about the year 1648. His paternal grandfather—a judge of North Wales—claimed on his father's side a descent from Tudor Trevor, Earl of Hereford.

Young Jeffreys received the rudiments of his education at the free school of Shrewsbury, whence he was removed to St. Paul's free school, where he acquired a fair knowledge of the classic tongues. It was while studying here that there grew up within him a preference for the profession of the law and a determination to adopt that profession and to rise by it. For some time subsequently he studied at Westminster school, then under the care of Dr. Busby, "whose rod bears as high a reputation as his learning."

His resolution to become a lawyer was not received with much favour at home, especially by his father; but the boy was resolute and determined, and when all discussions were found to be unavailing, his father would give way, patting the boy on the back and repeating the somewhat uncheerful words "Ah, George, George, I fear thou wilt die with thy shoes and stockings on." It was only *the want* of a common virtue that prevented the son distinguishing himself in the manner hinted at by his father; for had he been only a little less of a drunkard Jeffreys would assuredly have been invited to perform that ghastly dance upon nothing, at the performance of which by others he had so often and so gaily piped.

He was entered of the Inner Temple in 1663, and commenced the study of the municipal law with diligence. But the amenities of his life at this period were somewhat limited. He was the victim of a perpetual "pecuniary crisis." Had he been less ingenious his experience of how to achieve a subsistence would have been that of a Lazarus rather than a Dives. He was a young man of pleasantry and humour; his address was engaging, "he had acquired," says his biographer, "a very winning way with the fair sex." So, failing good entertainment at home he sought it abroad. He ate his dinners out of chambers; "he was out and about in season and out of season," his outings being to some extent regulated by the condition of his cupboard; "he was grave with the grave and cheerful with the gay." He was never a profound lawyer, and his frequent holiday-makings and lapses of furious dissipation—for he drank heavily before he had well emerged from boyhood—interfered with his rapid attainment of anything like complete mastery of the subject of law.

And the condition of society in his youth was atune with his own ardent, enthusiastic, and jovial temperament. The tide of conviviality had set strongly in with the Restoration, and to refuse the social glass now would have been to court the martyrdom of Puri-

tanism. Every countenance was lighted up by the new-born hilarities of the second Charles's young reign ; every heart felt relieved from the stern austerities of Puritan rule. "Jeffreys," says his biographer, "was now in a condition to consider every free dinner as a boon of the first order, and was very willing in return to enliven the entertainment with his jests and sallies." He was the devotee of pleasure and of luxury. How to gratify his relish for wine and society was the enigma which the present placed before him ; how to command wine, women, and society of the rarest quality and in imperially ample measure was the problem which ambition and the future drew upon the somewhat dark front of his prospects.

It might have been supposed that as this lawyer was launched upon the world at the time when regal glories were revived he would have lost no opportunity of proving himself a steady loyalist, and more especially as an indulgence in unrestrained pleasure was indissoluble from the career which he proposed for himself. But although the public voice was in favour of royalty, a host of discontented sufferers, angry republicans, and disaffected persons remained to whom rest was a burden, and tranquillity a crime. This is not the place for us to enter into the reasons for their disquiet. It is sufficient to say that their labours were unceasing to procure converts to their cause ; that their encouragement and patronage when they did find an able partisan were valuable and abundant, and that such a partisan they had found in Jeffreys.

From the day in which he joined, or was hired by, this clique of malcontents Jeffreys' career ran clearly defined before him. He had now available resources to fall back upon. The perpetual "pecuniary crisis" was showing signs of passing over without explosion or disaster. He had now the means of turning his insinuating address to an excellent account ; and he soon gained access to the chiefs of the party, with whom he so fully ingratiated himself as to lead to a conviction of his capacity and readiness to forward their designs. Nor was he backward to perceive that a great impression had been made by his blustering forwardness, and that their patronage would at that moment be of incalculable benefit to a beginner at the bar, to whom the united efforts of a faction, however obnoxious or inconsiderable, would be far preferable to the obscurity in which, unconnected as he was, he might expect for some time to be involved. Neither political conviction nor personal sympathies entered in any degree into this

alliance between the licentious adventurer, on the one hand and, on the other, the clique of irrepressible grumblers who were in want of a zealous advocate and an unscrupulous champion, and were willing to pay for the same. The arrangement was one entered into by Jeffreys simply to minister to his love of luxuries. Talents like his were not to be monopolized without a speedy return for the services they rendered; and thus he soon became a caressed and cherished pensioner upon his new friends. His allowance was no longer a source of apprehension; if he felt any anxiety it was to display all possible zeal and energy in the cause of those who were so bountifully feeding him.

He was thoroughgoing in his partisanship—so long as it lasted. He would talk, write, or fight for his patrons if required, and it is further related of him that, in the hour of revelry, he would drink on his knees the most approved toasts among the malcontents, which, there is reason to believe, were blasphemous as well as treasonable.

The earlier stages in Jeffreys' professional career are hardly marked by all the distinctness desirable. He was not called to the bar in the usual manner, and he is first heard of as actually practising at Kingston Assizes during the plague, at which time he was only eighteen years of age. There, when the hearts of many, and amongst others those of the counsellors, were failing them by reason of the neighbouring calamity, this young, daring, and insolent student put a gown upon his back and began to plead; and although he continued to act as an advocate continually from that time, it is certain that he was not called to the bar for two years after, and it is not certain that he was called then. Indeed the lawyers had been of late so much thinned by civil war and pestilence that the number of admittances at Gray's Inn had decreased from the usual average of one hundred and upwards to a number nearly as low as fifty; so that a daring interloper might enter the field with a success which in ordinary times could not have crowned his efforts. From the actual commencement of his professional life he was not without support. He was backed in the first instance by the small but energetic confederacy whose organ he had become. This cabal were delighted with his zeal; they approved his choice of a profession and they predicted his success. They followed up their applause and their flattering vaticinations by combining to give him their united confidence and influence.

We find him practising first at Guildhall, Hicks's Hall, and the inferior courts, which at that time he preferred to Westminster on account of the frequency of their sittings and the ease and rapidity with which they despatched business. It is supposed, also, that about this time he went the Home Circuit.

We may here pause a moment to take a glance at the daring, insolent, hypocritical, unscrupulous, ungrateful, but eminently talented young barrister now fully started on his professional career. He was of a bold aspect and cared not for the countenance of any man; his tongue was voluble, his words audible and clearly understood, and he never spared any which were at all likely to favourably influence his cause. A scribbler of the period enumerating his qualifications—his overbearing aspect and terrible frown—seems to have thought his voice the most effective of the means he used to confound his witnesses and brow-beat his juries. He writes :—

“But yet he's chiefly devil about the mouth;”
and again—

“Oft with success this mighty blast did bawl,
Where loudest lungs and biggest words win all.”

These advantages forced him into notice, so that fees, the fore-runners of legal preferment, soon crowded upon him, and we are told that persons would put a brief into his hands even in the middle of a cause which they perceived would turn against them. He was hypocrite enough to make use of the meanest artifices which might raise him in the estimation of those with whom he associated. When sitting in a coffee-house his well-instructed servant would come to him and state that company attended him in his chambers. At this Jeffreys would “huff,” and desire them to be told to stay a little and that he would come presently. By such means he helped forward his reputation for business, and it is not an exaggeration to say that he found himself in considerable practice sooner than almost any one of his contemporaries.

At Guildhall fortune first began to shine upon him. He cultivated the connection with an ardour that would have achieved far higher ends. With all his sternness, activity, and brutal bullying in the courts, in his jolly hours he was a thorough bacchanalian, genial in his earlier cups, boisterous in the deepening carouse, and a drivelling imbecile and idiot when drunk—kissing and hugging

the companions of his prolonged debauch. After a night of deep dissipation, in which he had reached his third stage of drunkenness, he arose in the morning a savage in his violence and uncontrollable passion. It is to be supposed, however, that at this time the aldermen and City magnates were in the habit of seeing Jeffreys only in the earlier stages of inebriation, and that the objects of his maudlin kissings and embracings were humble tippling hangers-on of the courts—men whom he made drunk at nights and overwhelmed with affection, but whom he would have sent to the plantations for life or to the gallows next morning without the slightest compunction.

His chief object about this time was to make an interest for himself in London, and he attained it. The carelessness of his disposition, his keen relish for the pleasures of the table, his lively wit, and his rising fortunes at the bar gained him the friendship of many opulent merchants. One of these, an alderman of the same name as himself, took a vast fancy to Jeffreys and determined to push his fortune with all the power of his purse and connection. Accordingly, young as Jeffreys was—scarcely twenty-three—he was made Common Sergeant on the resignation or surrender of Sir Richard Browne, Bart. This first stage in preferment was attained in March, 1670-71.

Of all the men who ever thirsted for professional advancement, with its accompanying solid advantages, Jeffreys was the most eager. New aims now rose in the mind of the prosperous Common Sergeant. A faction of discontented politicians had given him a start in life, the merchant princes had received him with favour and given him valuable support, and had brought about his promotion. He had now been raised to a comparatively elevated platform, standing on which he could see stretching away before him a splendid future, gilded by abundant wealth, by honours, and by royal favour. If in marching along the sunny path which he saw thus opened up to him it was necessary to trample on the necks of the friends of his poverty-pinched youth, was that any reason why he should not march along? The sacred confidences that had been reposed in him by the republicans and the political schemers who had been the benefactors and supports of his penniless youth were the capital with which he meant to start as a candidate for Court favour; and he had daring enough not only to betray his old confederates and expose their aims and schemes, but to harass them also with furious persecutions, and in his encounters with

them to treat them not only as his own greatest enemies, but to denounce them as the common enemies of mankind.

The Court party were now triumphant ; honours and emoluments were in their gift, and upon a stout partisan with an easy conscience they gladly heaped their choicest favours. Jeffreys clearly saw which was the winning side. He knew that no favours ever reached the man who was at all suspected of being in alliance with the factious, with the men who were desirous of "new things ;" and that high and lucrative appointments were reserved exclusively for those who, without question, reservation, or scruple, threw their whole energies and influence into the scale with the King. Moreover, it was reported that Sir John Howel, the Recorder, was likely to quit his place, and it occurred to him as being possible that if he showed a bold disposition to serve the Court he might succeed to the office. He decided to desert his old allies, and no sooner had he arrived at this decision than he changed at once, made no secret of his treachery, and bade defiance to the revenge of those whom he had thus abandoned.

Some little interval, however, did intervene between his resolution to betray his old associates and the open registration of his allegiance to the Court party, and this interval shows the future Lord Chancellor in a most curious light. At this time he was trafficking with Chiffinch, the royal page of the backstairs—the panderer to the vices of King Charles, the official whose special duty it was to introduce new faces to the King. The young lawyer and the backstairs page became after a fashion friends, and evinced their mutual regard by frequently getting drunk together. The result was that Chiffinch preferred a strong recommendation of Jeffreys to the King, "as the most useful man that could be found to serve his Majesty in London, where was need enough of good magistrates, and such as would not be—as divers were—accounted no better than traitors."

During the time that Jeffreys was ingratiating and intriguing with Chiffinch he remained immersed in faction, kneeling at one table to drink King Charles as the "god of his idolatry," at another to pledge confusion to his reign. Practically he was at this time a spy of the Court, pledged deep to Chiffinch on one hand, and paid by the foes to royalty on the other. To all appearance he held to his former opinions, but he kept an alternative open. He would have been faithful to the malcontents had the Crown been unpromising ; he abandoned them the moment the Court promises took the tangible shape of performance.

That day soon came. The labours of his friend Chiffinch, the pimp, and the notorious Duchess of Portsmouth, his patroness, resulted in success. *La fin couronne les œuvres*. In 1677 Jeffreys was knighted; in the following year he was appointed Recorder of London, or, as he himself termed it, "mouth-piece of the City." He was now capital judge of Guildhall in virtue of his office as Recorder.

Meantime his fame as a pleader was very high. Like Thurlow, he had the special gift of fastening on the true genius, the essential spirit of the cause, eliciting its nice point and forming a prompt decision. "He was a man," says Macaulay, "of quick and vigorous parts, but constitutionally prone to insolence and to the angry passions. When just emerging from boyhood he had risen into practice at the Old Bailey bar, a bar where advocates have always used a licence of tongue unknown in Westminster Hall. Here, during many years, his chief business was to examine the most hardened miscreants of a great capital. Daily conflicts with prostitutes and thieves called out and exercised his powers so effectually that he became the most consummate bully ever known in his profession. Tenderness for others and respect for himself were feelings alike unknown to him. He acquired a boundless command of the rhetoric in which the vulgar express hatred and contempt. The profusion of maledictions and vituperative epithets which composed his vocabulary could hardly have been rivalled in the fish-market or bear-garden."

His activity and force of mind, combined with his peculiar training in tearing the veil of hypocrisy from the face of crime and rending to shreds the fabrics of lies which had for so long been his daily occupation, for many years constituted him to the majority of the witnesses a wonder and a terror before whom prevarication was of no manner of use. In some cases the effect of his unfeeling, coarse style of address, his imprecations, his assumption of all important facts, his shouting voice and devouring eye were such that he reduced his witness to dumb confusion and extinction of intelligence. There are cases on record, however, which show that even this terrible cross-examiner sometimes met his match. His coarse banter did not cover all his witnesses with confusion and stupefaction. Occasionally the examiner was astonished and "woke up," by finding that he had got as good as he had given. In one case a country fellow clad in a leather doublet was giving his evidence, and Mr. Jeffreys, who was counsel for the opposite party

found that his testimony was "pressing home." Accordingly when his turn to cross-examine came he bawled forth, "You fellow in the leather doublet, pray what have you for swearing?" The man looked steadily at him, and, "Truly, sir," said he, "if you have no more for lying than I have for swearing, you might wear a leather doublet as well as I." Of course everybody laughed, and the neighbourhood rang with the bluntness of the reply.

After having been appointed a recorder he had another rebuff. A wedding had taken place, and those to whom it appertained to pay for the music at the nuptials refused the money, on which an action was brought; and, as the musicians were proving their case, Jeffreys called out from the bench, "You fiddler!" This made the witness wroth. He called himself not a fiddler, but a "musician." Jeffreys asked what was the difference between a musician and a fiddler. "As much, sir," answered the man of melody, "as there is between a pair of bagpipes and a recorder."

After the death of his first wife Jeffreys married a widow lady, a certain Mrs. Jones, daughter of Sir Thomas Bludworth, sometime Lord Mayor of London. The marriage took place in May, 1678, only three months after the death of Jeffreys's first wife. But though this indicated haste, there had been already too much delay, for the new Lady Jeffreys had a son much too early for an ordinary calculator to say otherwise than that either the infant had shown an extraordinary precipitancy in commencing his earthly career, or that a mistake of some other kind had happened. The unusual and overdone punctuality of the former Mrs. Jones was made the subject of endless lampoons and squibs, and Jeffreys was once very uncomfortably reminded of the *contretemps* by a lady who was giving her evidence pretty sharply in a cause which he was advocating. "Madam, you are very quick in your answers," cries the counsel. "As quick as I am, Sir George, I was not so quick as your lady."

Acting as counsel for the Crown in the numerous cases which sprang out of the Popish and Presbyterian plots, real or imaginary, which were the chimeras of politicians of this period, Jeffreys did the State yeoman's service. And he did not go without his reward. In 1680 he was called serjeant, and three months later he supplanted Sir Job Charlton in the Chief Justiceship of Chester. Next month he was made King's Serjeant, and in November, 1681, he was created a Baronet. His appointment also as Solicitor-General to the Duke of York (afterwards James II.) gave him a firmer footing at Court.

The new Welsh chief justice increased in haughtiness every day, and his vanity advanced in an equal ratio with his preferments and favour. But some of the judges would not brook this torrent of conceit, and Jeffreys received a very severe lesson from Mr. Baron Weston, at the Kingston Midsummer Assizes for 1679. Being counsel there in some cause at *Nisi Prius*, he took on himself to ask all the questions and tried to browbeat the other side in their examination of witnesses, when the judge bade him hold his tongue. Some words passed, in the course of which he told the baron that he was not treated like a counsellor, being curbed in the management of his brief. "Ha!" fiercely returned the judge, "since the King has thrust his favours upon you, in making you Chief Justice of Chester, you think to run down everybody: if you find yourself aggrieved, make your complaint; here nobody cares for it." The counsel said he had not been used to make complaints but rather to stop those that were made; but the judge again enjoined him silence. Jeffreys sat down and wept with anger.

In 1683 Sir George Jeffreys was made Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, and his first exploit in that capacity was the "judicial murder" of Algernon Sidney. Sidney died with true fortitude; but the memorable words which he uttered immediately before the passing of judgment—"I must appeal to God and the world, I am not heard"—must have rung in the ears of Jeffreys to his dying day. After sentence was pronounced, Sidney again firmly uttered his appeal to God, that inquisition for his blood might be made against those who maliciously persecuted him for righteousness' sake. At this Jeffreys started from his seat and, as usual, lost his temper. "I pray God," he cried, "to work in you a temper fit to go unto the other world, for I see you are not fit for this."

With his appointment to the Lord Chief Justiceship of the King's Bench Jeffreys obtained a wider sway over the lives of his fellow-creatures, and especially of political offenders, which the disturbances of the time created in thousands; and with his extended power over the lives of the enemies of the court his appetite for convictions and for the blood of the convicted rose into a passion. His appearance on the Bench was often demoniac. Even as a young man, without the supreme motive and the cue for action which he had now that he had become a government instrument and when his function was to stamp out rebellion, or supposed rebellion, in death, his voice and manner were fearful. "Impudence and ferocity," says Macaulay, "sate upon his brow. The glare of his

eyes had a fascination for the unhappy victim on whom they were fixed. Yet his brow and his eye were less terrible than the savage lines of his mouth. His yell of fury, as was said by one who had often heard it, sounded like the thunder of the judgment day. . . . Already might be remarked in him the most odious vice which is incident to human nature, a delight in misery merely as misery. There was a fiendish exultation in the way in which he pronounced sentence on offenders. Their weeping and imploring seemed to titillate him voluptuously, and he loved to scare them into fits by detailing with luxuriant amplification on all the details of what they were to suffer. Thus when he had an opportunity of ordering an unlucky adventuress to be whipped at the cart's tail, "Hangman," he would exclaim, "I charge you to pay particular attention to this lady. Scourge her soundly, man! Scourge her till the blood runs down! It is Christmas, a cold time for madam to strip in! See that you warm her shoulders thoroughly!" In passing judgment upon a poor mad, drunken tailor, who, in the ecstasy of his excited fancy, or rather in the wild phantasms of *delirium tremens*, believed himself to be a prophet, Jeffreys was brutally facetious. "Impudent rogue!" he roared, "thou shalt have an easy, easy, easy punishment!" One part of the trivial correction to be administered was the pillory, in which the delirious creature was almost smashed to death by brickbats.

His private life at this time was that of a debauchee of the most abandoned description. Burnet says Jeffreys was "scandalously vicious, and was drunk every day, besides a drunkenness of fury in his temper that looked like enthusiasm." His evenings were spent in revelry. His associates, according to North, were "good fellows and humorists with whom he unbent himself in drinking, laughing, singing, kissing, and every extravagance of the bottle." In these symposia with his protégés, most of them hangers on at the Bar and parasites upon his hospitality, Jeffreys was ribald, sottish, and coarse, but he seemed at the same time to be social and good-humoured. But the next morning! Even when sober his violence when engaged in his duties was appalling. His court, at the best, was the den of a wild, untameable beast, as ready to flame up into paroxysms of rage by caresses as by attacks; but when he came to the court, as he did almost habitually, only half sobered, with his face aflame and his eyes blazing, he paralysed his prisoners and his witnesses with terror. His boon companions of the previous night slunk out of his way; for his remembrance of having indulged

in any weak familiarity on the previous night with the shady pettifoggers who practised before him during the day, lent an edge to the malignity with which he abused them from the bench on the following morning. This treatment he himself characterized in his vulgar manner as "giving them a lick with the rough side of his tongue." In his trial and condemnation of Sir Thomas Armstrong he was specially brutal. The knight did not believe he was being fairly tried and demanded the benefit of the law. The daughter of the unfortunate man was standing by her father's side. "My lord," she said, addressing Jeffreys, "you will not murder my father. This is murdering a man." "How now!" roared the Chief Justice. "Who is this woman? Take her, Marshal!" She was forced out, crying as she went—"God Almighty's judgments light on you." "God Almighty's judgments will light on traitors," said Jeffreys. "Thank God, I am clamour proof." After the lady was gone Sir Thomas again remonstrated. "I ask," he said, "only the benefit of law." "And by the grace of God you shall have it," answered the judge. "Mr. Sheriff, see that execution be done on Friday next. There is the benefit of law for you." On the following Friday accordingly Armstrong was hanged, drawn, and quartered. His head was placed over Westminster Hall. The knight was executed for supposed complicity in the Rye House Plot, without trial, without having been confronted with his accusers, and without being heard in his own defence.

To visit the enemies of the Crown, real or suspected, with vengeance was a service which the government expected Jeffreys to perform, and one which he did perform not only with infinite daring and cruelty, but with eagerness, exultation, and triumph. He thus merited esteem and gratitude in the dark mind of King James, who accordingly, therefore, conferred upon his faithful servant a seat in the Cabinet and a Peerage.

Before entering upon the blackest episode in the career of Jeffreys—his carnival of bloodshed on the Western Circuit in 1685, when with such merciless severity, such fiendish cruelty, he doomed so many of the adherents or supposed adherents of the rebel Duke of Monmouth to the stake, the gibbet, and the block—it is necessary to advert to the manner in which he conducted the trial of the scholarly, pious, and humane Richard Baxter. The great Nonconformist had complained with bitterness, in a Commentary on the New Testament, of the persecutions to which the Dissenters of that time were subjected. In those days refusal to use the Prayer Book

was visited by expulsion from home, deprivation of property, and imprisonment, and every instance of murmuring against such a punishment for such an offence was considered a high crime against Church and State. Baxter, it was supposed, had exposed himself to the vengeance of the Crown by publishing his plea for Dissenters. An information was filed against the divine, who, oppressed by age and infirmities, begged that he might be allowed some time to prepare for his defence, and on the day that Oates was pilloried in Palace Yard came to Westminster Hall, preferring that request. Jeffreys, to whom the application was made, burst into a storm of rage. "Not a minute," he cried, "to save his life. I can deal with saints as well as with sinners. There stands Oates on one side of the pillory; and, if Baxter stood on the other, the two greatest rogues in the kingdom would stand together."

The trial came on at Guildhall, and a crowd of those who loved and honoured Baxter filled the court. Pollexfen and Wallop, two famous Whig barristers, appeared for the defendant. The former had scarce begun his address to the jury when Jeffreys burst forth, "Pollexfen, I know you well. I will set a mark on you. You are the patron of the faction. This is an old rogue, a schismatical knave, a hypocritical villain. He hates the Liturgy. He would have nothing but long-winded cant without book." And then the Chief Justice of England turned up his eyes, clasped his hands, and singing through his nose in imitation of what he supposed to be the Puritan style of preaching, said, "Lord, we are Thy people, Thy peculiar people, Thy dear people." Here Pollexfen respectfully reminded the court that his late Majesty had thought Baxter deserving of a bishopric. "And what ailed the old blockhead then, that he did not take it?" cried Jeffreys. As the trial proceeded his fury rose to madness; he called Baxter a dog, and with oaths affirmed that it would be no more than justice to flog such a villain through the whole city.

Wallop then stated that those who had drawn the information were the libellers. "Mr. Wallop," said Jeffreys, "I observe you are in all these dirty causes; and were it not for you gentlemen of the long robe, who should have more wit and honesty than to support and hold up these factious knaves by the chin, we should not be at the pass we are at." "My lord," recommenced Wallop, "I humbly conceive that the passages accused are natural deductions from the text—" "You humbly conceive and I humbly conceive! I swear him! I swear him!" cried Jeffreys. Wallop made another

attempt to be heard ; Jeffreys again interrupted him. " Sometimes you humbly conceive and sometimes you are very positive," said the chief justice ; " if you do not understand your duty better I shall teach it you." Wallop thus silenced sat down. Baxter then stated that instead of having been known to revile the Church, he had been much blamed for speaking respectfully of bishops. " Baxter for bishops !" cried the judge, " that's a merry conceit indeed. I know what you mean by bishops, rascals like yourself Kidderminster bishops, factious, snivelling Presbyterians." Again Baxter tried to be heard. " Richard ! Richard !" interrupted Jeffreys, " dost thou think we'll hear thee poison the court ? Richard, thou art an old fellow, an old knave ; thou hast written books enough to load a cart. Hadst thou been whipped out of thy writing trade forty years ago it had been happy. By the grace of God, I'll look after thee. I see a great many of your brotherhood waiting to know what will befall their mighty don. But by the grace of God, I will crush you all !" The noise of weeping was heard from some of those who surrounded Baxter. " Snivelling calves !" exclaimed the judge.

It is said that Jeffreys proposed that Baxter should be whipped through London at the cart's tail, but that this savage proposal was overruled by the other judges. The jury found the divine guilty and fined him in 500*l*.

After the failure of Monmouth's rising and attempt to win the Crown, a special commission, instituted to punish the adherents of the unfortunate Duke, was issued by the Crown, and Lord Jeffreys placed at its head as prime judge. The route of the Commission was the Western Circuit, and the name popularly given to the series of trials, or rather of judicial murders, was the Bloody Assize. The commission was opened at Winchester, and though Hampshire had not been the theatre of war, many of the rebels had fled hither. Two of these had sought refuge at the house of Alice Lisle, widow of John Lisle, who had held important posts in the days of the Commonwealth, and had been created a lord by Cromwell. Lady Lisle, as she was commonly called, was related to many respectable, and to a number of noble families, and was immensely esteemed. She was a woman of wide sympathies, whose generous humanity was not limited by party predilections. During the ascendancy of Parliament she had protected and relieved many distressed cavaliers. And now that fortune had changed, and two friendless men, beset by danger and pursued by death

besought her protection, she obeyed her natural instincts, took them into her house, set meat and drink before them, and showed them where they might sleep. Next morning Royalist soldiers surrounded her house, searched it and found Hicks, one of the concealed men, in the malt-house, and Nelthorpe, the other, in the chimney. Alice Lisle was tried for harbouring rebels, and so eager were the sleuth-hounds of government to run her down that they strained the law to hasten her doom. Her trial came on before that of the men she was accused of sheltering, and consequently before they had been proved to be rebels. The whole tide of sympathy in Hampshire ran in favour of the poor lady, and the jury shrank from sending her to the stake, when the whole sum of her treason amounted merely to the performance of a generous and humane action. There seemed at first to be a difficulty in obtaining a verdict for the Crown. Jeffreys was beside himself with fury. The first case of treason on the circuit, and no conviction! It was preposterous. He stormed, cursed, and swore, and made use of language never heard among well-bred men when a highly esteemed lady is its subject. From the State trials we learn that one witness named Dunne, driven from one extreme of excitement to another by his concern for Lady Alice on the one hand and the threats, curses, and objurgations of the judge, completely lost his head and stood mute. "Oh! how hard the truth is," said Jeffreys, "to come out of a lying Presbyterian knave like this." Dunne mumbled in his stupefaction some unconnected words. "Was there ever such a villain on the face of the earth?" shouted Jeffreys with an oath. "Dost thou believe there is a God?" "Dost thou believe in hell-fire?" "Of all the witnesses that I ever met with, I never saw thy fellow. A Turk is a saint to such a fellow as this. A Pagan would be ashamed of such villany." "O! Blessed Jesus! what a generation of vipers do we live among. Was there ever such an impudent rascal? Hold the candle to him that we may see his brazen face, &c." Alice Lisle's defence was that she did not know that the men she had given shelter to had been concerned in the rebellion; as to Hicks, she supposed he desired concealment because, as she knew, warrants were out against him for street preaching. The jury having retired remained long in deliberation. The judge became impatient. What was there to doubt about in so clear a case? He sent a messenger, informing them that if they did not return instantly, he would adjourn the court and lock them up for the night. They did not

see that the charge had been made out. Jeffreys flew at them furiously, and at last, after another consultation, they gave with reluctance a verdict of guilty.

Delivery of sentence was deferred till the following morning, when Jeffreys gave directions that Alice Lisle should be burned at the stake that same afternoon. The horrible barbarity of the sentence roused general indignation throughout the country, and the clergy of Winchester Cathedral remonstrated. Knowing their influence with the Tory party, Jeffreys consented to defer the execution for five days. During this interval every possible influence was brought to bear upon James to show mercy. General Feversham, then fresh from victory; Clarendon, the king's brother-in-law, together with the highest ladies in the land, pleaded for the life of the poor woman. In vain. The gloomy-minded, unforgiving king had no mercy in him. He yielded, however, so far as to commute the sentence from burning alive to decapitation. The execution took place in the market-square of Winchester.

At Dorchester three hundred persons were to be tried. Of these one hundred and ninety-two received sentence of death and suffered accordingly. In Dorsetshire seventy-four people were sent to the gibbet. In Somersetshire two hundred and thirty-three prisoners were hanged, drawn, and quartered within a few days. "At every spot where two roads met," says Macaulay, "on every market-place, on the green of every large village which had furnished Monmouth with soldiers, ironed corpses clattering in the wind, or heads and quarters stuck upon poles, poisoned the air, and made the traveller sick with horror. In many parishes the peasantry could not assemble in the house of God, without seeing the ghastly face of a neighbour grinning at them over the porch."

And in the midst of the shambles Jeffreys was gay and debonair. "His spirits rose higher and higher as the work went on. He laughed, shouted, joked, and swore in such a way that many people thought him drunk from morning to night. But in him it was not easy to distinguish the madness produced by evil passions and the madness produced by brandy. A prisoner affirmed that the witnesses who appeared against him were not entitled to credit. One of them he said was a Papist, and another a prostitute. 'Thou impudent rebel!' cried the judge, 'to reflect on the King's evidence! I see thee villain, I see thee already with the halter round thy neck!'" One miserable creature, too inconsiderable for vengeance, enlisted the sympathies even of the Tories.

"My lord," said they, "this poor creature's on the parish." "Do not trouble yourselves," replied the judge, "I will ease the parish of the burden." On this circuit alone Jeffreys hanged three hundred and twenty rebels. The number he transported was eight hundred and forty-one.

Upon one lad named Tutchin the brutal Jeffreys passed a frightful sentence. The boy had been accused of using seditious words, and the judge ordered him to be imprisoned seven years and during that time to be flogged through every market town in Dorsetshire every year. At this a thrill of horror ran through the court. The women present burst simultaneously into tears, and the clerk of the arraigns, standing up in great excitement, exclaimed, "My Lord, the prisoner is very young. There are many market towns in our county. The sentence amounts to whipping once a fortnight for seven years." "If he is a young man he is an old rogue," rejoined the judge. Fortunately for the prisoner he was at this time taken ill with small-pox, and in return for a bribe, which reduced the prisoner to poverty, Jeffreys remitted the sentence.

His bloody work being over Jeffreys was cordially welcomed at Court. James, who had frequently talked of Jeffreys's progress on the circuit, and of the havoc he was making with a glee which made the foreign ministers stand aghast, rewarded his faithful servant by creating him Lord Chancellor of England.

The story of this wretch's life now draws rapidly to a close. James fled from the country he had done so much to ruin in December, 1688. Riots in London succeeded, and Jeffreys' life was not worth an hour's purchase. He disappeared from Whitehall and hid himself in a small house at Wapping, whence he might escape beyond sea. He clothed himself in the best disguise he could. He was not merely running from the mob, but from the Prince of Orange and the Lords of the Council. When a courtier asked him before his flight what the heads of the Prince's declaration were, he replied, "He was sure his was one, whatever the rest might be."

To make his disguise more complete he shaved off his fierce eyebrows, and wrapped himself in the garb of a sailor or collier. His intention was to go to Hamburg by a coal barge which was ostensibly to sail for Newcastle. The mate of this vessel gave information respecting him, and a body of people, furnished with a warrant from the Council-board, arrived at Wapping and searched the collier. Jeffreys, however, had had some doubt of his security there, and on that night he had thought proper to sleep in another vessel near at hand. Next morning he was infatuated enough to

appear at a little ale-house in Anchor and Hope Alley and call for a pot of ale.

A certain scrivener who lived at Wapping, and who lived by furnishing the seafaring men there with money at high interest, had once come before Jeffreys and had been called a Trimmer by opposite counsel. "A Trimmer!" cried Jeffreys, instantly firing up. "A Trimmer! Where is he? let me see him. I have heard of that kind of monster. What is it made like?" The scrivener was made to stand forth. The Chancellor glared on him, stormed at him, and sent him away half dead with fright. "While I live," exclaimed the wretched man, as he tottered out of court, "I shall never forget that terrible face!" And the sequel proves that he did not. He was passing through Wapping when he saw a face looking out of the window of an ale-house. It was *the* face; the face that had once almost frightened him out of his senses and had often been the terror of his dreams. There was no mistaking the glaring eye and cruel mouth of Jeffreys. The alarm was raised. A crowd brandishing bludgeons and shouting curses assembled. A moment and he would have been in the hands of the mob and been torn to pieces. He was protected however by a company of train bands and carried before the Lord Mayor. Thence he was conveyed to the Tower, escorted by two regiments of militia, who had the greatest difficulty in keeping off the enraged mob. The essential littleness and cowardice of the man now appeared. He was in convulsions of terror. Wringing his hands, he looked wildly out, now from one window, now from another, and was heard screaming above the hoarse roar of the tumult, "Keep them off, gentlemen! For God's sake keep them off!" At length he reached the Tower in safety.

In the Tower he abandoned himself to excessive drinking. During his confinement a parcel was left for him. It appeared to be a barrel of oysters, of which he was excessively fond. "Thank God," said he, as he opened it, "I have still some friends left!" He opened it and out fell a halter!

Afflicted with a painful disease, broken in spirit, the crawling apologist to young Tutchin, who came to visit him and who upbraided him for passing upon him the inhuman sentence already noted, Jeffreys sunk rapidly, under bodily and mental suffering, and in April, 1689 he died. He never acknowledged that the blood of innocent men stained his hands or that he had taken human life unwarrantably. He threw the whole blame of the excesses of which he was accused upon the King and the Council

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